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DECEMBER 23, 1944 TEN CENTS

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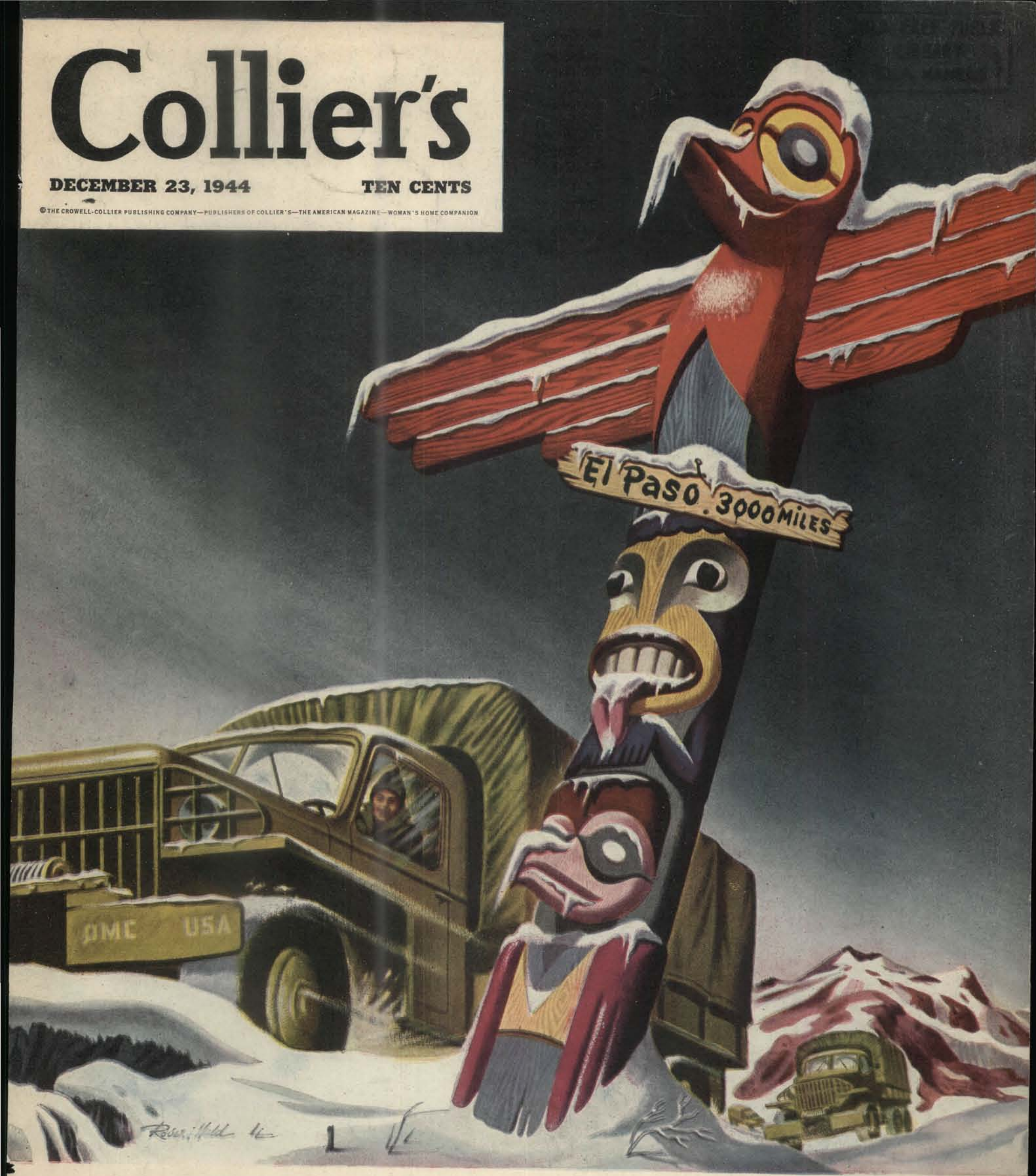

THE SECRET of the RED ARMY

By HARRISON E. SALISBU

Dec. 23, 1944

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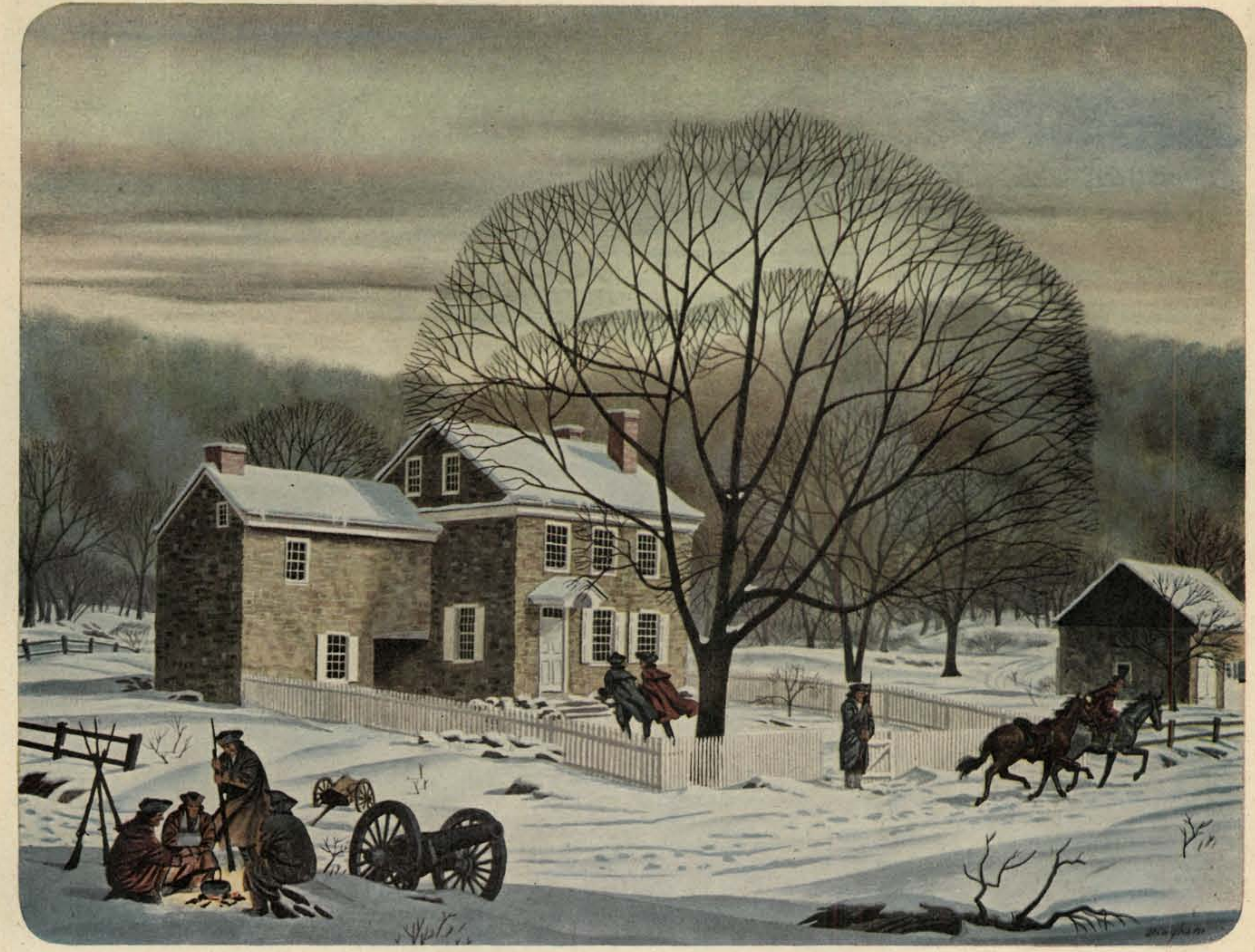
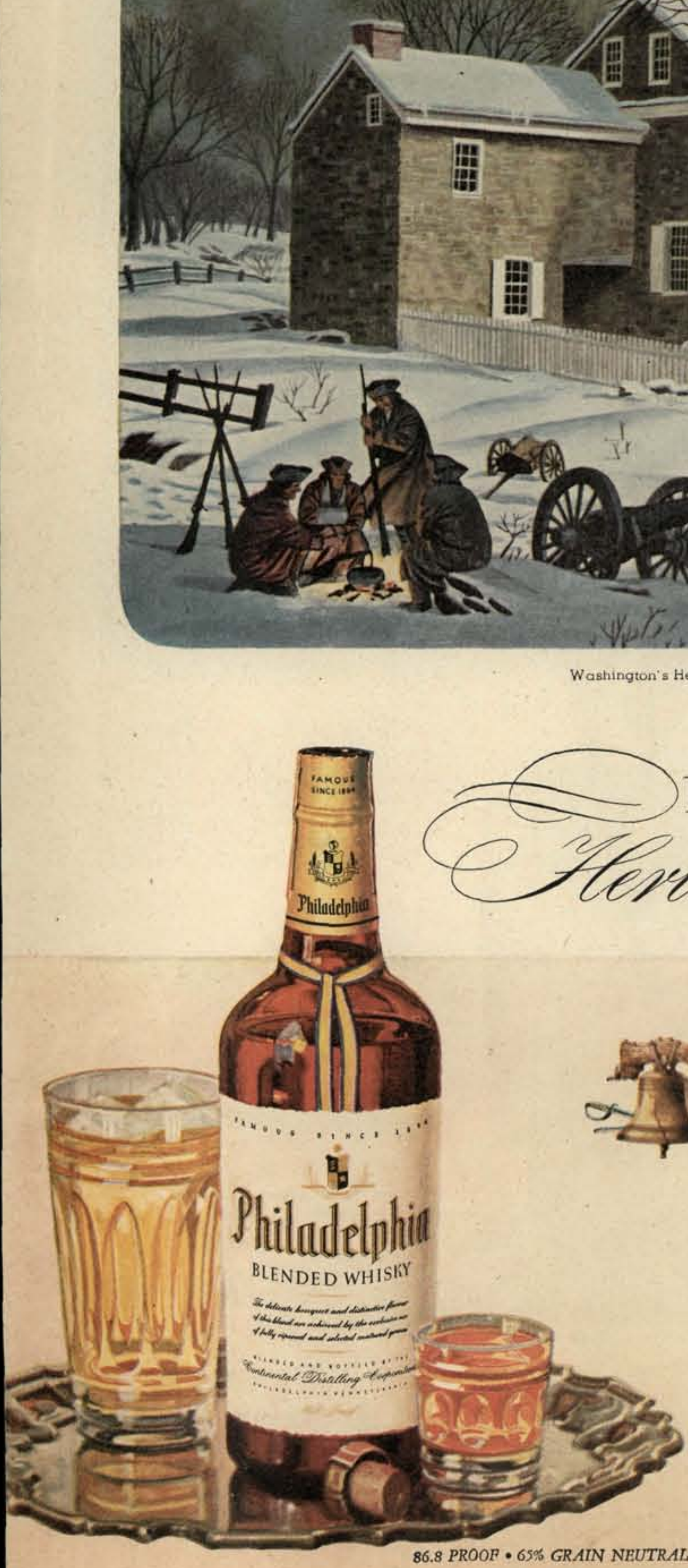


Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge, December, 1777 . . . Based on Early Records.*

PHILADELPHIA
Heritage of Glory



> *"But we must not, in so great a contest, expect to meet with nothing but sunshine. I have no doubt . . . we shall triumph over all our misfortune, and, in the end, be happy."*
>
> *. . . Gen. Washington to Lafayette, Valley Forge, December 31, 1777.*

Thus Washington's philosophy reflected, in darkest Revolutionary days, hope for a better way of life. How accurately he forecast is proved by the legendary luxury of Colonial Philadelphia, a flair for gracious living which persists to this day. Enjoy this "heritage of hospitality" in Philadelphia Blend . . . whisky that does honor to this proud tradition. A whisky you might justly reserve for special occasions, yet you can enjoy Philadelphia regularly and often.

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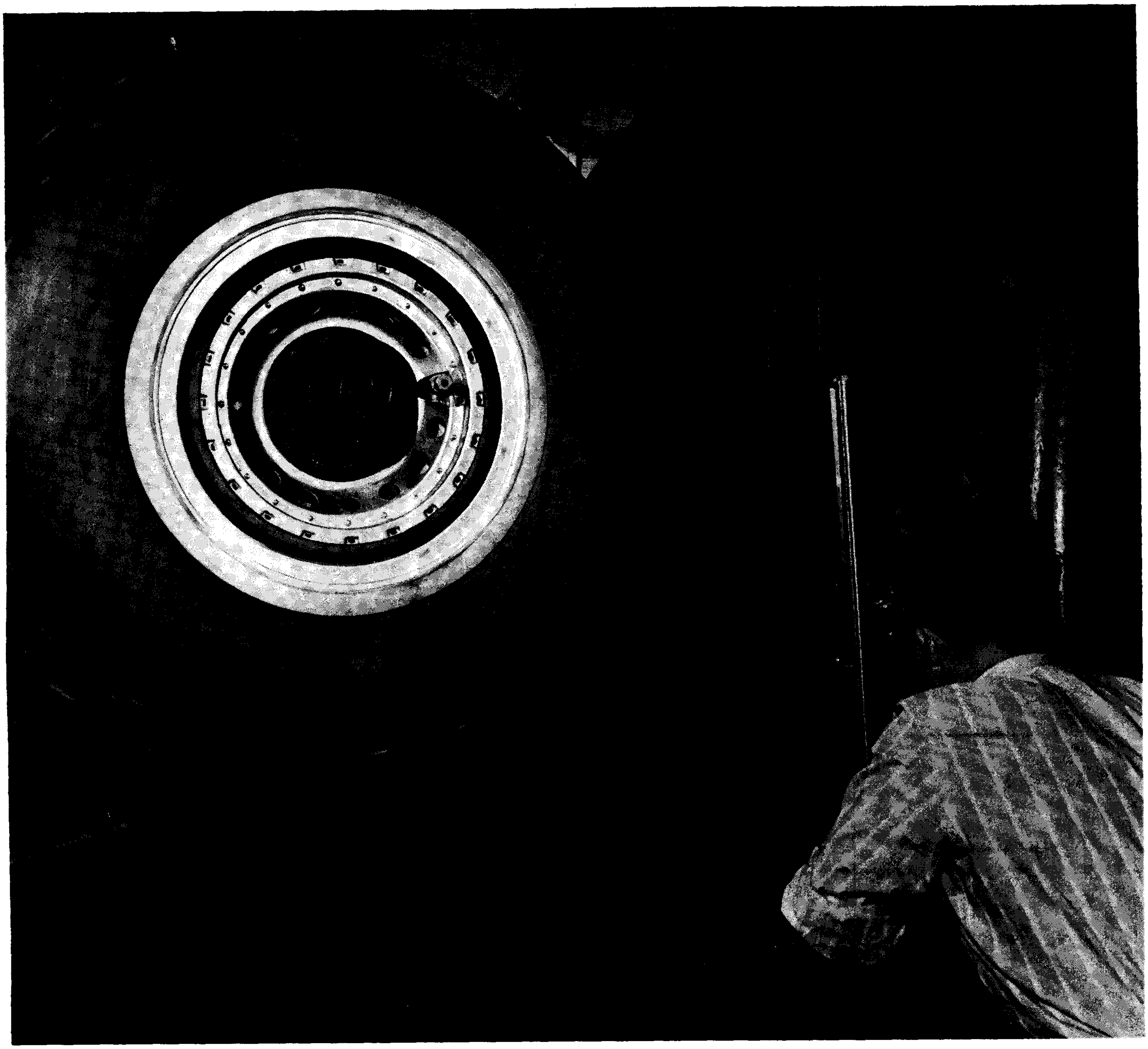

Wheels "land" here at 100 miles per hour

B. F. Goodrich engineers wrapped a runway around a wheel to get a close-up of a sudden contact

A GIANT BOMBER weighs as much as a freight car. And no one has yet discovered a way to let it down at low speed. Its tons of weight may sweep the field at 100 miles an hour. Tires scream and smoke. As they spin faster and faster they "grow"—they actually increase in size.

Engineers needed to see all this in a close-up—a worm's-eye view at 100 miles an hour—to study what happens to tires and how to improve them. They couldn't do this on the field. So B. F. Goodrich men brought the field into the laboratory.

The large wheel is set spinning electrically until the speed of its surface equals the landing speed of the plane. Then it is allowed to "coast." The tire is pushed against this whirling runway at exactly the pressure the plane would put upon it. Every action of the tire can be watched and recorded. It can be studied as it runs freely, or as brakes are applied.

B. F. Goodrich developed the device, working with a machinery manufacturer who then sold similar machines to the army air forces and other rubber companies.

It has brought many improvements in airplane tires.

In the same way, B. F. Goodrich "brings highways indoors" to develop better tires for passenger cars, trucks, farm implements, busses and other vehicles. Engineers can study the effects of speed, of braking. One such indoor roadway can test tires at speeds over 150 miles an hour.

One of the results of this extra care in research is today's all-synthetic B. F. Goodrich Silvertown, a tire that has now rolled up more than 7 *billion* miles in actual service. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture
OF THE MONTH

M-G-M Presents

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

A Mervyn LeRoy Production with

Van Johnson • Robert Walker

Phyllis Thaxter Tim Murdock
Scott McKay Gordon McDonald
Don DeFore Robert Mitchum
John R. Reilly Horace McNally
and

SPENCER TRACY

as Lieutenant Colonel James H. Doolittle

Screen Play by................*Dalton Trumbo*
Based on the Book and Collier's Story by
Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by....................*Mervyn LeRoy*
Produced by....................*Sam Zimbalist*

M-G-M has brought to the screen "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", Captain Ted W. Lawson's true story of the first epochal bombing mission over Japan, and it is a picture that you will never forget.

To give you a glimpse of its greatness and tenderness:

There is that moment when Ted and his young bride, Ellen, are at the dance...the night before the take-off. In their hearts, they somehow know that the parting will be soon. And they whisper the refrain of a song to each other..."I love you, I love you, I love you". Then, next morning, the word comes. He must leave at once—on the most hazardous adventure of the war!

Out of that adventure—when Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Doolittle led his gallant group of fliers manning their B-25's from Shangri-La directly to the heart of Japan—out of the glorious story of these men and the women they love—has come a drama of stirring courage and deep, abiding devotion.

Director Mervyn LeRoy and Producer Sam Zimbalist have imbued "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" with mounting excitement, gripping tension and warm, human understanding. M-G-M has given it a very brilliant cast—Van Johnson, Robert Walker, Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few. And, as a crowning touch—Spencer Tracy plays the role of Lieutenant Colonel James H. Doolittle!

We think perhaps now you understand why we're excited about "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo". And we believe you'll agree with us, when you see it, that it is one of the truly great pictures to come out of these times.

Collier's

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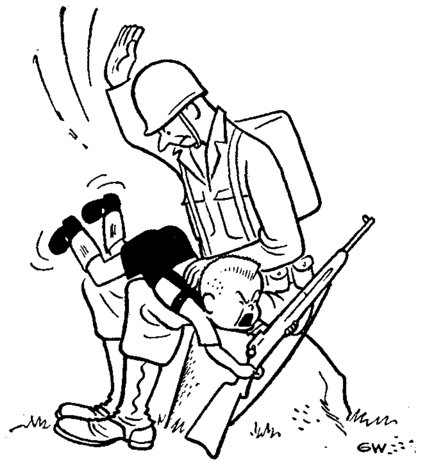
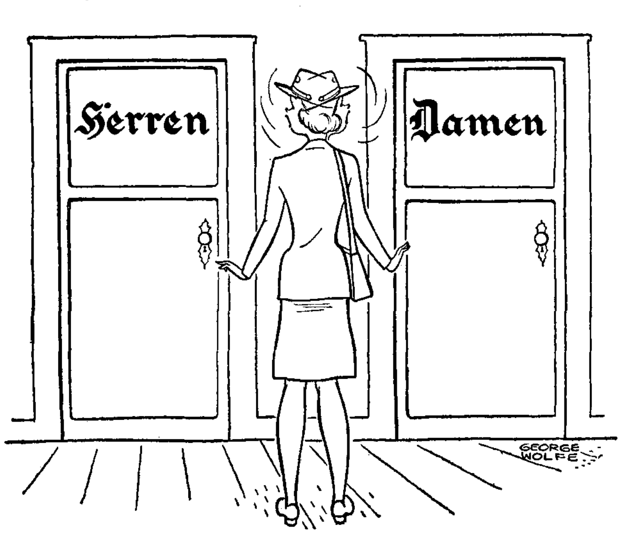
Any Week



ACCORDING to our own Army Intelligence operators with General Patton's Army, Pfc. Rodney Maknimmons of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, emerged from a German church somewhere in the Saar Basin with two snipers in tow. Neither of the latter was in uniform. One was in short pants and the other, perhaps two years older, wasn't long out of them. When Pfc. Maknimmons had a chance to look carefully at his prisoners he asked the smaller how old he was. The kid heiled Hitler, said he was twelve and that he was a member of the Hitler Youth Movement. "It is time," said Pfc. Maknimmons, "that you got a little of the American Youth Movement." So he spread the brat across his knees and gave him an elaborate whaling with a large and eager Maknimmons hand. That done he turned the child over to the MPs. "If," said Pfc. Maknimmons, as the blubbering boy departed, "you punks had had a few sessions like that three or four years ago, the world would be a prettier place today."

WE'VE been having some trouble with admirers of MPs and Wacs. The complainants are, of course, separate groups but they have a common grievance: Not enough publicity. Fortunately, we have a letter that meets the situation squarely. It's from Lieutenant John B. Keerstone whose company had just captured an inhabited place in the Ruhr Valley including a large beer hall. A Wac walked nervously around the latter, scanning the signs and legends without much success. Then she spoke to the MP at the door. "Soldier," said she, "can you please tell me whether I'm *Herren* or *Damen?*"



GEORGE WOLFE

IN THE large crowd which witnessed the not too unexpected return of Mr. Roosevelt to Washington after the election were a lady and gentleman who did not attract attention by their enthusiasm. When finally Mr. Roosevelt's car vanished up Pennsylvania Avenue, the unenthusiastic gentleman turned to his companion and said, "My dear, I have a strong feeling that I've seen that guy before—somewhere." Our informant insists that the man was Harold Ickes but when we called Mr. Ickes' office for confirmation, a young lady informed us that she didn't think it could have been her boss: "He's much too busy to waste his time on such commonplace occurrences."

A FEW belated afterthoughts on the election are still trickling in. One from Newburgh, New York, advises us that a number of enterprising patriots in that sector have made provision for their postwar security by organizing the Otherwise Fish Association. Every so often, the OFA proposes to write polite but firm letters to the citizenry of that liberated Congressional district demanding that

(Continued on page 70)

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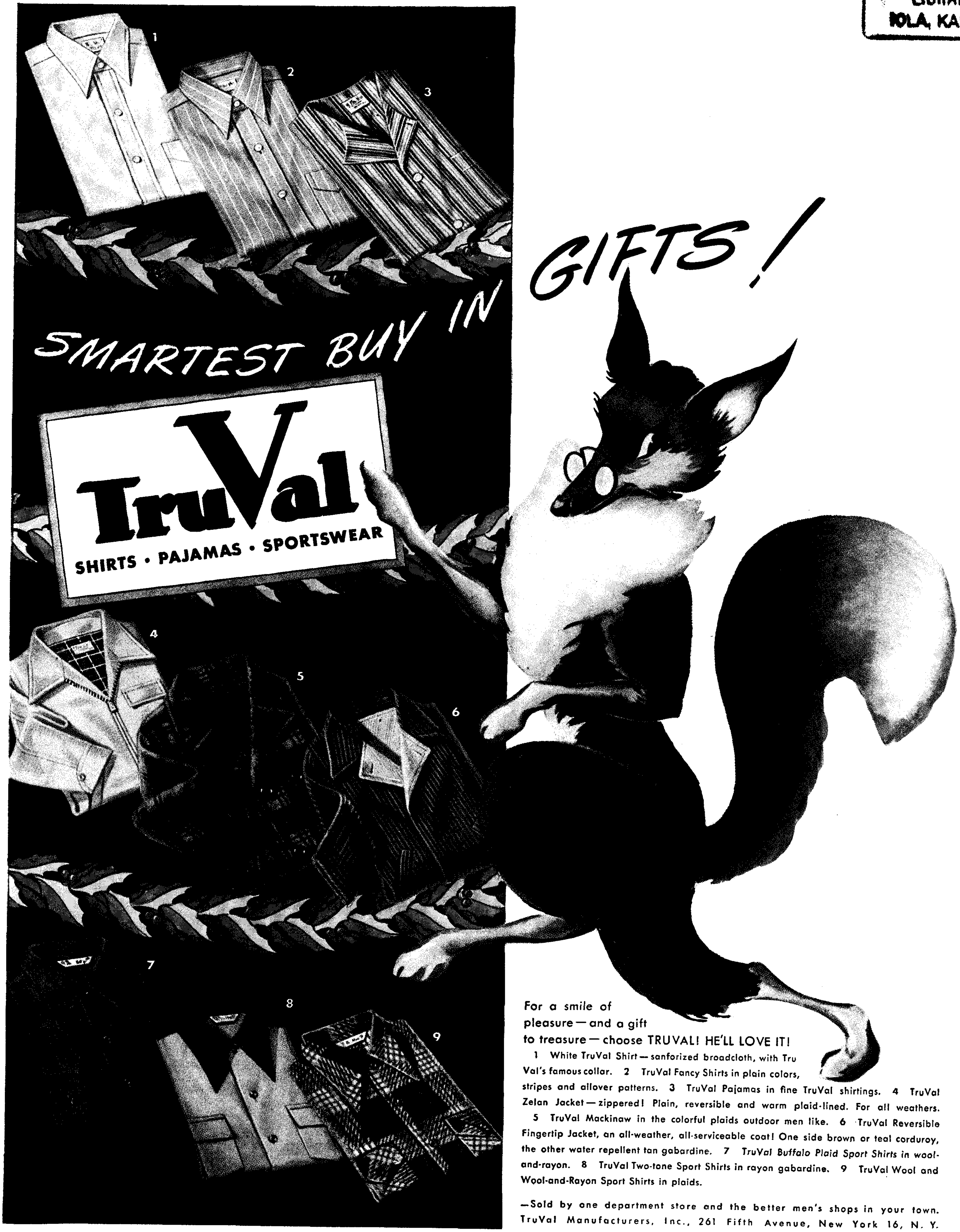

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A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

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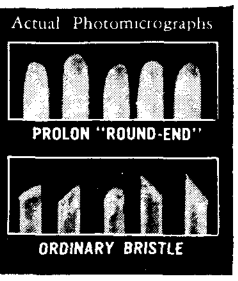


Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

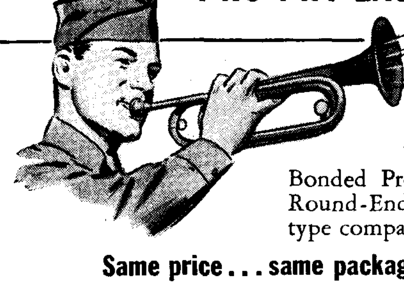
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

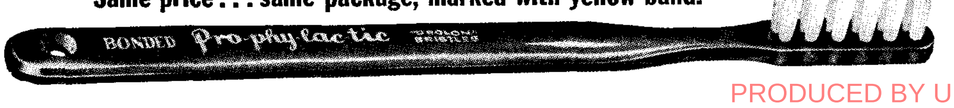
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

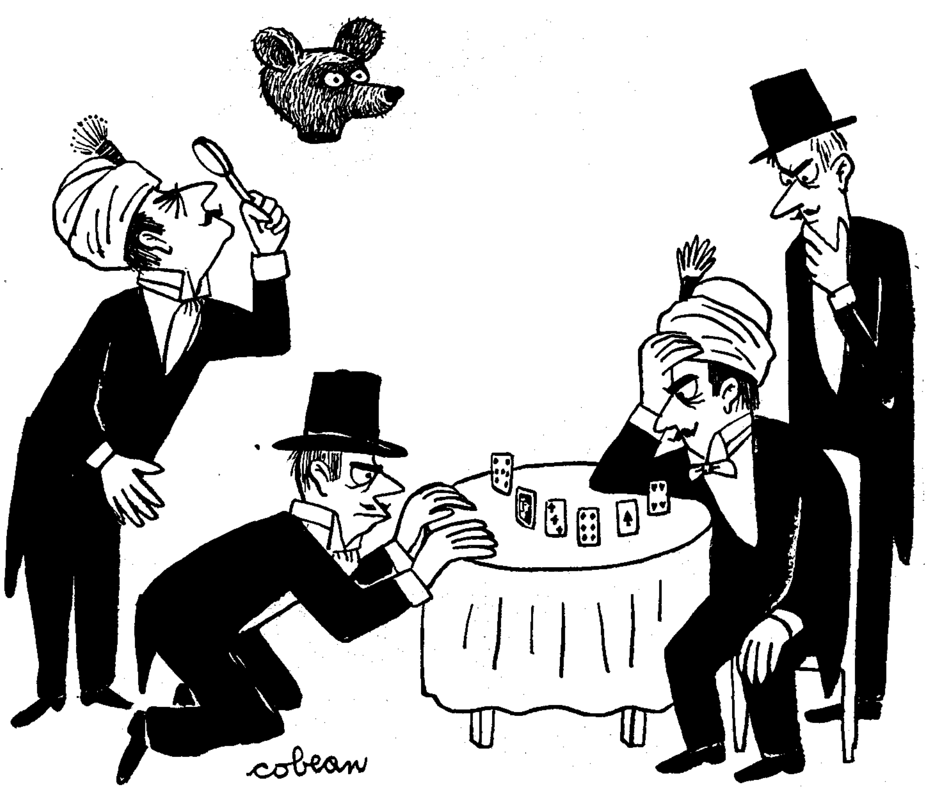


Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





SAM COBEAN

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The only tricks of magic whose secrets have never been discovered by any one of America's professional magicians, including Houdini, were invented in 1916 by an amateur, Doctor S. C. Hooker. One is a bear's head that floats in the air and answers questions by nodding and moving from side to side; the other is a full deck of fifty-two cards, held upright in a small stand, any one of which will emerge, float and perform as commanded, such as jumping up and down on the table. In 1935, the tricks became the property of John Mulholland, and Shirley Quimby of New York, to whom they were bequeathed with the understanding that their secrets were never to be divulged and that they were to be performed only before magicians—never before the public.

To help Mexico save 170,000 acres of valuable irrigated crops that were caught in a drought this summer, the United States sent to the affected area approximately two billion gallons of water a day from July 19th to September 13th by diverting it into the Alamo Canal from the All-American Canal in southern California.

The only citizens of this country who possess the title "His Excellency" by legislative act are the governors of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

London is now demolishing the many pillboxes erected in 1940 to defend the city against invasion. Although concrete fortifications, they were never detected by the aerial cameras of the enemy, being ingeniously camouflaged as newsstands, information booths and similar small structures. For some time, they even deceived passers-by, despite having such facetious signs as: "Closed on Sundays; not open during the week."

A new microprint reproduces photographically 150 pages of an ordinary book on the back of a library index card, and a reading machine magnifies them to legible size with reflected light. As the index card also serves as the book, overcrowded research libraries may keep new volumes in this manner and even do away with all old books and shelves.

Because Japan's Branch Treasury in Paris lost its documents and personnel to the Allies when they recaptured the city, Tokyo has ordered its Berlin branch to move to Switzerland, so it will not be caught also through faith in the alleged strength of the Nazi army.

In Spain, Christmas presents for children are left in their shoes on the eve of January 6th by the Three Kings of Cologne—Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. After the children have gone to sleep on this night, their parents rub charcoal on each child's cheek. The children rush to a mirror upon awaking to look for the mark as evidence that their gifts have arrived, the black mark supposedly being left by the departing kiss of Balthasar, the Negro.

Although the first detective story, based on the professional detection of crime, was written only 103 years ago, this type of fiction constitutes one fifth of all new novels published today in the English language.

The sudden turning of the water of the Dead Sea from perfectly clear to a milky white color on August 25, 1943, was a phenomenon that still baffles scientists. No earthquake occurred and no strong wind came up to disturb its salt beds. Yet the water of this sea, from its 360-square-mile surface to a depth of 650 feet, showed an increase in its calcium carbonate content from the normal five per cent to 80 per cent; and the water remained white for four months.

Less than a century ago, many firms in the United States still attempted to regulate the private life of their employees, usually forbidding them to drink, smoke, attend a dance or theater or stay out after ten o'clock. As late as 1858, a well-known Chicago dry-goods house even dismissed clerks who associated with actors or patronized barbershops.—*By Frances Stamatis, New York City.*

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Meantime, they're busy at *today's* job—turning out essential materials to speed the day of final victory.

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30 MILLION PRE-WAR
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ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES
ARE YOUR POSTWAR PROMISE
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Colin Allen

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Future equipment on airliners might include individual self-opening parachutes attached to the seats and released at the right time by the copilot

A NATIONALLY recognized research organization is now conducting a survey among "America's business and professional leaders" on the question of whether parachutes should be installed as original equipment in airliners. Unhappily, this recalls to the Department of Commerce and the airlines the long but successful fights in the past against attempts to require all airliners to be so equipped with the aerial life preservers.

Should the vote be in favor of parachutes and methods for pitching airline passengers out in flight, it doubtless will bring forth many novel ideas whereby fifty to seventy persons could be evacuated, if necessary from the luxury airliners of tomorrow.

A number already have been thought up and a great many more are cooking on the back of the stove. The self-opening job is a neat little gadget. It is tight-fitting, lightweight and has so much intelligence all you have to do is walk—not run—to the rear of the airliner cabin and, on signal from the pleasant hostess, dive out into the fog from 10,000 feet. This chute will open at the proper time and float you down to a feather landing.

If another plan is adopted you won't even have to walk to the door. You might find an overhead rail to which your seat would be attached and at the proper time the copilot would pull a lever, your seat would be picked up and you'd ride down the cabin—and right on out the door.

But because there might be a little traffic on the monorails, what with trying to get seventy seats on the track and out the doors, the jettison principle, seriously advanced, might be quicker. The lever-pulling copilot, preferably a veteran bombardier, would know when to open up what corresponded to his bomb-bay doors, and in what sequence and at what intervals to drop you through the floor. This way, you're sitting there reading when suddenly you and your chair are falling through space, and a robot parachute opener pulls the rip cord for you. That's all; you might not even have to leave the chair.

Still another one, highly thought of in some of the chair-sitting quarters, is to have a special door adjoining the seat of each passenger. This time the copilot pushes a button opposite your number, the door falls off, and you are swung out into the slip stream and cut loose, chair and all.

Perhaps the ideas will swing back to equipping the plane with a parachute, instead of the customers. Why not rig one up on the Constellation or the new Boeing Stratocruiser, so that in time of need the copilot can pull yet another lever and the plane chute will be inflated and the forty- to seventy-ton air giant will float in to a vertical landing. Or better still, throw a switch that strips the wings and tail surfaces, leaving only the cabin to be lowered by the parachute. It has been advocated.

A plane has been landed by a parachute, but it was a small, light plane, and the descent was made under ideal test conditions. The plane wasn't on fire, or in a spin or upside down. But the experiment proved the point at the time and from it came the spin chutes used widely during this war on experimental combat aircraft, particularly fighters. They have saved many lives and brought many valuable prototype planes back. This way:

When a new plane gets into a spin and, through some fault in design or construction, the pilot is unable to bring it out, he trips a chute packed back near the tail. Invariably this small parachute helps swing the tail around to a point where the air again flows over the surfaces, and the pilot is able to use his controls once more and pulls it out. Also, small chutes are let out from heavy gliders to help break the landing speed, and big bombers have employed that principle in slowing down when attempting landings on short fields with brake and flap systems shot away.

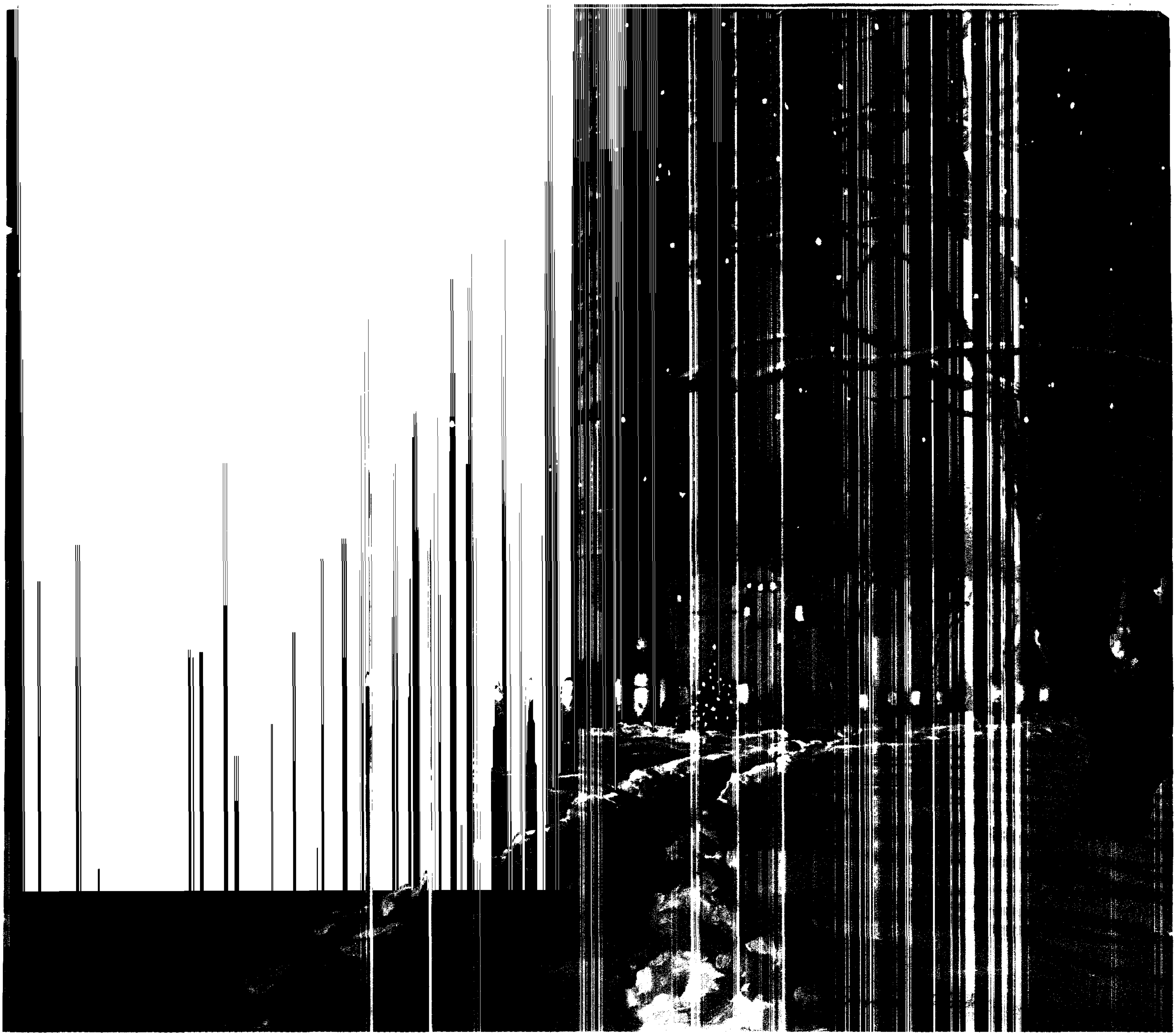
THE parachute industry, by its development work through the last twenty years, has been the salvation of this war. Ira Eaker's life was saved; so were Jim Doolittle's and "Looie" Brereton's—three lieutenant generals whose air-war leadership we could not have afforded to lose. Thousands of other Army, Navy and civilian members of the Caterpillar Club owe their lives to chutes.

But the parachute worn by combat airmen (which has been so successful not only in emergencies but in vertical envelopments of enemy positions) would not work so well on the clientele of both present and future airliners, according to the government and the air-transport industry. Airliners are like the railroads or any common carrier in that passengers run from children in arms to dear old ladies, the blind and infirm, fat businessmen and lean. To require these passengers to emulate those grand-looking paratroopers with the high-top shoes, is asking a little too much after they've paid cash on the counter for a ticket in a luxury liner. It requires a bit of briefing to use those chutes.

Up to now, there has never been an airline crash long enough in the making for the captain (assuming there was a parachute as we know it today in each seat) to enter the cabin and announce: "Ladies and gentlemen: In ten minutes we will crash! Prepare to bail out!"

Airline accidents are comparatively rare, and safety measures are constantly improving. Furthermore, the people who have investigated and analyzed these mishaps say they are over before you know there's going to be one: such as running into a mountain in

(Continued on page 42)

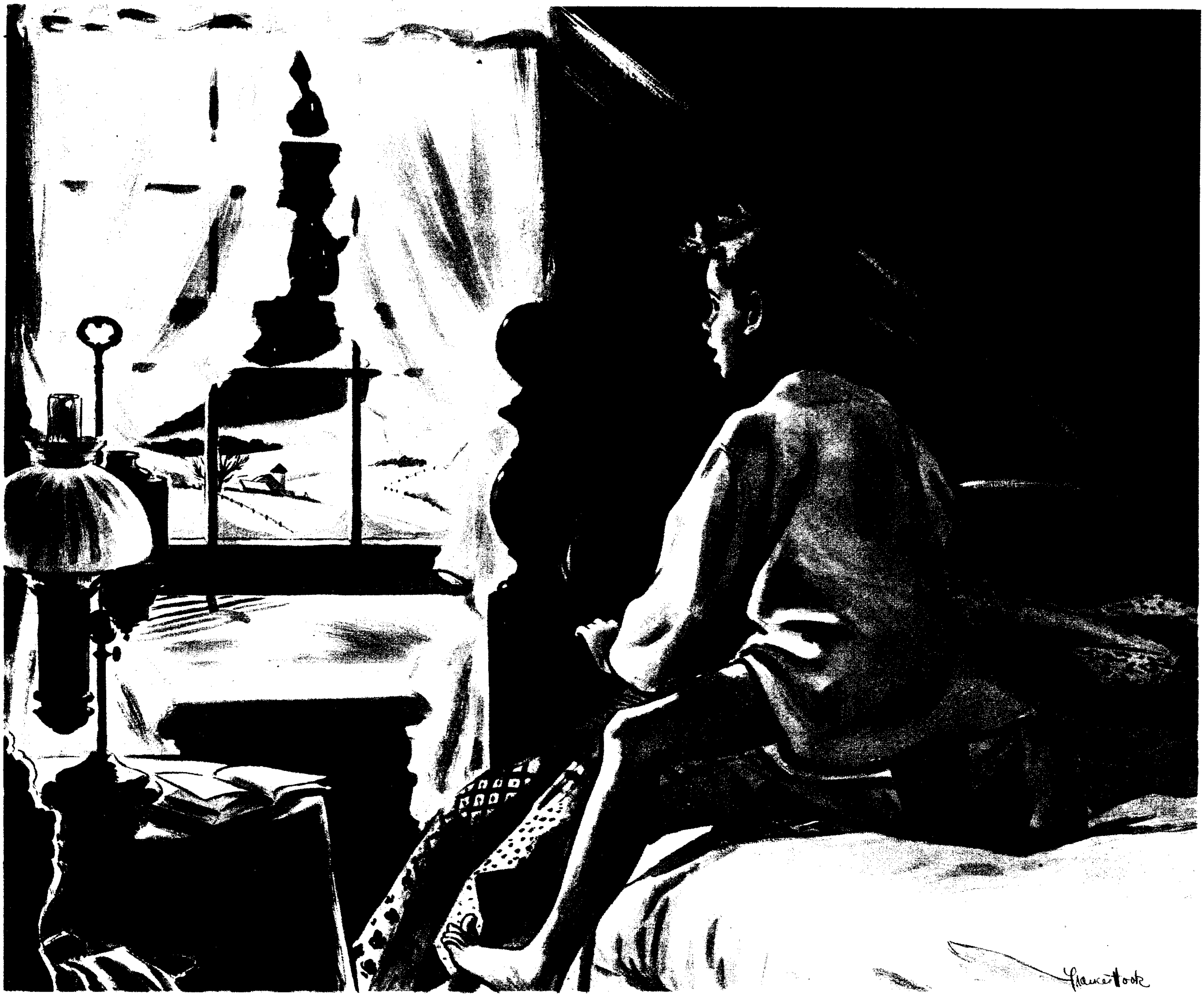


These things will live

There will be a hush that deepens with the night as the noisy tremors of a world at war subside . . . Mankind again will live with dignity and pride in the clean atmosphere of triumph over tyranny . . . Hope is justifiably strong as another Yuletide draws near that a great new epoch in the affairs of men and nations may not be too far away—that out of the suffering and destruction of war will flower a lasting peace truly worthy of the sentiments men voice at Christmas.

STUDEBAKER

Part of America's life and traditions since 1852



The longest night in the year

It's supposed to be December 21st. But when I was a boy, the longest night in the year always came three days later on the night before Christmas.

It was too exciting a night for sleep. About once every five minutes, I'd pop out of bed and run to the head of the stairs to ask if Santa Claus had come yet. And about the 7th time, Dad would begin to sound as if he really meant it when he said: "Young man, you'd better go to sleep."

But I wouldn't sleep for a long, long time. I'd roll, and toss, and sit up in bed to listen for the sound of far-off sleigh bells in the sky.

That was very long ago when Santa Claus and his reindeer were very real to me. I must have been about 7. Like most seven-year-olds, I strongly suspected that I could pick a star if only I could climb to the top of the tall maple in our yard. And, of course, I thought that all the money anyone could wish for was in my father's wallet and my mother's handbag.

Now I'm a 39-year-old Santa Claus to a boy and girl of my own. And my wallet by no means contains all the money a man could wish for.

But, despite my modest income, I've made sure that my kids will always be able to look forward to Christmas in their own home. With presents on the tree.

For that, I'll have to thank a neighbor of mine. He's a Travelers Insurance agent. Some years ago, he helped me work out a planned insurance program. Since then, he's seen to it that I kept that insurance up to date and suited to my needs and income.

So, no matter what happens to me, my wife will be able to keep the family together. My insurance will provide for that. It will also supply the money to assure our boy and girl of a good education. And, whether I'm there or not, I feel sure that I will be playing Santa Claus to them every Christmas until they're grown up.

Sometimes I think the peace of mind this gives me is just about the best Christmas present a father ever had.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 23, 1944

Go North YOUNG MAN!

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

That's the motto of Ernest Gruening, governor of Alaska. He wants colonists for his Territory, believing that, as the last American frontier, it offers a great future to young men and women of courage and resourcefulness

WHITEHORSE, on the Yukon River, can get very cold indeed. Scotch whisky has been known to freeze there; so has the antifreeze solution for U.S. Army trucks and bulldozers. Whitehorse is the place where a young clerk in a log bank named Robert Service wrote about Dangerous Dan McGrew, who was "pitched on his head and pumped full of lead" by a stranger from the Klondike diggin's. It also is where a chunky man with wide shoulders and chubby cheeks walked back and forth impatiently along the Yukon's icy shores on a recent winter morning. The Honorable Ernest Gruening, governor of the Territory of Alaska, had a message in his parka pocket which he had to deliver the next afternoon to the opening session of the Alaska Territorial Legislature at Juneau. 220 wilderness miles off to the south.

But how to get to Juneau?

This was one of Whitehorse's cold days. It was 61 below. The tiny narrow-gauge White Pass and Yukon Railroad was immobilized. The locomotives were frozen. The water towers were frozen. The switches were frozen. The roundhouse doors were frozen. Everything was frozen. Otherwise, the governor might have jolted down to the gold-rush settlement of Skagway at tidewater, from where the Coast Guard would buck frigid seas to reach Juneau.

The governor trudged to the barracks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Could a dog sled get through the drifts in the Chilkoot? Inspector Cronkhite regretfully shook his fur-topped head. The snow in the pass was over a Malemute's head and up to a constable's armpits.

Next, the Honorable Ernest Gruening rode in a jeep at 61 below to the U.S. Army Air Force hangar on a bluff high above the frozen Yukon. Would the Air Force take him to Juneau? Weather looked at the governor. "Governor," said Weather, "it's 61 below here. Maybe it's 75 below up above. And a heavy ground fog covers the airport at Juneau like a blanket. I wouldn't advise it, Governor."

The Honorable Ernest Gruening fingered the speech in the pocket of his parka. "I've got to get to Juneau," he repeated. "If anyone will fly me, I'll try it."

"I'll fly you, sir," said a blond young captain, putting on his fur jacket.

"Good boy!" said the governor.

"Are you sure it's wise, Governor?" asked Colonel Ken Bush, chief of staff of the American Army's Northwest Service Command.

"I'm going to Juneau," said the governor.

Americans and Canadians lined the runway with prayers and crossed fingers as the Beechcraft skidded along the icy sod, and they hung grimly to the telegraph ticker until Juneau reported three hours later that the plane had slipped through a hole in the fog the size of a doily and deposited a slightly frozen Honorable Ernest Gruening on the airfield at the Territorial capital.

Alaska's governor is like that. In the five years since he came to the Far North in 1939, Ernest Gruening has tried to demonstrate personally that his country's vast Arctic

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

"Alaska needs women, many women," says Governor Ernest Gruening. A woman would come in very handy here to relieve Sergeant Ermon Gay, who tries his hand at a sewing machine at a lonely military outpost

There is enough good land in Alaska to take care of thousands of returning soldiers and other colonists. Below, a dairy herd grazes on a farm near Juneau. In the background is the wide fan of Mendenhall Glacier

U.S. FOREST SERVICE

outpost can be lived in and traveled in, the calendar around. In Aleutian williwaw and Yukon blizzard, he has visited every settlement in Alaska—the first governor in Alaskan history to do so—and he has journeyed by any and all possible means of conveyance in doing it.

Gruening has traveled by dog sled along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, by passenger bus on the new Alaska Highway, by canoe on the Kuskokwim River, by whaleboat in the Bering Sea, on foot to Indian villages in the Wrangell range, and by plane over nearly every acre of Alaska's 586,400 square miles. He has sold War Bonds to Eskimos on St. Lawrence Island, and he has administered first aid to a trapper who stuck his foot in his own bear trap. He has visited the far-flung posts of scarlet-coated Mounties in Canada's adjacent Yukon Territory, and he was in the bleak Aleutians when American soldiers wiped out the first invader of this continent in more than one hundred years.

This ubiquitous behavior on the part of Alaska's 57-year-old governor is due to a conviction which has become almost a shibboleth with him. He is convinced that Alaska has never had so great an opportunity to develop from a sprawling wilderness into an integrated part of North American civilization. He would like to have seven-league boots so that he could roam the Territory at will, doing his share in the conversion.

"This is the biggest hour in Alaskan history," Gruening told Congressman Homer Angell of the House Committee on Territories when they conferred at the high-pillared Executive Mansion in Juneau. "Several hundred thousand soldiers, sailors and Coast Guard men have served on Alaskan soil since 1941. These men know Alaska, and they are the Alaskan frontiersmen and settlers of the future. The clock has struck for Alaska. If Alaska hears the tones, Alaska will be the 49th star in the American flag. I predict statehood for Alaska within a reasonable time."

And when he fished for halibut and salmon in Auk Bay with Alaska's most distinguished visitor of all, Gruening repeated his contention that Alaska does not need to remain a vast solitude, with scarcely more civilian residents now than it had during the gold rush of '98. He told President Roosevelt, as they dipped their lines in the blue waters of the Inside Passage, that Alaska's inhabitants numbered 64,636 when tooth-sized nuggets were being sluiced out of Bonanza Creek and only 72,524—nearly half of them Indians and Eskimos—almost fifty years later. Where else under the American flag had time stood so still? The governor cited the fact that Alaska, fourteen times the area of Iceland, cannot begin to match Iceland's population.

And so it was that on his return from the North, the President said to the nation, "We were told that a number of officers and men are considering settling in Alaska after the war is over. I do hope that this is so, because the development of Alaska has only been scratched and it is still the country of the pioneers. I am going to set up a study of Alaska as a place to which veterans of this war, especially those who do not have strong home roots, can go to become pioneers. Alaska is a land with a very small population, but I am convinced that it has great opportunities for those who are willing to work and to help build up all kinds of things in new lands."

On a Par with Scandinavia

This was music in Gruening's ears. In his opinion, few Americans realize the measureless expanses yet unsettled in Alaska. Timbered uplands and broad valleys are tolled off there by horizons rather than miles. The 12,000,000 people of the Scandinavian countries dwell in a smaller area than Alaska's handful of natives and whites. Trondheim, Norway, is near the same latitude as Ketchikan, Alaska, but Trondheim supports 55,000 inhabitants and Ketchikan 4,500.

President Roosevelt had this in mind when he said at Seattle that Alaska's "climate and crops and other resources are not essentially different from those of northern Europe—Sweden and Norway and Finland, where the people, in spite of the cold and the winter darkness, have brought their civilizations to a very high and very prosperous level."

Ernest Gruening believes that history justifies these high hopes for Alaska. The men who came home from the War of 1812 opened up the plains beyond St. Louis. Veterans of the Civil War first broke the sod of many mountain valleys along the Pacific seaboard. Gruening is sure that Alaska will be settled and colonized by the soldiers of this war.

"Young men, following Horace Greeley's advice, have always gone West when they returned from the battlefields," he said not long ago. "This time I think they will go North. That is our motto now in Alaska: 'Go North, young man, go North!' "

The War Department, echoing Gruening's optimism, has just issued a discussion pamphlet for G.I.s entitled What Has Alaska to Offer Postwar Pioneers? The pamphlet tells soldiers: "Alaska, America's continental outpost, is our last frontier. In its own way, it is as rich and varied as the land to which the Pilgrims came more than 300 years ago. It is almost unsettled in comparison with similarly situated lands in northern Europe. The war has greatly speeded up its development, has linked it with the rest of the United States by a new system of highways and airways, and has brought into its borders thousands of young men and hundreds of young women who would never otherwise have visited it. Alaska offers twentieth-century pioneers a challenge—and an opportunity."

In the three fourths of a century since Czar Alexander II of Russia parted with Alaska for something like two cents an acre, no governor has seen such momentous events as Ernest Gruening. When in 1939 he journeyed north with his first Presidential appointment in his brief case, the sole military installation in the Territory consisted of three companies of infantry at Chilkoot Barracks near Skagway—and their guns pointed not westward toward Japan but northward toward our Canadian allies. The post was a holdover from the gold rush, when soldiers and Mounties patrolled the border.

Today, five years later, Alaska is one of the most heavily defended areas under the American flag. Bases dot the volcanic Aleutians. On huge airfields in the interior, Lend-Lease fighters and bombers are transferred to Soviet crews. The Alaska Highway is a first land link with the rest of North America. Along the highway, the U.S. Army Signal Corps has built a 2,000-mile telephone system, tying Alaska by voice as well as by truck to the interior of the continent. And from countless Alaskan coves and fiords and inlets extend docks and wharves and breakwaters for the use of the Navy, Coast Guard and Army Transport Service.

Watching all this from the colonial-pillared executive mansion at Juneau, Ernest Gruening came to the conclusion three or four years ago that it was now or never for Alaska. He began visiting Army bases in all kinds of weather. He chatted with thousands of officers and enlisted men. He sold a number of officers on plans for a postwar hunting lodge within sight of Mount McKinley's 20,300-foot ramparts. He convinced Brigadier General James A. "Patsy" O'Connor, engineer builder of the Alaska Highway, that a dairy farm amidst the meadows near Juneau could be an ideal place to retire when peace comes once more. And he assured G.I.s from every state in the Union that Alaska offers a future to young men with imagination, courage and resourcefulness.

After Gruening's hair-raising flight from Whitehorse at 61 below, his friend E. L. (Bob) Bartlett, who has just been elected Alaska's new delegate in Congress, observed, "Ernest would fly in a chicken coop held together with Christmas-tree tinsel in weather cold enough to freeze a polar bear, if he thought he was on his way to talk to some soldiers about settling in Alaska after the war."

Ironically enough, this man who believes so fervently in the postwar possibilities of the Arctic wilderness has been a dyed-in-the-wool inhabitant of great cities during most of his life. And even more ironically, although he was brought up to be a physician and actually has an M.D. degree, he did not lift a stethoscope or scalpel for 25 years until he discovered that an Alaskan governor visiting far-flung Indian villages and isolated mining camps might well combine medical assistance with civil administration.

The governor of our loneliest land was born in our biggest city in 1887. Ernest's father, Emil Gruening, was a celebrated eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, and Ernest followed in the family tradition. He went to Harvard Medical School, graduated with honors and was assigned to the surgical service of the Boston City Hospital. But he read travel books instead of anatomies, and on ambulance rides he watched newspaper reporters at work.

One December day he took off his surgical gown and applied for a job on The Boston American. When he was accepted, his career in medicine was at an end. Journalism, he decided after a few weeks, was definitely his field. He had a flair for it. Writing came easily to him. He thought up all sorts of crusades and campaigns. Two years later he was managing editor of The Evening Traveler.

Gruening resisted Boston's rigid censorship and defended the quality and propriety of books and plays which had been banned in that city. When his paper retracted an accusation against a wealthy politician—an accusation Gruening believed to be true—he removed his name from the masthead, called his staff together and announced his resignation.

A Crusading Journalist

He moved back to the place of his birth as managing editor of the old New York Tribune. During the first World War he enlisted in the field artillery. In 1921 he went with The Nation and commenced a crusade against what he called "dollar diplomacy" in Latin America. This got him interested in Mexico, South America, Canada, Alaska, the Philippines and other neighbors and possessions. He began to write books advocating a policy which he termed that of the "Good Neighbor." He demanded an end to the occupation of Nicaragua by our Marines, and a series of articles from his pen helped bring about an investigation by Senator Medill McCormick of American military occupation of Haiti.

Gruening moved to Maine, where he founded the Portland Evening News and carried on a vigorous campaign against the

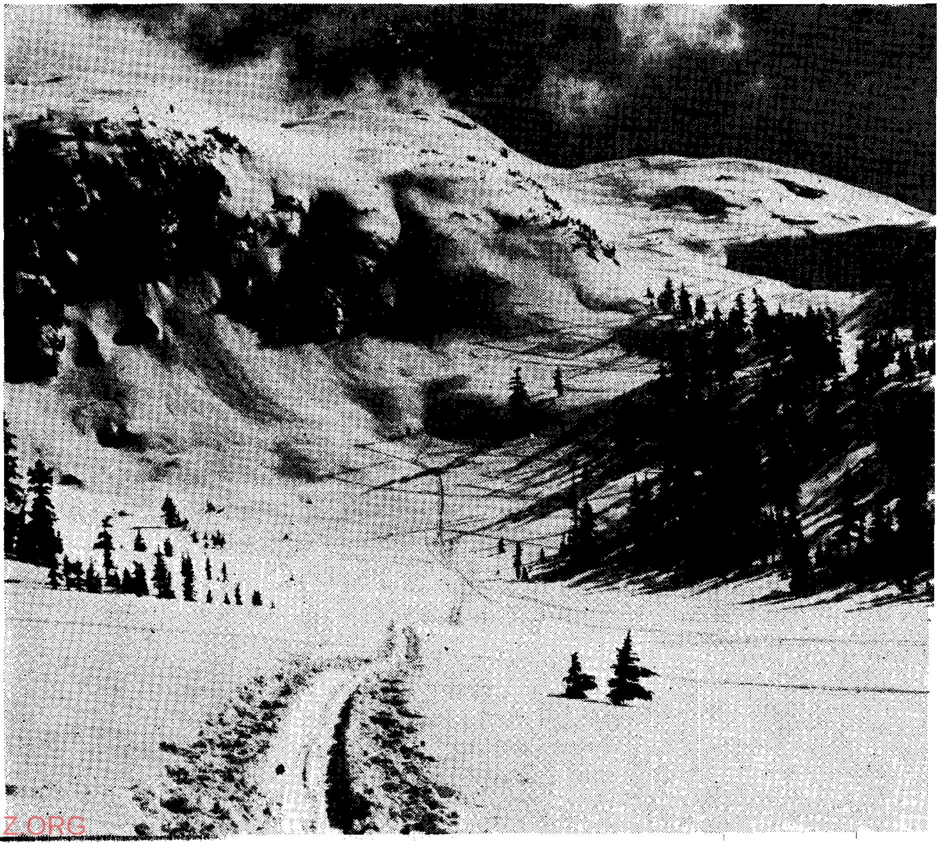
(Continued on page 53)

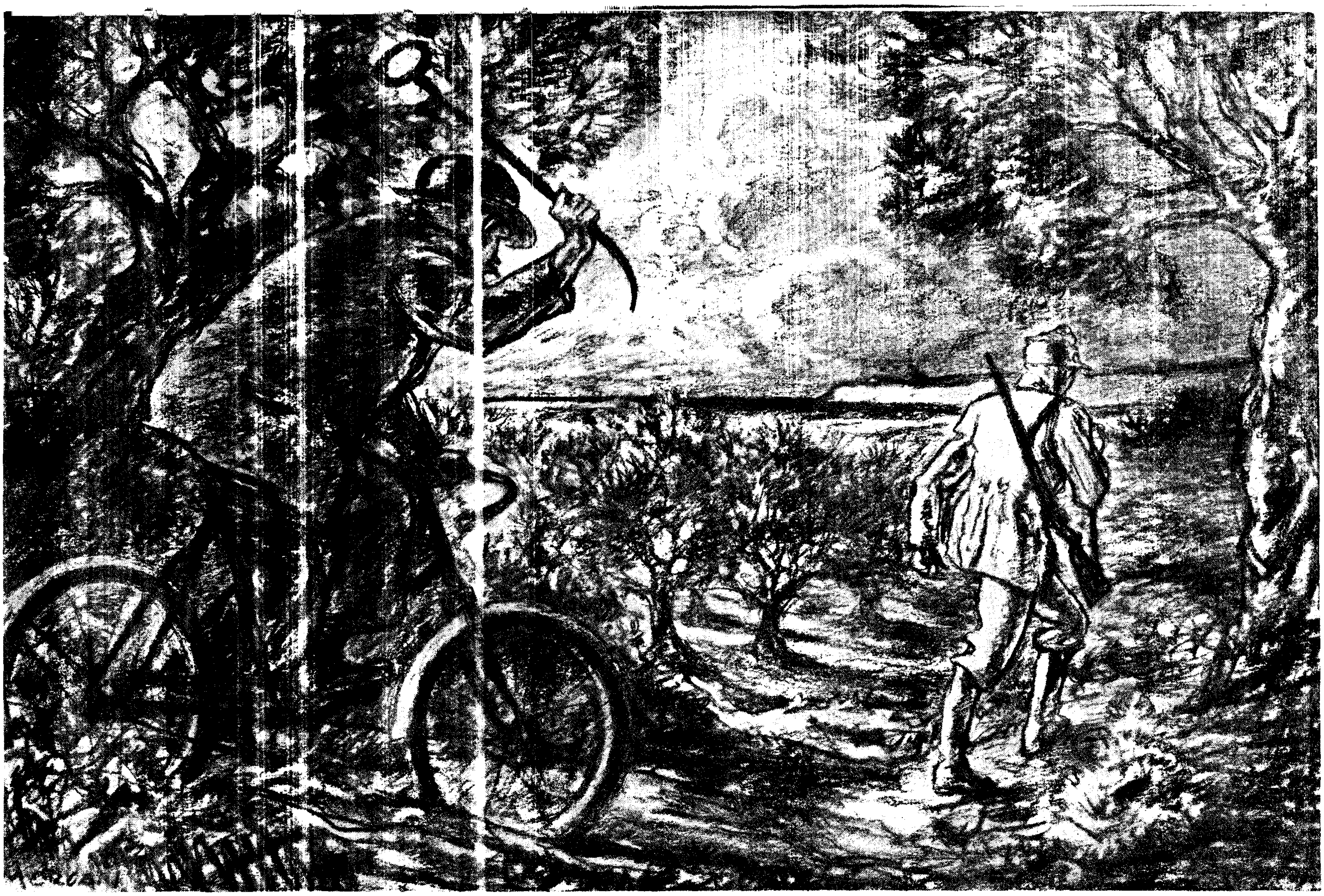
Gov. Gruening talks to two Eskimo members of the Alaska Territorial Guard. Natives were organized into defense units after Japs invaded the Aleutians

OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION

The governor believes Alaska will be a sports center both summer and winter. The Ski Bowl in Tongass National Forest is one of the Territory's famous resorts

U.S. FOREST SERVICE





Monsieur did not even dismount from his bicycle; and the crack as the poker hit Heinrich's skull was horrible to hear

THE TRIUMPH OF MONSIEUR LEMARCHAND

BY JOHN MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

The wife of Monsieur Lemarchand considered him a simple fellow. But given a bottle and a military secret, he proved himself wise indeed

ON THE night of June 5th, Madame Lemarchand sat up late talking to some neighbors. Monsieur Lemarchand, who was generally supposed to be soft in the head, didn't talk much. His wife in any case wouldn't have permitted it; if he so much as opened his mouth to speak she would say, "Shut up," and she thought she had a right to do this because she made a few hundred francs a week out of her dirty little Café de la Paix, whereas Monsieur Lemarchand did not earn any money at all.

So he was compelled as usual to sit and listen to the idle prattle of silly women. Chatter and giggle, giggle and chatter; Monsieur Lemarchand could hardly bear it.

Then, to make things worse, the German Sergeant Heinrich arrived. He complained about the blackout; but Monsieur Lemarchand knew very well that he came on the chance of getting a drink. And, of course, Madame, whose motto "It pays to be polite" governed her relations with everybody except her husband, brought out a precious bottle of Calvados, fetched some glasses and commenced to squander it—there could be no other word—to squander it upon the owlish, stupid sergeant and the chattering neighbors.

It was agony to poor Monsieur Lemarchand to watch the beautiful drink so idly frittered away. The last bottle but one! He could have cried. His wife poured him out half a glass ungraciously. He sipped it, and felt the heartening cordial warmth of it, like a greeting from a loved long-lost friend, and tears sprang to his eyes; it was so beautiful, and his fool of a wife was recklessly throwing it away. After this, there was only one bottle left; only one bottle with which to celebrate victory, if it ever came. His wife, of course, the stupid woman, had long ceased to believe in *la victoire;* she only thought about *la paix.* But he—little Monsieur Lemarchand, whom people considered to be soft in the head—he knew that the English would come back, and he knew that when they came, they would land at Cidreville. For there had been manifested unto him a sign.

Yes, he could put two and two together. He might be an idle fellow and a good-for-nothing; and it might be true, as his wife said, that he'd never done an honest day's work in his life, that he was addicted to the moronic pastime of fishing and had wasted all his time mucking about in boats—until the Germans took his boat away. But he was no fool, thought Monsieur Lemarchand, warmed by the beautiful Calvados, he was no fool though he didn't talk as much as some people did. He'd been thinking, now, ever since Wednesday week, ever since he had witnessed the phenomenon between the tide lines; and at last he had come to a conclusion about the meaning of it. He, Monsieur Lemarchand, shared a huge secret with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt and General Eisenhower: He knew that the British were going to land at Cidreville-sur-Mer.

He hadn't told anybody, of course; wild horses wouldn't drag his secret out of him. True, he had told his wife about the phenomenon; but that was before he had guessed the meaning of it. And she was much too featherbrained to draw the obvious conclusion. In fact, she had disbelieved the whole thing. "If you expect me to believe that tale," she had said, "you are even more of a fool than I have always thought you." Yet he had seen the phenomenon with his own eyes!

He had seen it, in the half-light of early dawn, eight days ago, on the sandy beach between the tide lines. He had gone down there to dig some lugworms for fishing. The Germans hadn't mined that bit of the beach, because there were high cliffs behind it; it was the only place left where Monsieur Lemarchand could get his lugworms. So he had crept out of the house without waking his wife, and had taken his spade and bucket down to the shore.

When he got there he saw the footprints. At first he simply thought that some other fisherman had been there before him; and then, with mild surprise which changed to wonder and finally to terror, he perceived the extraordinary truth about the footsteps: *They came up out of the sea and they went back into the sea.* It gave Monsieur Lemarchand a cold shiver down his spine.

There was nobody about, nobody in sight at all, no bobbing head of a bather, no boat in the blue bay. Monsieur Lemarchand remembered a ghost story he had read long ago, about dead men who came up out of the sea for some dreadful purpose, all in their cold shrouds, and then, their purpose achieved, went back to the terrible dark deeps among the fishes and the seaweed. It was a fearful thought; but ghosts, reflected Monsieur Lemarchand, do not leave footprints and these footprints were very unghostly; they were made with rope-soled shoes. Timidly Monsieur Lemarchand followed them, from the point where they emerged from the lapping waves, right across the beach to the base of the cliff, then back to the sea again where the incoming tide was just flowing into the last of them and filling it with a tiny swirling pool.

Monsieur Lemarchand was so put out by the extraordinary phenomenon that he couldn't even bring himself to search for lugworms. He went straight home, where he accidentally woke up his wife, who began to scold him most unreasonably. "Ha, ha," she said, "so this is the species of husband. He comes to bed with his wife but as soon as she

(Continued on page 71)

THE *Secret* OF THE RED ARMY

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

UNITED PRESS FOREIGN NEWS EDITOR

The Russian Army sometimes may look like a collection of all the junk peddlers in the world, but looks are deceiving. How improvisation, cannibalizing, an officer elite and specialist troops forged a victorious fighting force

WHEN the snows began to melt in the Ukraine last spring, military experts predicted that the Red Army offensive which had been under way since October would be forced to halt while the Russians waited for the heavy black mud of the rich prairie land to dry out. Nevertheless, not more than two months later I touched down with a group of American and British correspondents in an American-built DC-3 at the little town of Novaya Odessa on the southern Bug, deep in the Ukraine. Odessa had fallen about thirty-six hours previously, some ninety miles farther west.

Again, as so many times before, the Red Army had performed a "miracle." Instead of halting for a spring lull, it drove forward through mud that mired men to their shoulders and freed the whole area east of the Dniester. One young Red Army general said he'd worn out four pair of boots in a month's campaigning in that muddy region.

How did the Red Army achieve these feats?

Part of the answer came the day after landing at Novy Odessa, when we traveled by truck with the Red Army columns pouring westward toward Odessa and the Dniester. We halted briefly on a high hill just beyond a pretty little town, one of the many German colonies planted in the Ukraine by Catherine the Great. We could see for miles in all directions.

Straggling across the horizon were thousands of men and women—trucks, horses, carts, tanks, machines of every variety. It didn't look like anything I'd ever seen before and I'd seen dozens of military columns, American and British, long neat convoys of trucks, moving along the highways at twenty miles an hour, each truck twenty feet apart, each unit with its specified number of guns, of half-tracks, of field kitchens and supply. But this spectacle bore no resemblance to any military organization under the sun.

It was not moving along the highway. It was straggling across the open prairie, across the newly sprouting wheat field and the debris of last autumn's cornstalks and sunflower stems. It was flowing rather than moving, like a mechanized tide across the fat Ukrainian prairie. Some places it moved in a column of four vehicles abreast. Other places it was ten or fifteen or twenty. Nor was there any uniformity about the equipment. Brand-new American Studebaker trucks—the favorites of the Russians—stalled along behind coughing farm tractors pulling strings of peasants' carts. There was even one cart being towed by a very moth-eaten camel hitched in tandem with a balky mule. All in all, it vaguely resembled a half-motorized version of the opening of the Cherokee Strip.

It was not the first time I had seen the Red Army on the move. Deep in the winter snows outside Leningrad I watched the troops that broke the iron vise in which the Nazis almost strangled Russia's second city. This was the first time I had ever seen the Red Army and I remember saying to a companion: "This doesn't look like an army. It looks like a collection of all the junk peddlers in the world."

The Testimony of the Dead

Later, I was to see the same thing on the great central Russian front and far to the south in the Crimea. Yet, everywhere alongside this rag-tag Russian army was the visible evidence of what it had done—mountains of German stores and equipment captured, thousands of Nazi prisoners and the ultimate proof: the bodies of thousands of German dead. No matter what it looked like, the Red Army was doing, and has done, a job.

To understand this puzzle, you must understand something about Russia and the great problems faced by the Soviet General Staff.

The staff entered the war with certain assets: an elite officers' corps, largely professionals. The best of these officers were graduates of the Frunze military academy, a combination West Point and General Staff college. I have met many of these polished professional soldiers, the equals in skill and education of any officers' corps in the world.

The Russians also had quantities of modern tanks, artillery and other implements of war. Their air force was large but qualitatively inferior. They were weak on motorized transport. They had masses of fairly well trained, tough and unquestionably brave troops, but the casualties of the first six months were tremendous. They soon had to dip into the less trained cadres and start conditioning multitudes of new troops to rebuild the shattered divisions.

In this crisis, the Red Army started improvising on the practical basis of adapting its methods to get the utmost value out of what matériel, human and mechanical, was available. It cut its suit to fit the situation. The watchword was: Get Results.

For example, Marshal Budenny was defending the southern front at the outbreak of the war and was forced back on Kiev. He was an old hell-for-leather cavalry crony of Stalin's from civil-war days. Drawing back to Kiev, he made a stern and courageous stand but held on too long. Nazi columns flanked the city and drove eastward and finally, much too late, he was ordered by Moscow to retreat toward the Don. By this time the Germans were well across the Dnieper and on the verge of encircling virtually all the Russian armies of the South.

Budenny's retreat started too late and approached a disaster which might well have ended the war. The Russian columns streamed east out of Kiev on two or three main highways and snarled themselves in the world's worst traffic jam. Reckless truck drivers darted in and out of traffic until they collided head on with cars moving west. The retreat was tied into knots, and German Stukas had a field day while Nazi Panzers harried the Russians on the flanks and threatened to slash the highways far to the east and close a noose on the entire Budenny army group. In this crisis Marshal Timoshenko suddenly relieved Budenny.

"Within two days Timoshenko saved the situation," one of Budenny's staff majors told me. "Our losses were heavy but Timoshenko got traffic going on the highways, and the army was saved to make a stand on the Don."

"How did he do it?" I asked.

"It was very simple," said the major, with a wry smile. "He merely posted signs at regular intervals along the highways. There were two sets of these signs. One set said: 'Any driver who gets out of line will be shot.' The other set said: 'Any driver whose machine breaks down on the highway will be shot.' There were no traffic problems after that."

This simple, hard-boiled—but practical—device is typical of the Red Army. This kind of thinking keeps the Red Army going through mud that stops the Nazi Panzers and enables it to storm positions which any military expert will tell you are impregnable.

When a sentry is posted by the Red Army, he is given specific orders, for example, to halt anyone approaching within twenty feet of a certain building. Even if a general tries to enter the building, the sentry will shoot first before letting him in. The only way in which the sentry's orders can be changed is by changing the sentry himself.

Strict Orders Avoid Confusion

Here is a procedure which is simple and difficult to misunderstand. Even the most ignorant or ill-trained soldier can hardly confuse such an order. Most Red Army men and women are literate in the sense that they can read and write, but many have had only the rudiments of an education. The paper work and elaborate organization which is the foundation of the U.S. Army would baffle the Red Army. The Red Army has hardly any of the "commercial machinery" which such a system requires—typewriters, adding machines, dictating machines, teleprinters; and Soviet industry is too busy turning out bullets and cannon to provide this equipment.

Possibly the most valued military invention of the British in this war is the bailey bridge—a knockdown, portable collection of steel girders which can be set up in a minimum of time. Before we invaded France, we had a set of bailey bridges for every river we were going to cross. The British General Staff thought the Russians might like some of these bridges. After his first trip to the Russian front, General Burrows, chief of the British military mission in Moscow, decided against this project.

"Instead, I thought I might ask the Russians to lend us some of their people," he said, "to teach us how to make timber bridges as rapidly and easily as they do. Instead of having to wait for engineers to bring up a bailey, their front-line troops fell the timber and build their own bridge more quickly than we can lug up our bridges from the rear."

We had a little example of Red Army methods in our press caravan, driving into

(Continued on page 57)

A check of the vehicles on the Red Army's southern front estimated that 40 per cent were American (as below), 30 per cent captured German, the remainder Russian

Tank crews often number as many as 20, fighting inside and out. Crew are all interchangeable—drivers, mechanics, repairmen—thus keeping tanks in constant action

Traffic-control officers, like Pvt. Savushkina, are spotted near the front. Like sorters in railroad freight yards, they direct the various Russian army units

The Red Army's watchword is: Get Results. Instead of halting for a spring lull, it plowed on through mud which mired the Nazi Panzers, to storm objectives

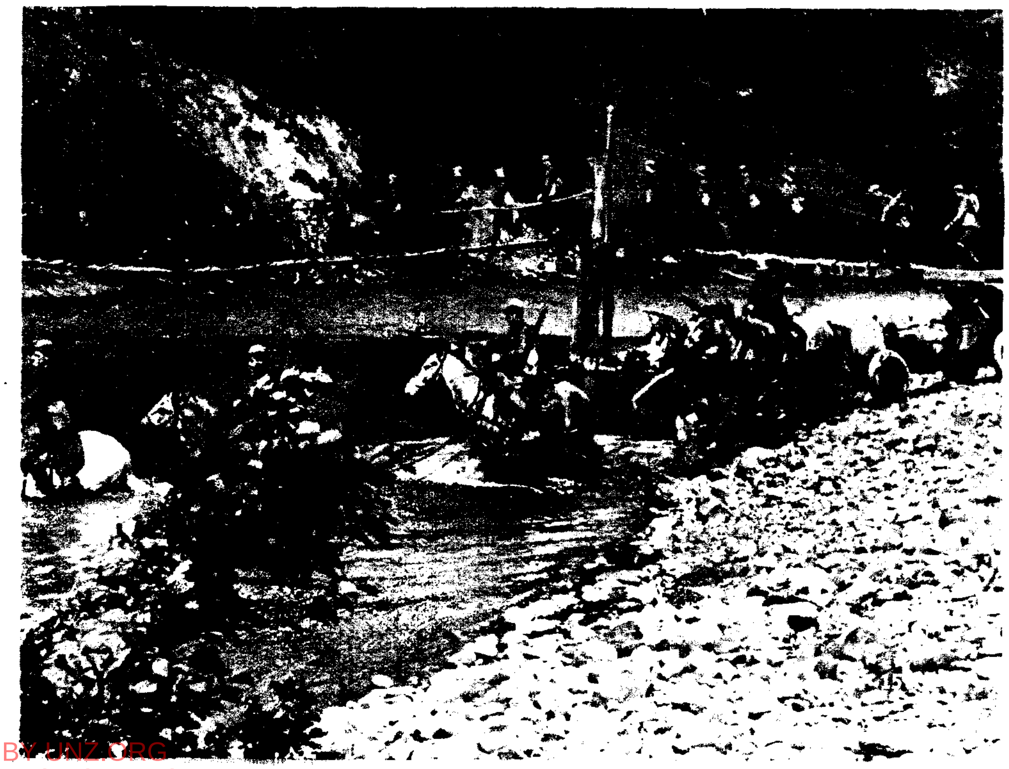
Commander of a tank-destroyer unit inspecting a column. When mechanized units pass wrecked vehicles, drivers strip—"cannibalize"—them of usable parts

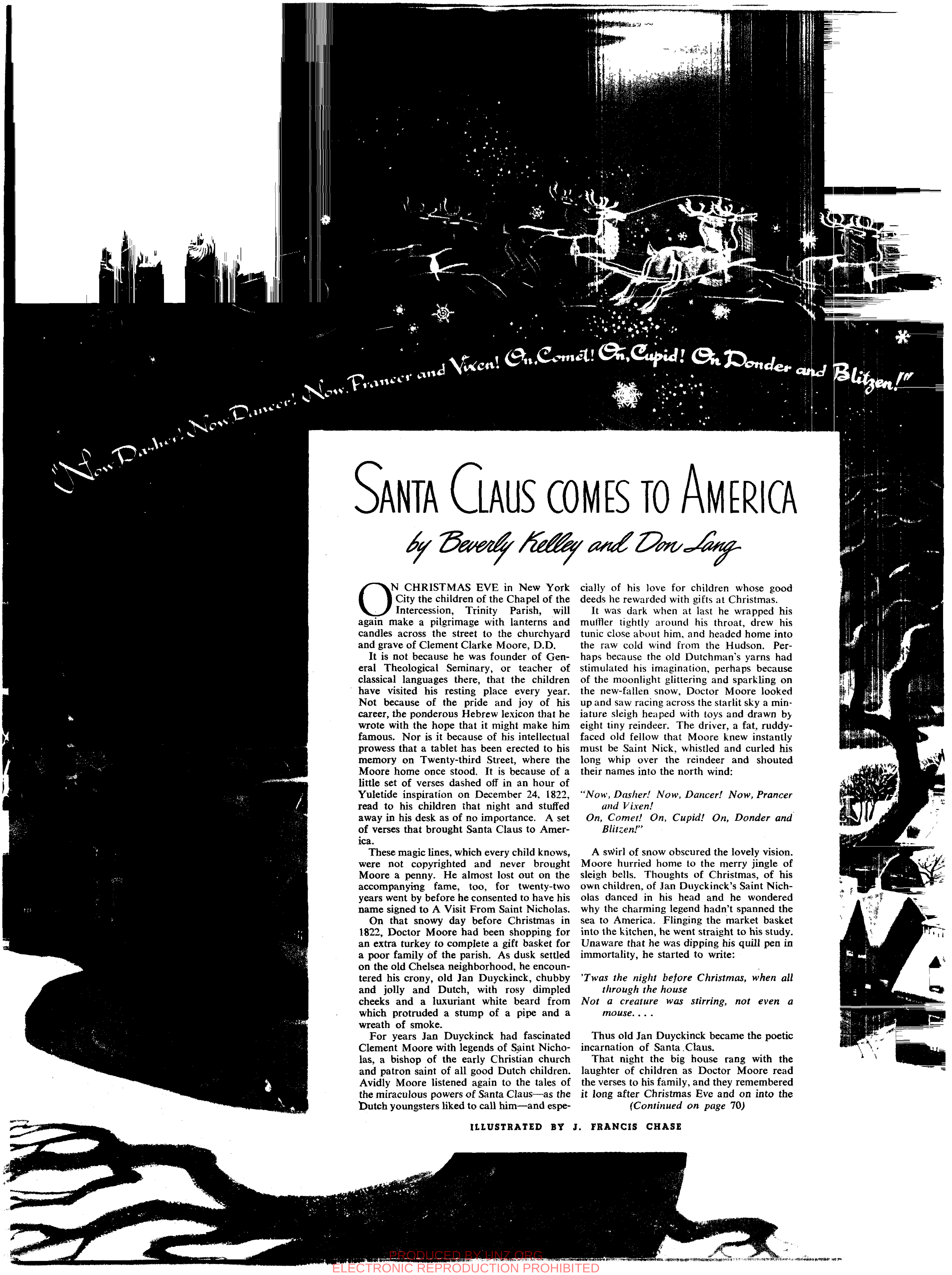
Reindeer supply train on the northern front. While Red Army provides the bulk of food, ammunition and clothing, if supplies are short, it's every man for himself

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

The Nazis, in retreat, greatly aided the Russians by leaving behind quantities of ammunition and supplies. This Cossack cavalry unit was one beneficiary

The British General Staff decided against offering bailey bridges when they saw Russians' rapidly constructed timber bridges, below and on opposite page, left




"Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! On Donder and Blitzen!"

SANTA CLAUS COMES TO AMERICA

by Beverly Kelley and Don Lang

ON CHRISTMAS EVE in New York City the children of the Chapel of the Intercession, Trinity Parish, will again make a pilgrimage with lanterns and candles across the street to the churchyard and grave of Clement Clarke Moore, D.D.

It is not because he was founder of General Theological Seminary, or teacher of classical languages there, that the children have visited his resting place every year. Not because of the pride and joy of his career, the ponderous Hebrew lexicon that he wrote with the hope that it might make him famous. Nor is it because of his intellectual prowess that a tablet has been erected to his memory on Twenty-third Street, where the Moore home once stood. It is because of a little set of verses dashed off in an hour of Yuletide inspiration on December 24, 1822, read to his children that night and stuffed away in his desk as of no importance. A set of verses that brought Santa Claus to America.

These magic lines, which every child knows, were not copyrighted and never brought Moore a penny. He almost lost out on the accompanying fame, too, for twenty-two years went by before he consented to have his name signed to A Visit From Saint Nicholas.

On that snowy day before Christmas in 1822, Doctor Moore had been shopping for an extra turkey to complete a gift basket for a poor family of the parish. As dusk settled on the old Chelsea neighborhood, he encountered his crony, old Jan Duyckinck, chubby and jolly and Dutch, with rosy dimpled cheeks and a luxuriant white beard from which protruded a stump of a pipe and a wreath of smoke.

For years Jan Duyckinck had fascinated Clement Moore with legends of Saint Nicholas, a bishop of the early Christian church and patron saint of all good Dutch children. Avidly Moore listened again to the tales of the miraculous powers of Santa Claus—as the Dutch youngsters liked to call him—and especially of his love for children whose good deeds he rewarded with gifts at Christmas.

It was dark when at last he wrapped his muffler tightly around his throat, drew his tunic close about him, and headed home into the raw cold wind from the Hudson. Perhaps because the old Dutchman's yarns had stimulated his imagination, perhaps because of the moonlight glittering and sparkling on the new-fallen snow, Doctor Moore looked up and saw racing across the starlit sky a miniature sleigh heaped with toys and drawn by eight tiny reindeer. The driver, a fat, ruddy-faced old fellow that Moore knew instantly must be Saint Nick, whistled and curled his long whip over the reindeer and shouted their names into the north wind:

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!"

A swirl of snow obscured the lovely vision. Moore hurried home to the merry jingle of sleigh bells. Thoughts of Christmas, of his own children, of Jan Duyckinck's Saint Nicholas danced in his head and he wondered why the charming legend hadn't spanned the sea to America. Flinging the market basket into the kitchen, he went straight to his study. Unaware that he was dipping his quill pen in immortality, he started to write:

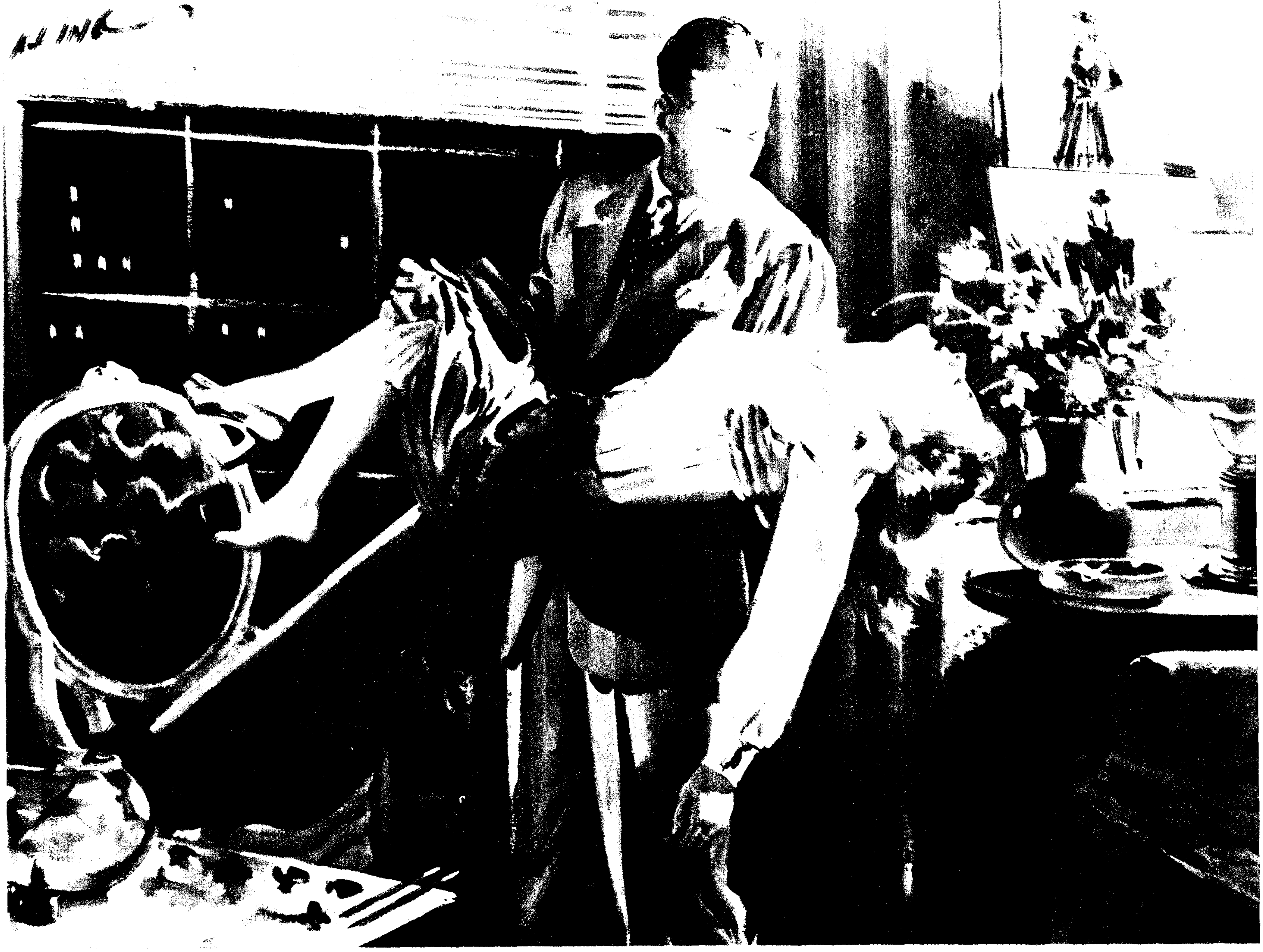
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. . . .

Thus old Jan Duyckinck became the poetic incarnation of Santa Claus.

That night the big house rang with the laughter of children as Doctor Moore read the verses to his family, and they remembered it long after Christmas Eve and on into the

(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FRANCIS CHASE



“Oh, I'm fine,” Mollie said heavily. Then she was alone in space and Sam had picked her up and was holding her indecisively

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Mollie Kent was tops at dress designing, and when a Hollywood glamor gal ripped all her sketches down the back, Mollie came out fighting mad. It took a look-in on love to redesign her point of view

CAROL CARSTAIRS picked up a pencil somewhat suspiciously—as if she thought that operating it might be more difficult than it looked. The suspicion was probably well founded, Mollie thought, wincing inwardly as she watched Carol start to work. She was willing to bet her right arm that Carol hadn't written more than her signature on her checks since the remote days when she filled out sales slips at the May Company—the days before Samuel Haversham had made her America's No. 1 Glamor Girl. Apparently Miss Carstairs must have scratched out those sales slips with her fingernails; the pencil squeaked jerkily across the paper for quite a spell before the famous and exquisitely trained Carstairs voice triumphed, “*There*. Now *that's* more like what I mean.”

Mollie Kent, dress designer, looked at her beautiful fashion sketch. It was of a street dress, a simple little thing, as unobtrusive as a champagne punch and as quickening. It was a dress to make a plain woman arresting and a pretty woman irresistible and a man dizzy in the head. Or it had been.

Miss Carstairs' pencil had brought about a few changes. The gown now had a sort of dropped shoulder line, to expose the shoulders of which she and a large moviegoing public were justifiably proud; ruffles at the wrists had been added to disguise the hands which were usually hidden from the camera. A wide, tight cummerbund had been mercilessly added, and the skirt now had a tendency to slither in an anguished kind of way, like a melancholy snake.

“You see?” Carol demanded happily. “It's so much more *like* me now.”

Mollie could see the blood pouring from her mortally wounded design. “*I* wouldn't say that,” she snapped. “*I* don't know you well enough.”

Ethel, Mollie's watchdog secretary, said soothingly, “Miss Carstairs means—don't you, Miss Carstairs?—that it's similar to the costumes you usually wear.”

“Exactly, only better. I mean, it will be, after you've made those few charges. You see, Mollie, *I'm* the one who had you brought out here, and I did it because I think you're so awfully clever.” Her smile crinkled beautifully, gaily. “I refused to see Sammy for a *week* until he promised to get you for my next picture. And I know—I just know—you're going to justify my faith in you.”

“You do,” Mollie said dully, without surprise. She had made the mistake of looking at Carol, really looking at her, and after that, nothing could be surprising. Carol Carstairs was, quite simply, a human impossibility, of the sort to cause the mind to sicken and reel. She was too beautiful, too happily certain of herself, too quickly rich and far, far too famous. She was a legend and a crime. She was The Age of Unreason.

Carol said now, with the most staggering reasonableness, “Of course I do. You'll have that dress redesigned and ready for me by tomorrow, won't you?” Then she smiled deliciously and seemed to float out through the door which Ethel held hastily open.

Ethel returned silently to Mollie's desk, like a creeping doom. “Listen, dearie,” she said flatly, “that ain't the way we do things out here.”

Mollie, in the dimness of her confusion, found that she was almost pleading. “Some women,” she reminded Ethel hopefully, “should not be dressed. They should be slip-covered.”

“But not our late guest. Carstairs got where she is by a series of revelations, like the Mount Wilson Observatory.”

Suddenly and fiercely Mollie cried, “I want to go home!”

“Pish,” Ethel said. “Tush! You wet-eyed New Yorkers.”

“Where did you come from, Ethel?”

“New York,” said the secretary easily.

“And—how long have you been here?”

“Ten years.”

After a while and very reluctantly, as if she were speaking of an incurable disease, Mollie asked, “After ten years, does it get any better?”

(Continued on page 47)

Mothers of the Stars, Inc.

BY AL SIMON and JULES LEVINE

MOTION PICTURE MOTHERS, Inc.
Lucille Rutherford
MOTHER OF
ANN RUTHERFORD
HOLLYWOOD

MOTION PICTURE MOTHERS, Inc.
Nell Pankey
MOTHER OF
MICKEY ROONEY
HOLLYWOOD

MOTION PICTURE MOTHERS, Inc.
Agnes MacDonald
MOTHER OF
EDMUND MacDONALD
HOLLYWOOD

Motion Picture Mothers, Inc., is just like every other women's club in the country—except that for five years it has avoided publicity like the measles, its members must wear identification badges at meetings and are not allowed to talk about their children

ONE afternoon Tyrone Power's mother was heading for her favorite grocery store to do the shopping when she noticed that she was attracting an unusual amount of attention from passers-by. Feeling self-conscious, she began to wonder if something was the matter with her dress but she didn't dare stop to examine it too obviously.

With relief she reached her store and turned in; it was after she was inside that she realized a large crowd had followed her through the door and was now bunched at the entrance staring at her. She couldn't imagine what was causing all the interest, so she managed to slip behind a display counter and glance down to see if there was perhaps a stray chicken wing left over from lunch hitched to her dress. She saw instead a button.

It was a large white button like the ones that used to say "Vote for Dewey" in blue hospital letters. Only it didn't say that. Instead it said, "Mother of Tyrone Power."

Quickly Mrs. Power slipped it into her handbag. Then, trying to look as though she had just remembered an important engagement elsewhere, she left the store and, eventually, the following crowd.

She hadn't been wearing the button because she believed in billboard advertising, but simply because if she hadn't been wearing it that day she would have had to pay a fine of ten cents. She had just come from one of the monthly meetings of Motion Picture Mothers, Inc., which has a rule requiring all members to wear their buttons at meetings or kick in with the said ten cents.

Motion Picture Mothers, Inc., is a club formed five years ago by the mothers of film players with screen credits—which means those who have achieved star or featured billing. In many ways it is exactly like every other club formed by warmhearted, middle-aged women in every town in America, and in some ways it is exactly the opposite.

For instance, as every small-town newspaper editor can tell you, most women's clubs love mention in the public prints. Motion-picture mothers, living in the center of the highest-powered group of professional chroniclers of private life in the country, have shunned publicity like the plague. Not a line about them, not a picture of them has ever appeared in any of the movie sheets, the local papers or any other magazine until now.

It is probable that a fair share of the time spent by women at other club meetings is devoted to discussing and/or raving about their offspring. At Motion Picture Mothers meetings, where members really have something to crow about, the subject is taboo. At her first meeting Robert Taylor's mother didn't know this, so, justifiably proud, she started to sing her son's praises. Before she really got launched, she noticed she was talking into a firm, disapproving and absolute silence. She got the point and hasn't mentioned her son's name at a meeting since.

Even when a member's son or daughter wins the coveted Academy Award, the only acknowledgment comes when the president extends her congratulations. Then the matter is dropped. Politics and religion are also prohibited subjects since the club is nonpolitical and nonsectarian.

But in other ways the group is very similar to a thousand others. It was formed by Marie Brown, Ann Beresford and Regina Mack, mothers of Tom Brown, Anita Louise and Helen Mack, five years ago, when the three, tired of big-city loneliness, decided to do something about it. They asked a number of other mothers to meet at Mrs. Brown's home in Van Nuys, and the thirteen who responded—including the mothers of Virginia Bruce, Julie Bishop, Bobby Breen, Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford, Marguerite Churchill, Judy Garland, Jon Hall, Harold Lloyd, the Mauch twins, Robert Paige and Mickey Rooney—formed the nucleus of the organization.

They got a charter in Sacramento, California, and Washington, D. C.; thought up a slogan—The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world—and ordered some letterheads with *Stellarum Matres* emblazoned thereon in fancy script. It means "mothers of the stars" in Latin, and Robert Paige's mother chose it because "it had a sweet sound."

Thriftily the new clubwomen vetoed the idea of building their own clubhouse, met instead in a downtown hotel room where they had lunch and a brief business session, then devoted the afternoon to bridge and gossip. After the first few months, additional touches were injected: a program of organized enter-

Bonita Granville's mother, shown with the young actress, finds relief from "big-city loneliness" in the activities of the movie mothers' club

MOTION PICTURE MOTHERS, Inc.
Regina Mack
MOTHER OF
HELEN MACK
HOLLYWOOD

Joan Crawford sneaks a taste of one of her mother's famous pies. Ann Le Sueur is the club's culinary star, contributes jams, jellies and desserts regularly to Christmas baskets, the Canteen, club picnics

MOTION PICTURE MOTHERS, Inc.
Millicent Bartholomew
MOTHER OF
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
HOLLYWOOD

The mother of Lou Costello, the amiable zany who here tries to avoid drinking his milk, used to be the club's worst offender in forgetting to wear her identity button

Nell Panky, mother of Mickey Rooney, regards her son's baby shoe. At a recent box-lunch party she mixed up the boxes, sold them back to members for 50 cents

Ann Rutherford's mother serves at the Hollywood Canteen. Club mans the canteen Monday nights, serves servicemen excellent sandwiches with the motherly touch

Mothers of Edmund MacDonald, Scotty Beckett, Tom Brown, Joan Crawford, Robert Paige and Helen Mack sew for Red Cross. Boy is Helen Mack's son

tainment was started, speakers were invited, books were discussed and recitals given. Membership climbed toward its limit of one hundred, with each new applicant proposed by a member, passed on by the board of directors and voted on by the total membership.

Before the group had been meeting very long, it began to be interested in more serious projects and, appropriately enough, started to take the place of indulgent mother to half of Hollywood. Whenever it heard of an actor who was down on his luck, its members rushed to his aid—completely incognito. One of the most famous stars of the silent screen, for instance, was rescued from the poorhouse a few years ago. A former idol of millions, his self-respect was as shattered as his income. The mothers got him a job in a studio stock company, then sweetened his pay check each week with funds from their treasury. But until his death some months ago, he never knew that anyone had helped him.

More recently another star was found to be almost penniless. The club paid his Guild membership, all his bills and rent—even bought gasoline for his car—and for a period of twenty-five weeks delivered food to his home daily. Finally it got him a job at a studio. Not even his best friends knew that the club had saved him. Right now the mothers are building a fund to buy a Seeing Eye dog for some blinded war veteran who may come home without sufficient money.

The club really stretches itself to conceal its role as benefactor. All charitable activities are entrusted to Agnes MacDonald (mother of Edmund MacDonald), who heads a committee of four. Reports submitted by the committee are referred to only by case number, never by name, so even club members don't know whom they're helping. If it is necessary to furnish food to a "case," Mrs. MacDonald makes the purchases and the delivery in person—or with the help of her husband—so that not even storekeepers know who the ultimate consumer will be.

In addition to the prewar average of twenty "cases" a month, the club also makes up about fifty Christmas baskets each year, devotes an afternoon a week to Red Cross work and every Monday night to the Hollywood Canteen where they make a big hit with the G.I.s.

"We're not," they say, rather sententiously, "the pin-up girls. We're the clean-up girls."

They are, too. They work in two groups—one behind the snack bar where servicemen, away from home and suckers for the motherly touch, call them "Mom," and the other in the kitchen, where members prepare sandwiches under the iron hand of Marguerite Churchill's mother.

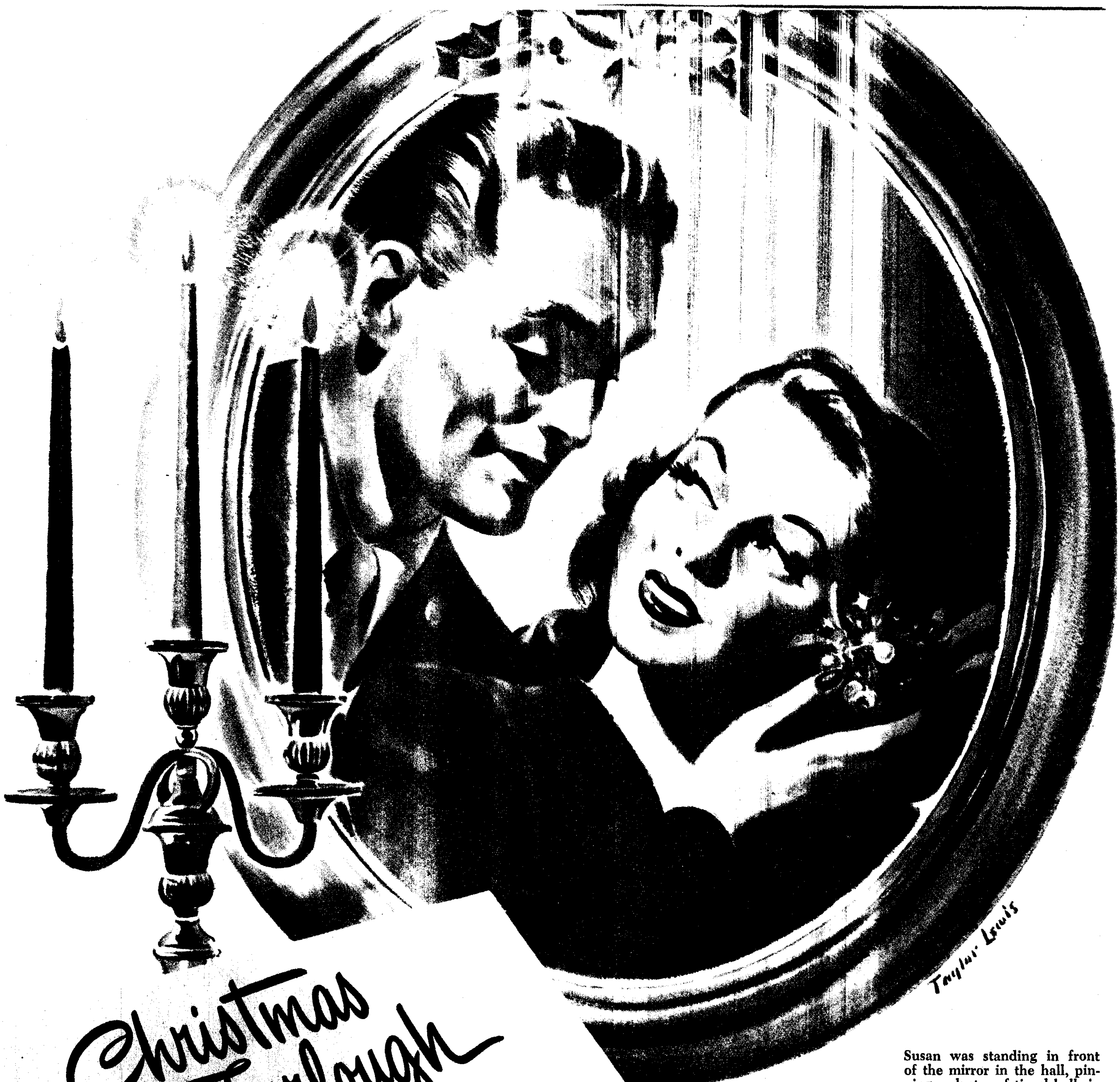
The club has never taken a nickel from the fat salaries of any of its "children" to finance these activities and has never been in the red. A couple of times, though, it has come close. Once one of the members, an

(Continued on page 43)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

Christmas Furlough

By Eloise Barrangon



Susan was standing in front of the mirror in the hall, pinning a cluster of tinsel balls in her hair. "Do you think I look Christmasy?" she asked Johnny

Johnny wanted his folks around him at Christmastime. But he didn't realize how much it meant, until he encountered a beautiful and oddly unfamiliar cousin

ILLUSTRATED BY TAYLOR LEWIS

THE train was crowded with holiday travelers, mostly servicemen heading home for Christmas. Pfc. Johnny Carter stood in the aisle, straddling his kit-bag and swaying to the quirks of the roadbed. He was a tall, lean young man with dark hair that curled a bit and amiable blue eyes.

His stance was easy and loose-limbed and, though he was tired, he could still smile. No one would have thought to call him handsome—the mouth was too big and mobile, the nose and the cheekbones were too strongly defined—but his face had distinction and it was lighted by an eager, home-going look.

Past the junction, after dark, he managed to get a seat and, turning up the collar of his G.I. overcoat, he huddled into it for warmth. Presently, he dozed. He thought of it afterward, with wonderment: *If I hadn't fallen asleep—*

He woke when the train lurched to a stop. A few seconds ago the conductor's call had reached him in his half-slumber and it had sounded something like "Wind*sor—Wind*sor." There were triangles of snow at the corners of the window and the center was glazed with frost. Johnny rubbed a spot bare with his hand and peered into the night. The station light was ringed with a nimbus of cold but it lighted up the sign. Johnny could see most of it. "—INDSOR," it said.

Johnny grabbed his bag and hurried up the aisle, mumbling apologies to other people's feet. The passengers who had alighted at the station had been met and kissed and exclaimed over and the little crowd was dispersing. Johnny swung down to the station platform and right away there was the girl. She wore a red coat, and crystals of snow were sprinkled on her dark hair. She had a friendly grin.

"Hello," she said. "You must be John. I'm Susan. I was afraid for a minute that you weren't on board." The train started chuffing and moved off into the night. The girl led Johnny across the platform to a big, old touring car.

"I had to bring the Monster," she was saying. "Diane went off to a dance in the Fire-engine. She had two young men taking her and a brand-new formal dress so you see she had to have a car that would get her there." She opened the door of the Monster and slid behind the wheel without waiting to be helped. The car sat, ponderous and high, a stranger to streamlining and greedy for A-coupons. Johnny got in beside the girl.

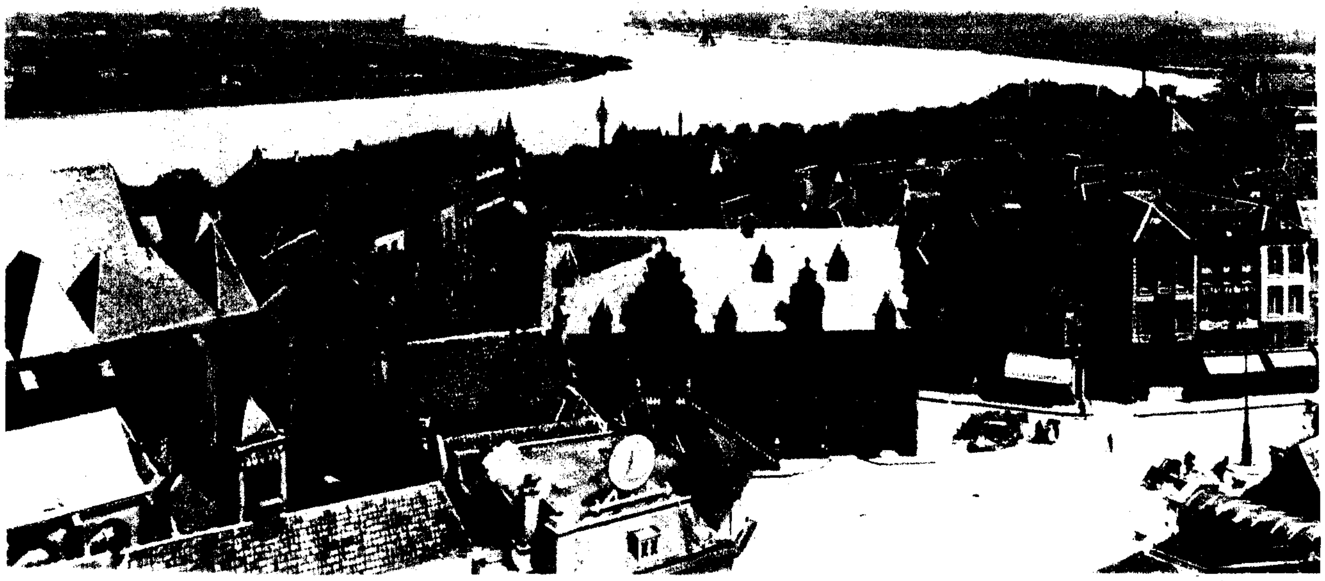
"Stow your bag in the back," she said. "Now if you'll plant your feet on that center floor board so it won't jump up when I

(Continued on page 66)

DEATH OF A DUTCH TOWN

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

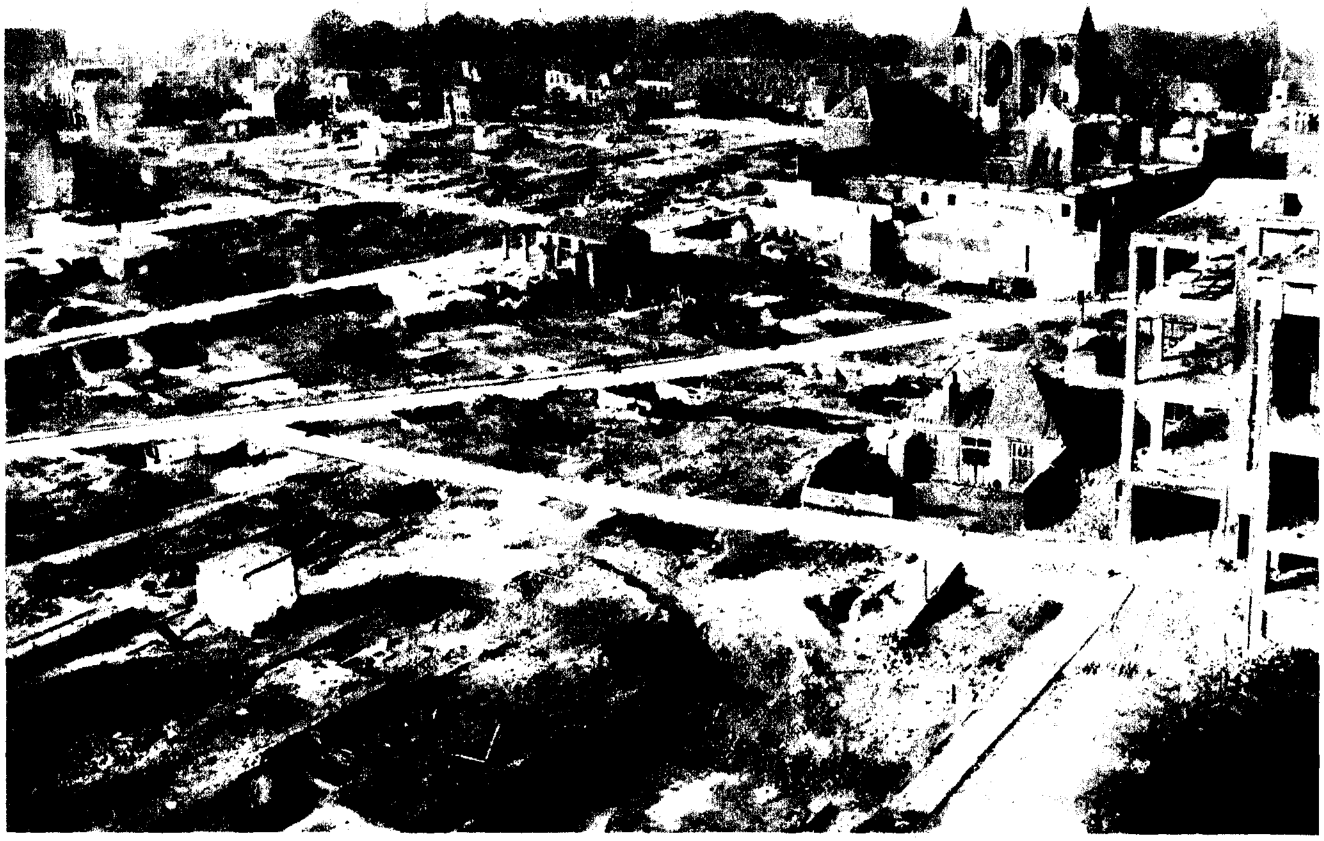
There is a moral to this story. And the picture of a little Dutch girl of four with big, silent eyes will help you to remember it



OFFICIAL NETHERLANDS

Here is an idea what Nijmegen used to look like (above); there was a fine solid part to the city; but now (below) "the center part can be ignored, since it is not livable, and has too many houses burned hollow"

ACME



RADIOED FROM PARIS

THIS is a story about a little Dutch town called Nijmegen and pronounced in any way you choose. The moral of the story is: It would be a fine thing if the Germans did not make war every twenty years or so, and that way there would be no story about little towns called Nijmegen. I have no idea what Nijmegen used to look like; there was probably a sweet old part to the city, judging from the looks of some of the ruins, some remnants of roofs and a carved doorway here and there. Also, I imagine the curve of houses on the bluff by the Waal River were nice houses, but as they are all burned out, it is hard to tell. And through the center of the town where the university stood, it was also very likely pleasant and clean and untroubled, but, due to uninterrupted shelling for a month or more, the place looks now as if it had been abandoned years ago following an earthquake and a flood.

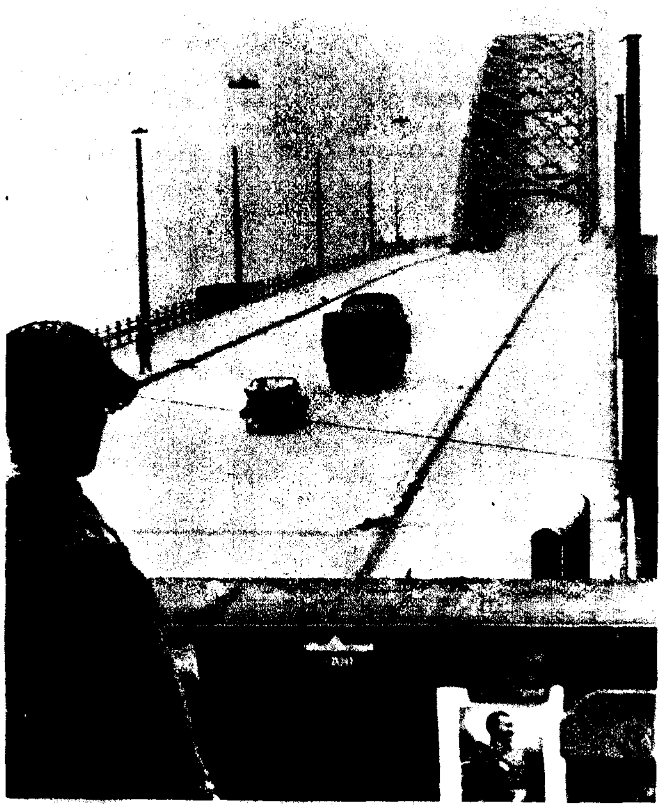
Today Nijmegen is a town where people sleep in cellars and walk with care on the streets, listening hard for incoming shells. The Dutch sweep up broken glass every morning in a despairingly tidy way, but there is no transport to cart glass away, so, under the dripping autumn trees and along the shell-marked street, there are neat mounds of rubble and glass.

The center of the town can be ignored, since it is not livable, having no windows left and too many houses burned hollow, but on the fringes of the town there are ugly unimaginative comfortable red-brick homes which are very modern and cheap to rent or own. There are no signs of great wealth in Nijmegen, and the poorest parts of the city, which are also the oldest and have the most charm, are not so bad as slums in an equivalent-sized English or American town. The people who lived in Nijmegen were obviously people accustomed to safety. They are a God-fearing folk, devoutly Catholic, who led a quiet provincial life and worked hard and neither wasted nor wanted and could count on a measure of security in their old age.

But there is a great road bridge at Nijmegen crossing the Waal River, and this part of Holland bears a strategic relationship to Germany and the construction of the Siegfried Line and the course of the Rhine, and for these reasons—to put it very simply—Nijmegen found itself in the path of the opposing armies. So Nijmegen, in modern times, becomes a besieged citadel, which means that the Germans are a few kilometers away to the east, a few more kilometers away to the west, even more kilometers away to the north, and behind the city the road stretches back to Belgium through a long, narrow Allied-held corridor. Any town within range of artillery is an unlucky town.

"There is a great bridge crossing the Waal and this part bears a strategic relationship to Germany." A British soldier guards it. The Germans left Hitler's picture

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH



There is no heat in Nijmegen, and the small and dwindling supply of coal is used for electricity. So at night behind all the blackout curtains, people can at least look at one another while they listen for the shells. The food-ration tickets are the same as those issued by the Germans, only now the tickets are honored and the people can actually buy the basic foodstuffs allowed them.

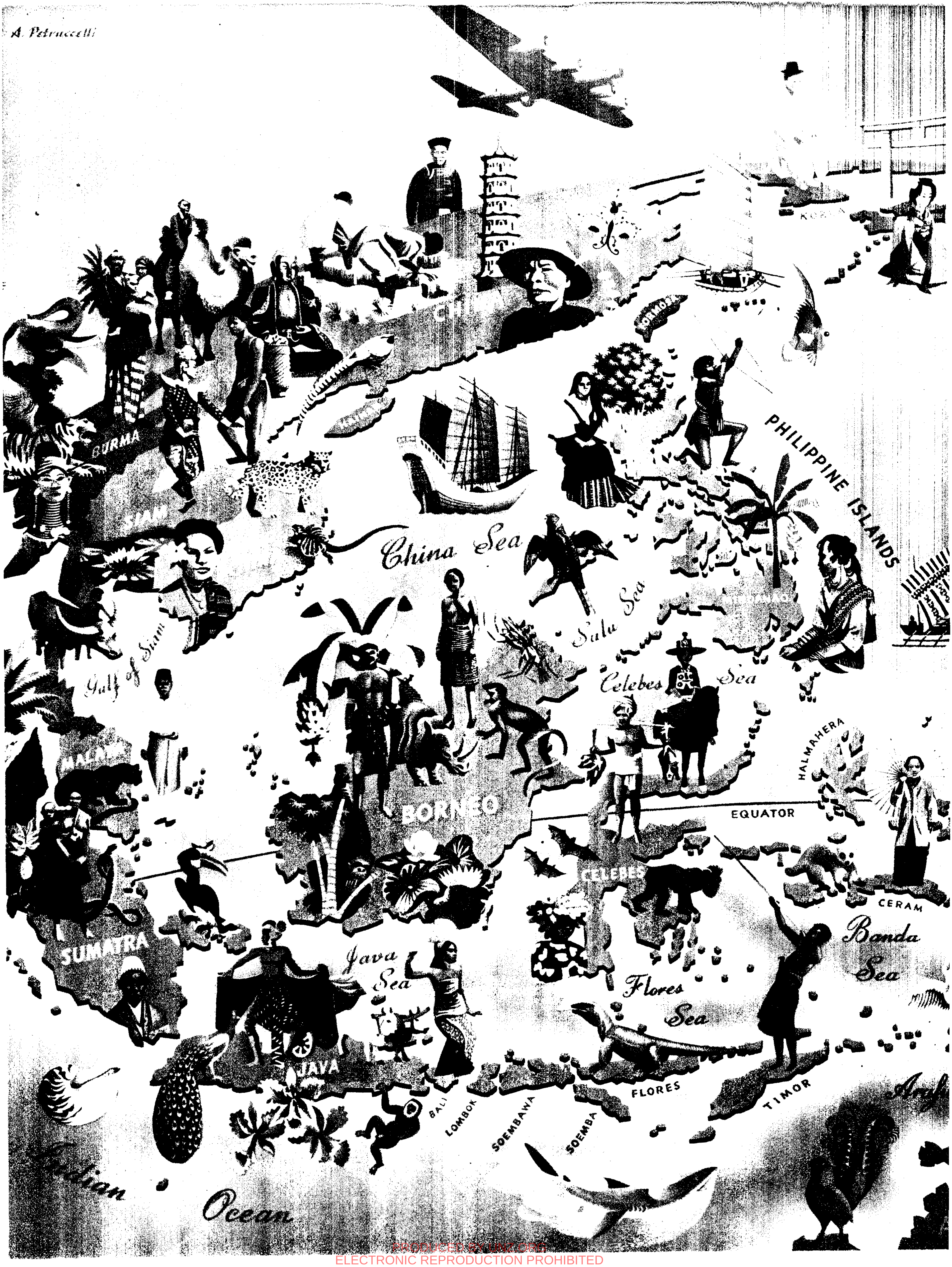
This is not to say that the stores are open; it is impossible to have a neat system of shops working on fixed hours when half the shops are blown apart by artillery and, at given times, quite unpredictably, not even a cat would want to slink through the shopping district. But some stores are open, and the housewives tell one another of these, and here one can buy a very little food. What the careful Dutch are really living on is the reserves each woman somehow managed to get together during those years.

Instead of a dowry, families gave preserved vegetables and fruits or great stone crocks of eggs or butter to the marrying daughter. The communal kitchens which feed the great bulk of people who have no homes left and, therefore, no reserves are not spoiling or fattening anyone. A regulation day's diet is ersatz coffee or pallid tea and two black-bread sandwiches in the morning, a plate of potatoes at lunch and the same tea or coffee and sandwiches at night.

Life is not exactly dull in Nijmegen, though I do not imagine life was ever really gay there. It is not a town that has a café or a bar or a dance hall, and I never saw a sign of a movie house. But needless to say, none of these pleasure spots would function now anyhow. However, while riding one's bicycle, one can watch a dogfight over the city, between one Messerschmitt and three Spitfires, in case one is the hardy type and is not looking for a likely doorway for shelter.

One can also watch with interest the tanks and the guns rumbling through the town, and the children adore this. It is also easy enough to see gun batteries and machine-gun emplacements and foxholes. And at night there are always the fires—huge roaring fires that eat out the center of a house. At night the streets are very empty and there is no sound except the artillery—our artillery and the German artillery. On one street there will easily be three sets of double houses burning wildly and the small, dark figures of the firemen spraying a weak stream of water onto a blaze that obviously will go on.

As most of the buildings have been opened by high explosives, there are great signs all over Nijmegen saying: "Do Not Loot: Penalty Death." But I do not feel that these signs are necessary. The British and American soldiers like the Dutch and respect them, and because Nijmegen is what it is—a small, not very rich town—the soldiers recognize it and find it understandable and like home, and they know what *(Continued on page 58)*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CELEBES
CERAM
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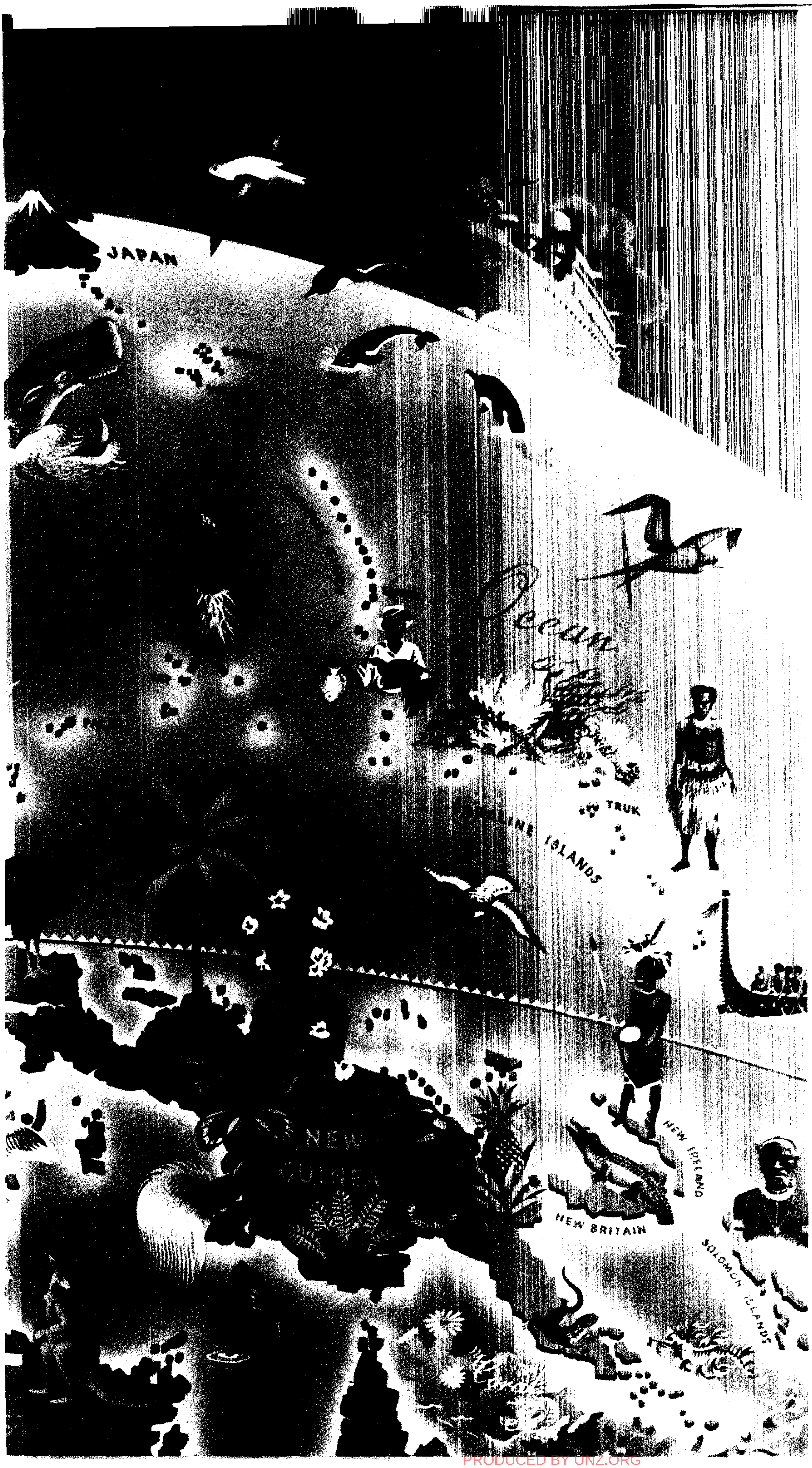


G-Eye View OF THE PACIFIC

BY INNES MAC CAMMOND

UP UNTIL December 7, 1941, most young Americans had some quaint illusions—but illusions nevertheless—about the romance-studded islands of the Pacific Ocean. Movies and travel-agency advertising had seen to that. As a result, many a Pacific-bound G.I. expected to find enchanting lagoons, silken-soft beaches, the soft twanging of native guitars, palm trees, a full moon and exquisite, honey-colored maidens who liked to play games like underwater tag as a come-on.

What he actually found was a delicate coral reef that sliced his hands and legs to shreds, or a stinking, steaming malaria-infested jungle full of loathsome insects and impassable, slimy undergrowth, and overrun with murderous Japs. And as for the honey-colored maiden: She was usually patent-leather black, frizzle-haired, bedaubed and scarred, sag-breasted, pomaded with rancid oil—and, to be quite frank, she stank.

Outraged letters cascaded back from the boys in the Solomons, in New Guinea, in New Caledonia and elsewhere, who felt they had been cruelly misled. Even so, there was still much that was weird and wonderful. A great slice of American youth, whose horizons had been bounded heretofore by Kansas City and Saturday-night dates, suddenly had its eyes opened to a new world—a world of strange animals and birds, dazzling flowers, and luxuriant foliage that up until then had been only pictures in back numbers of the National Geographic at the dentist's office. The accompanying map depicts some of the incredible sights that popped the G.I.'s eyes. For convenience in description, the millions of square miles of Pacific are divided into the three main ethnological areas.

MELANESIA. On an ordinary map, the area known as Melanesia looks like about three inches of colored blobs in a bright blue sea. Actually it's a chain of volcanic islands, coral reefs and mountainous archipelagoes more than 3,000 miles long and 700 miles wide. It stretches below the equator from New Guinea, the world's second largest island, to the Fiji Islands, and includes New Britain, New Ireland, New Caledonia, the Solomons and the Admiralty Islands, among others.

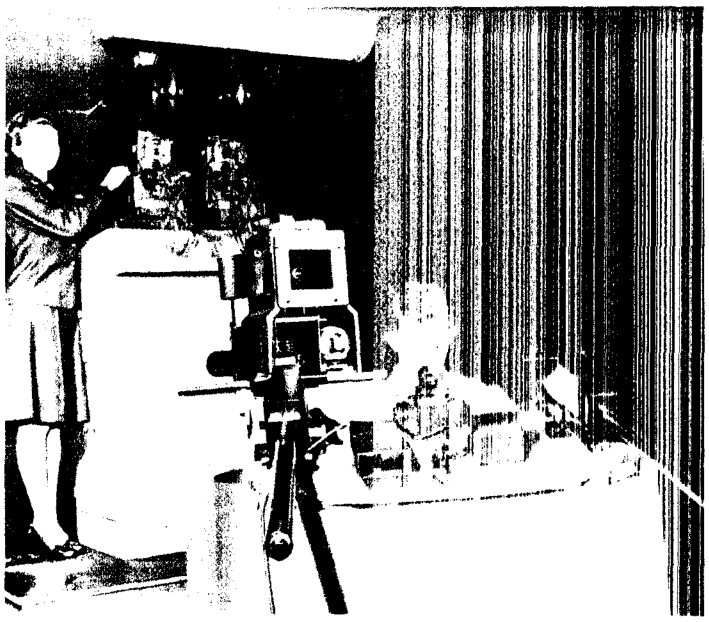
In this area of dense tropical forest, swamps and mountain chains and heavy rainfall, your G.I. found that his clothes, tents and equipment mildewed and rotted away practically overnight. Here he found black- or brown-skinned natives, frizzy-haired and squat-nosed, who went in for tattooing, scanty clothing, nose pins, chewing betel nut, piercing and distending their ear lobes and scarring their bodies—frequently by burning. As if this weren't enough, some bleached their hair with lime for a more elegant effect, and almost all were loaded down with necklaces and pendants of shells, bones and teeth. On the whole, though, he got on pretty well with the natives through the medium of pidgin English. Here, too, the G.I. made his first contact with malaria and dengue fever and amoebic dysentery—all experiences that will not unnaturally prejudice him against the place.

MICRONESIA. On a map, Micronesia is

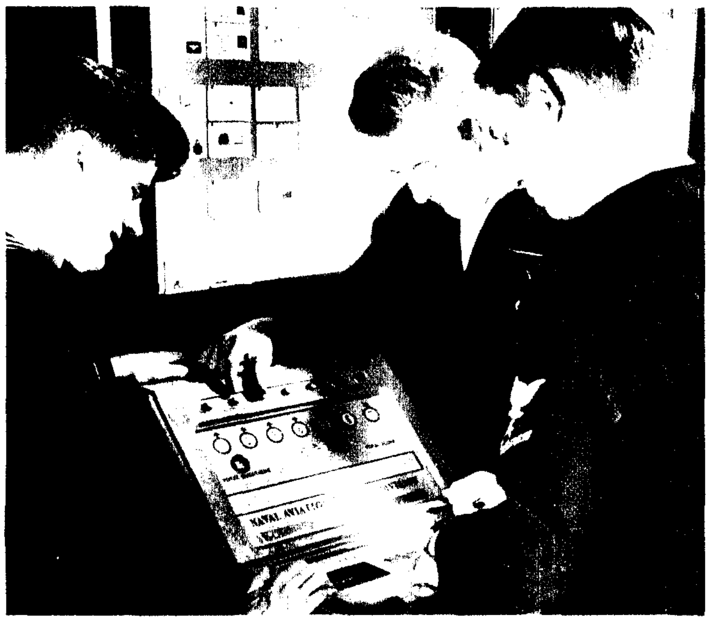
(Continued on page 43)

Reprints of the map G-EYE VIEW OF THE PACIFIC may be had by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to the Reprint Dept., Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

MAP BY ANTONIO PETRUCCELLI



Wave teaches Navy gunners to lead their targets in the training turret which Capt. de Florez perfected



One of the Navy's pet Special Devices is the automatic rater which scores sailors on military knowledge

Capt. de Florez, Director of the Navy Special Devices Division, is winner of the Collier Trophy

HE WON THE COLLIER TROPHY

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Captain Luis de Florez knew we hadn't time to train all the Navy fliers we'd need by the old methods. So he drafted half the devices of modern civilization to speed the job, and our air victories over the Japs tell how well he has succeeded. That's why he won the Collier Trophy this year

ON THE 41st anniversary of the first flight of a power-driven airplane carrying a person—this coming Sunday, December 17th—a fifty-five year old, five-foot captain of the Navy will receive from the Vice-President of the United States in Washington, the Collier Trophy for the "greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year."

He will be the 29th recipient of this award which was donated in 1911 by Robert J. Collier, pioneer airman and son of the founder of this publication, and will take his place in history along with Orville Wright, Glenn H. Curtiss, Elmer A. Sperry and other great persons and organizations who share in the responsibility for the world air leadership America enjoys today.

Captain Luis de Florez, U.S.N.R., Director of the Special Devices Division of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, is the choice of the 1944 Collier Trophy Committee of the National Aeronautic Association for the honor. The N.A.A., since 1922 the crusader for air supremacy in America, and the official governing body for aircraft performance in this country, is the custodian of the trophy and, through its committee, determines the award.

The trophy committee's award to Captain de Florez was: "For his contribution to the safe and rapid training of combat pilots and crews."

That calls for a story because you couldn't possibly know what this vigorous, sparse-haired, mustachioed, determined engineer has done. It's been a secret up until a short time ago. And he will be the first to shock you by referring to it as "synthetic" training of combat pilots and crews.

After you dig into it, you develop so much respect for it that you are almost critical of "Looie," as he is affectionately known throughout aviation, for calling it "synthetic," because . . .

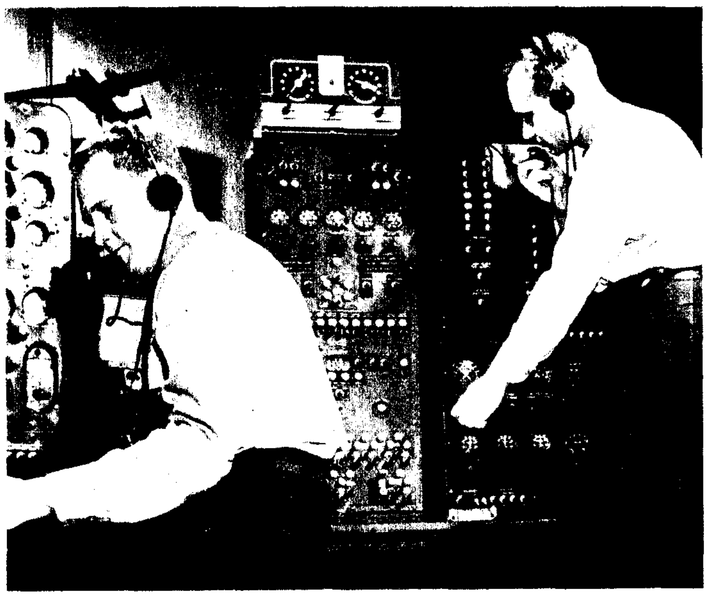
We climbed into the cockpit of one of his fighters mounted in a wind-tunnel-like structure, complete with throttle, rudder pedals, stick and gun-firing button. The lights went out and before us on a screen was a shore-line horizon and patches of clouds in the sky, in color.

"Get ready for this Jap Zero attack," shouted Lieutenant Lawrence L. Burton of Boise, Idaho, who was occupying a seat beneath the nose of the fighter, and with a flip of switches we suddenly were engulfed in the roar of the engine and the realization that the fighter was flying crazily about the sky with no one at the controls. We grabbed the stick and clamped onto the rudder pedals and peered through the illuminated gun sight for the Zero just coming into view. We got the Jap in our sights, pushed the button and saw our tracer bullets, accompanied by the sound and vibration of our .50-caliber machine guns, going for the mark.

But he outmaneuvered us, and went into a dive.

We pushed forward on the stick and followed him down as we threw away all caution about altitude and pull-outs, and we heard the engine and prop winding up to a terrific whine as our power dive continued. Then the monkey pulled out and up into a climbing turn. We eased back on the stick but nothing happened. Locked in by compressibility, we thought. We heaved on the stick, finally with two hands brought her nose up slowly, gave her some rudder and, still horsing back on the controls, we took after him.

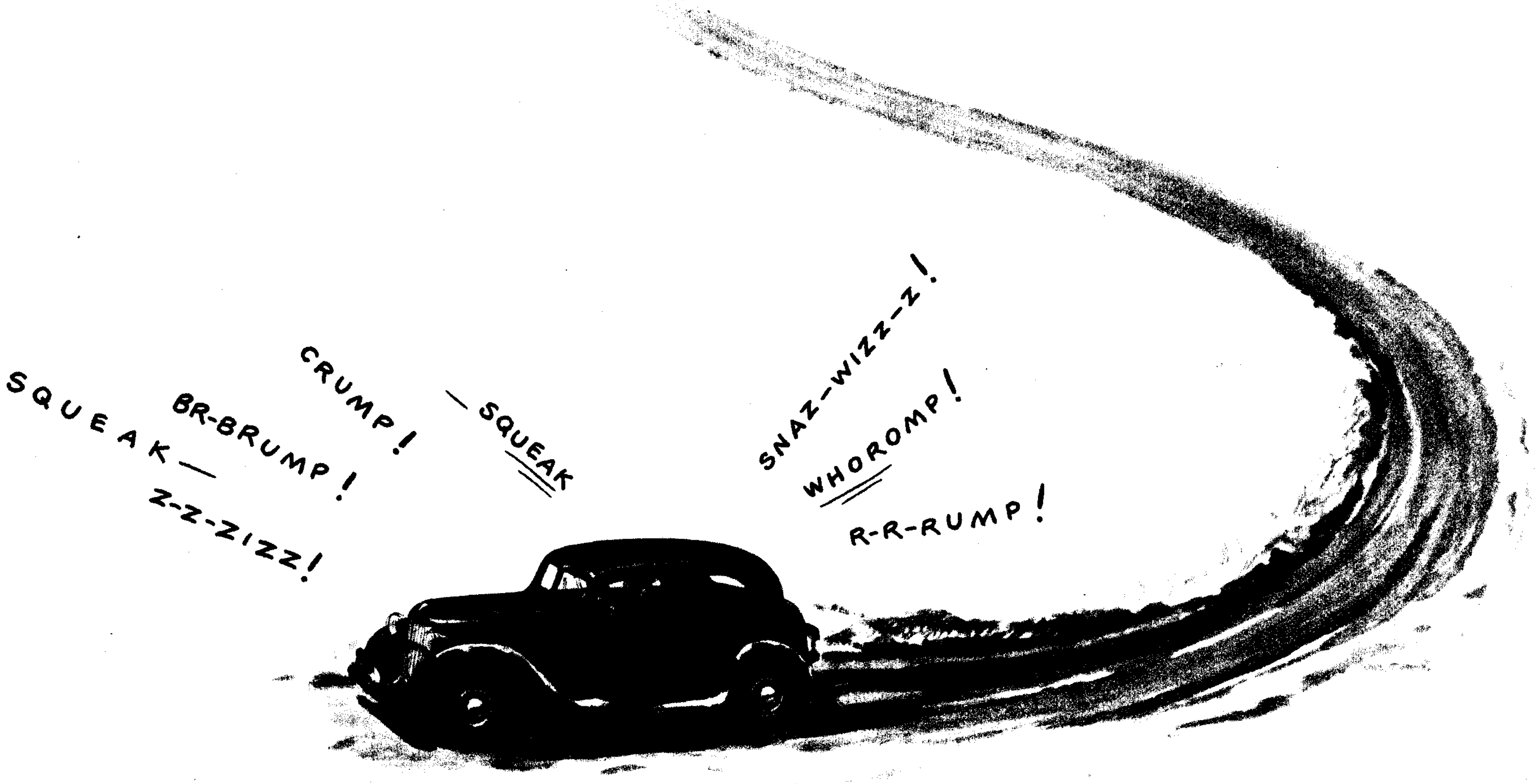
We forgot all about the fact that *(Continued on page 42)*



On this flight engineer's panel a novice can be taught to handle a twin-engine flying boat in twenty hours

Capt. de Florez runs the gunairstructor, his invention for teaching pilots how to shoot down enemy planes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT


SQUEAK —
Z-Z-ZIZZ!
BR-BRUMP!
CRUMP!
SQUEAK
SNAZ-WIZZ-Z!
WHOROMP!
R-R-RUMP!

He's gone about as far as he can go . . .

Thousands of cars go off the road daily. Is your car next?

Could be . . . but it needn't!

A car is as old as it *feels*. Neglect it and it shows its age, complains, soon gives up the ghost altogether. *Do* something about those warnings, and you keep the old fellow full of young ideas.

If *your* car is beginning to complain — if it's starting to groan and squeak — take it to your Texaco dealer *while there's still time.*

He knows the points of danger for aging cars. He'll check the battery, radiator, tires, spark plugs. He'll drain the crankcase and refill with Insulated Havoline or Insulated Texaco Motor Oil. He'll give the tired old chassis a soothing Marfak Lubrication.

Get this Texaco check-up *regularly.* It'll keep your old car feeling fit as a fiddle. And that means it'll keep *you* on wheels till that new car comes.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

You're welcome at
TEXACO DEALERS

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

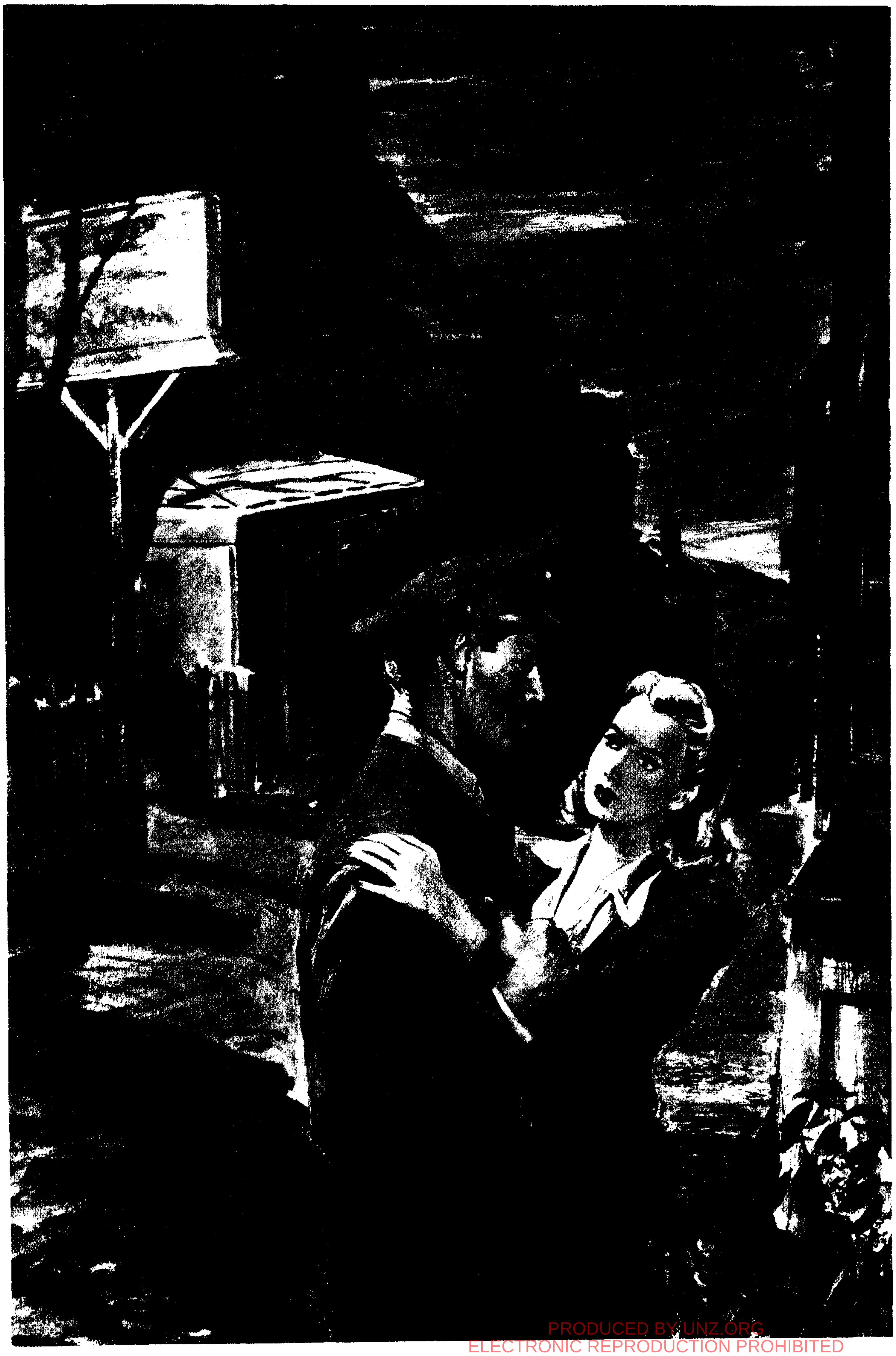
TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night, starring James Melton. Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.

The FLOOR of HEAVEN

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

The Story:
Throughout wartime London, the legend of Vladek (Dek) Tarnowski, Polish squadron leader, touched all those who fought for England. Those who knew him held him as one of England's greatest warriors—and two of these were England's air marshal, honored by the R.A.F. with the affectionate name of Buck, and Lottie Parker, American music-hall star. Inevitably then, the legend wove its way to Gwen Argyll, liaison officer for the French underground under the tutelage of D'Aubigne Guise (Uncle Obi), and beautiful widow of Tip Argyll (recently killed with the R.A.F.). Leaving a party at Lottie's house, Mrs. Argyll, escorted by Shephard Barnes, tall, genial American who is in England as maintenance chief for the R.A.F., sees Dek Tarnowski—and cannot forget him. Later, although she has just told Shep she will marry him after the war, the image of the dark, arrogant Pole haunts her continually until, walking alone one night down a country lane near her mother's house in Warwickshire, she meets Dek again. This time he comes swiftly to her and takes her in his arms.



Gwen saw him for the first time since they had met in the lane and a pinprick of icy fear touched her mind

II

FAT, white clouds, phosphorescent under a setting moon, had begun to fill the sky over that sweet and rolling country where lay the town of Market Wantage. In a great hurry they were, those fat clouds, driven by a sharp and unexpected wind, so that at one moment their shadows blotted out the old town and the next left it clear and stately, unchanged by centuries.

Gwen Argyll walked the deserted street with her head held high even in the darkness, for she knew every cobblestone from memory, having been born only a few miles away in the state bedroom of Wantage Hall, where Queen Elizabeth had rested upon a visit to the first squire. But in the shadows Mrs. Argyll could not see the man who walked beside her; he was a silhouette in uniform, until as they reached the door of the St. George Dragon, the moon sailed free.

Then she saw him for the first time since they had met in the lane, and, though everything about him was dear to her, he seemed remote now and unattainable, and a pinprick of icy fear touched Gwen Argyll's mind. She swung to face him and put up her hands and rested them against him; under her right palm she could feel his wings and the steady beat of his heart, and she remembered it had not been steady when it pressed against her in the black spring magic of the lane.

Then she smiled at him, the smile of a lover. Silver light made a glory of her hair; she was utterly lovely washed by the moonlight, clean and untouched by anything except the last revelation of love. She was at once humble and exalted, as Eve must have been in the garden before she tasted of the tree and became of two minds concerning life and love.

The slim, dark young man took one of her hands; he bent over it but his lips did not touch it, and Gwen Argyll shivered a little. He said, "Goodby." Just that. Like a final chord at the end of an unimportant song.

Gwen Argyll said, "But this is ridiculous. We've begun at the wrong end. You must know—"

Behind them, the door of the St. George Dragon creaked upon its ancient hinges and a voice from another world, a high, young American voice said, "Hi—remember us? We peeked out to see where we were, and there you were. We didn't know if we'd ever see you again."

THE two Americans—the tall, lanky boy and the short, stocky one—filled the doorway. They were a little drunk with the wine which Mr. Woodle, mine host of the St. George Dragon, had offered them because they were allies. They were idiotically glad to see Mrs. Argyll.

Both talking at once they said, "Remember us? This afternoon at your house? We've been here ever since. What'd you do with Shep Barnes—we wanted to ask him a question." Then their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and they saw the man behind Mrs. Argyll. There was a brief silence.

"Dek!" Captain Van Every said with a whoop. "How you been, boy? We thought you were on leave."

Squadron Leader Tarnowski's face changed swiftly. He smiled as a man smiles at comrades. "I am," he said.

"What you doing here?" the lieutenant said. "We thought you were in London."

"I have been to London," Dek Tarnowski said, "but in London they are always shooting at you. Here at our station, though it must be they know us by now, we have raised a little hell with them, no? Here they do not notice us. In London, they drop bombs on you all the time."

"That's their lousy psychology," Captain Van Every said.

"So," said Squadron Leader Tarnowski, his teeth flashing very white as he grinned at the tall boy, "I came back because you cannot get any rest when they are dropping bombs and you can do nothing, like a sitting duck."

Gwen Argyll stood between the men, very still and grave. She seemed to be listening with her whole being, absorbing the sound of Dek Tarnowski's voice. His voice was like a muted bugle, unlike any other voice in the world, getting in your ears and vibrating there, with the oddest little purring accent upon the words.

(Continued on page 28)

Anyone who knows can tell the **REAL THING!**

Clear Heads Choose Calvert
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

ONE of the most welcome of all gifts this Christmas is a bottle of that noble whiskey which is *unmistakably* "the real thing."

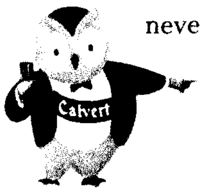
As whiskey judges know, that describes Calvert. One taste tells that this superb blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence ...a whiskey that can't be imitated!

That's why the *preference* for Calvert never changes, no matter how many other whiskies may come along. In fact, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "Before the war, during the shortage, and now—Calvert *was*, and *is*, the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Fortunately, a greater supply of this superlative whiskey is now available. So this holiday season, *you'll* be able to give—and yourself enjoy—this gloriously smooth and mellow blend.

AMERICA'S FINEST
BLENDED WHISKIES—
FROM THE
HOUSE OF BLENDS!

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL
Tom & Jerry

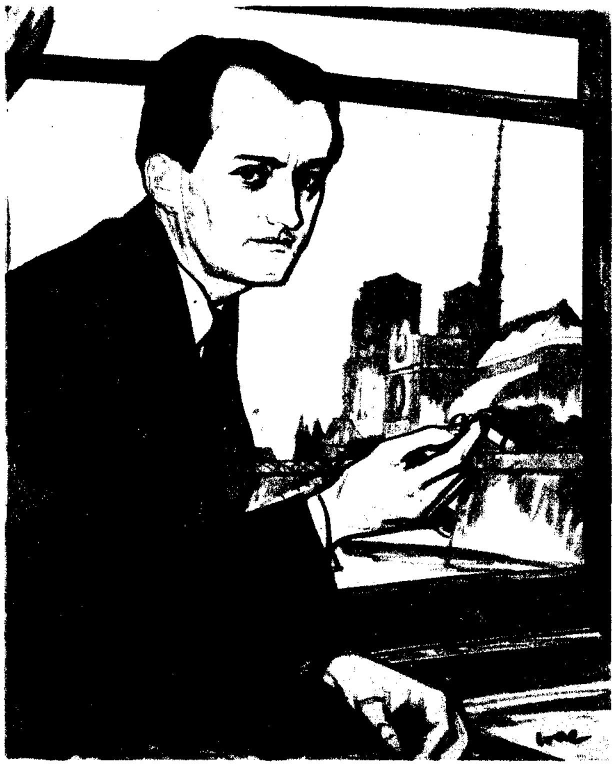


Today, more than ever...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

IX



THE Heroes

ANDRÉ MALRAUX

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

SOMEWHERE today in the Vosges, battle-scarred André Malraux leads a brigade of patriots dedicated to the liberation of Alsace and Lorraine. As he scales the mountain ramparts, dragging his guns through snow-filled passes, the heart of France follows him, for here is a hero who meets every French specification. A *beau sabreur,* all fire and color—daring, picturesque, romantic—a fighter for freedom under three flags, his life packed with high adventure, he is a throwback to the days of knight errantry.

Regarded as the most promising of young French writers, Malraux put by his pen in 1926 and raced to China where Chiang Kai-shek headed a revolt against the war lords of North China. By turns a propagandist and a soldier, one day found him writing appeals to the people, and the next saw him leading some desperate charge. Two years were given to the struggle, and he left only when the Generalissimo sat in Nanking.

Again in 1936, when Franco rose to overthrow the Spanish republic, André Malraux turned away from literature, and enlisted in the ranks of the Loyalists. Although thirty-five, he became a war pilot and captained a squadron that gave battle to German and Italian planes for three long, terrible years. A price was on his head when he fled at last across the Pyrenees, for his brilliant exploits in the air lanes had made the author-soldier a marked man.

Back in France he wrote and spoke against Hitler, vainly attempting to make his people realize the German menace. When war came, and they told him that he was too old to fly, he joined a tank unit and mastered a new fighting technique. Severe wounds led to his capture, but he managed to escape before the Germans sent him to the Reich. Making his way to the Riviera by slow and painful stages, he said the same thing over and over to the other fugitives that he met in cave and thicket: "France is defeated only if Frenchmen admit defeat. *Fight!*"

Recovering from his wounds, Malraux left the coastal plain for the wooded fastnesses of the Dordogne, and there in the mountains the first Maquis sounded their challenge to German might. From far and near, recruits streamed in, and soon a guerrilla army was operating throughout the whole of central France. Bringing into play the tactics and strategy he had learned in China and Spain, the daring chieftain swooped down in swift forays that demoralized the Germans and at the same time supplied his men with food, clothing, weapons and ammunition. Best of all, his wild courage and fierce determination lifted the soul of France.

This guerrilla campaign was a miracle of self-support, for it was not until the late spring of 1944 that Allied planes flew low over the Dordogne, dropping rifles, hand grenades and machine guns. Crouched like a runner on his mark, Malraux waited for D-Day, and when the signal came, down poured the Maquis in a resistless flood. Up from Toulouse rolled *Das Reich,* a veteran Panzer division, under orders to reach Normandy at top speed. Careless of the odds, Malraux derailed their trains and forced a deadly hand-to-hand battle that raged for days. Terrible indeed was the French loss, for they charged artillery and tanks, but of the 25,000 Germans, less than 7,000 fled the field.

Tragically enough, Malraux himself was shot down and made a prisoner, and there were sad weeks when the Maquis mourned his death. Not for nothing, however, had the author-soldier made a study of German mentality. Instead of pretending to be a simple private, unworthy of notice, he drew himself up to his full height, tapped his chest impressively and announced that he was a prize of supreme importance. "I am Malraux," he boomed, "field chieftain of the Army of Resistance. Take me to your superiors!"

The Germans, utterly unable to disobey any voice of authority, took him to Toulouse where the captive repeated his act. Here the officers were more suspicious and turned him over to the Gestapo for torture, but when Malraux maintained his haughty attitude and talked largely of the information that he could give Himmler, the chuckleheads sent him to Paris under heavy escort. The party arrived just as the Allies were taking over the city, and the reception committee at the station was made up of Americans and Free French.

All that fame and a people's adoration had to offer was now André Malraux's for the taking, but while welcoming cheers still echoed, he turned a resolute back on his beloved Paris and once again put his feet on the path of hardship and danger. Under him in the Dordogne were many Alsatians and Lorrainers, men whom the Germans had driven from their homes with no more than they could carry in their hands. These exiles, still worn and battle-grimed, voted to march at once for the liberation of their homeland and with one voice begged the Parisian to command the Alsace-Lorraine brigade. He accepted without hesitation, and when arms were given by the Allies, set his eyes on the high peaks of the Vosges and marched away.

Ask Frenchmen if he will return and the answer comes quickly. "But certainly. Is he not Malraux?"...

GEORGE CREEL

The FLOOR of HEAVEN

Continued from page 26

"Come have a drink, you two," the lieutenant said.

"I thank you," Dek Tarnowski said. "I must go back to the station."

"But you will come back?" Mrs. Argyll said softly, sweetly. "I will wait for you."

A shadow veiled Dek Tarnowski's face, but it was not the shadow of a cloud, it came from within. His face emptied of everything, nothing was left but indifference. His eyes touched Gwen Argyll's loveliness and they were blank with deadly indifference, as though he had never seen her before and would never see her again.

"Well," the tall boy said uncomfortably, "we'll be around. Few drinks wouldn't do you any harm."

But Dek Tarnowski was gone. There was a glimpse of him moving through the shadows—through a streak of moonlight—into the shadows again, and then he was gone so swiftly he might never have been there at all. Swift, soft-footed, he had melted into the darkness as a black panther might vanish into the jungle.

THE bar parlor of the St. George Dragon was a large room, with high oak-beamed ceiling and enormous fireplace and ancient corner cupboards. Mr. Woodle, proprietor of the Dragon for fifty years, was about to put out the few remaining candles when hearing upon the stones of the corridor the light footsteps of a lady, he straightened up to say gruffly: "It's past closing, miss, as I've told those young gentlemen—"

Peering, he recognized Mrs. Argyll. No other woman in Market Wantage walked with that gallant swing of the shoulders.

"Hello, Mr. Woodle," Mrs. Argyll said, and held out her hand to him. "If we are very quiet, as quiet as mice, can we have one drink?"

The old man welcomed her with dignity. He did not question her appearance in his bar parlor at that late hour; anything Mrs. Argyll chose to do was fitting and proper because she did it. Besides, he had been fond of her from the days when she was a little thing with a cloud of gold hanging down between her thin little shoulders.

"That seems a nice corner over there," Mrs. Argyll said, and so they sat down and Mr. Woodle brought the wine. Gwen Argyll gulped hers and sighed.

"Oh, but I was thirsty," she said, and then for a time she was silent, thinking deeply, her lashes making a pair of small shadows upon her white face.

"I mustn't keep you," she said, suddenly opening her eyes very wide; "surely you ought to be back at your station."

"Six o'clock," Captain Van Every said; "we do not have to be anywhere until six o'clock and maybe not then."

"Americans," the stocky lieutenant said, "fly in the daytime. That is no longer a military secret because the Germans found out about it."

"But," said Mrs. Argyll, sipping her second glass of wine absently, "if one flies in the daytime one shouldn't one sleep at night?"

"Cute," the tall boy said, " 'if one flies shouldn't one' used to make me itch when I came over in '40—it's cute when you do it. Maybe because you have such beautiful teeth. Are they real?"

"Gotta be real," the lieutenant said; "only in the U.S.A. we got dentists could make teeth like that."

"As for sleeping—" said the captain grinning amiably. His eyes rested upon her; he wondered if he would ever have a chance to find out what love was really like or whether he'd never get any further than the dud experiences he'd had so far. Looking at Gwen Argyll made him think of things like that and then, too, there was the figure of Dek Tarnowski. Under the chatter he knew all of them were thinking about Tarnowski.

"If you're waiting for Dek Tarnowski—" he began, then broke off, and took another drink. He wished he knew how to explain to Mrs. Argyll. "I don't expect he'll come back," he said unhappily.

The corners of Mrs. Argyll's mouth deepened in a mysterious smile. "He'll come back," she said.

ONCE or twice in her life Gwen Argyll had attempted to make a man unattainable. It would, she thought, be fun. Nothing ever came of it. They were dear and adoring, as Tip Argyll had been during their brief marriage, strong and adoring as Shep Barnes had been throughout his courtship. But never unattainable. The challenge of the unattainable still stirred her, but with a difference, the difference, she thought wryly, between target practice and fighting for life.

"He never does," Captain Van Every said.

His flat words brought Mrs. Argyll face to face with that last look which had been upon Dek Tarnowski's face. Jealousy and anger and bitterness and even hate—these she had seen. But she had never before met indifference, she had never expected to meet it. The pinprick of fear began to expand in her brain. Surely he had known. She *must* have meant more to him than just any woman seen upon a staircase, met in a lane, taken in savagery and darkness. Yet if she had not? She could not escape the memory of that look, she existed in the vacuum of its impersonal apathy.

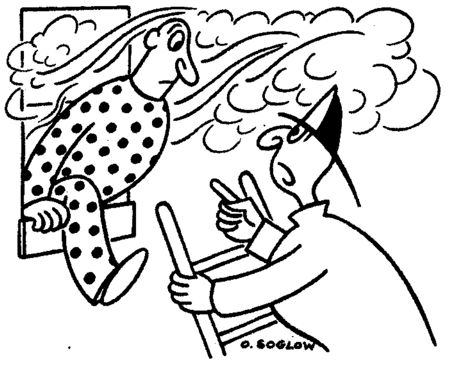
Desperately she thought, I must fight against that or it will disintegrate me into nothingness, I must not let it make me ashamed. I must remember that what happened was like my next heartbeat; I might as well have tried to turn back a tidal wave with my hands. He must come back, now. If he comes back, he will surely see in me something other men have seen and desired, not for one mad hour but for as long as life.

Around her in the dim, old bar parlor some desperate tension was growing. The tall captain was talking against the minutes that passed and brought no sound of footsteps upon the cobblestones outside. His brown eyes held some kind of pity, some kind of warning which she could not fathom, but the wine had loosened his tongue; in vivid, hectic phrases he was telling her the legend of Dek Tarnowski. Tony Hull, who had himself become a legend in the Battle of Britain, said that Dek Tarnowski had sold his soul to the devil and that in return the devil protected Tarnowski from the devil's own, the Luftwaffe.

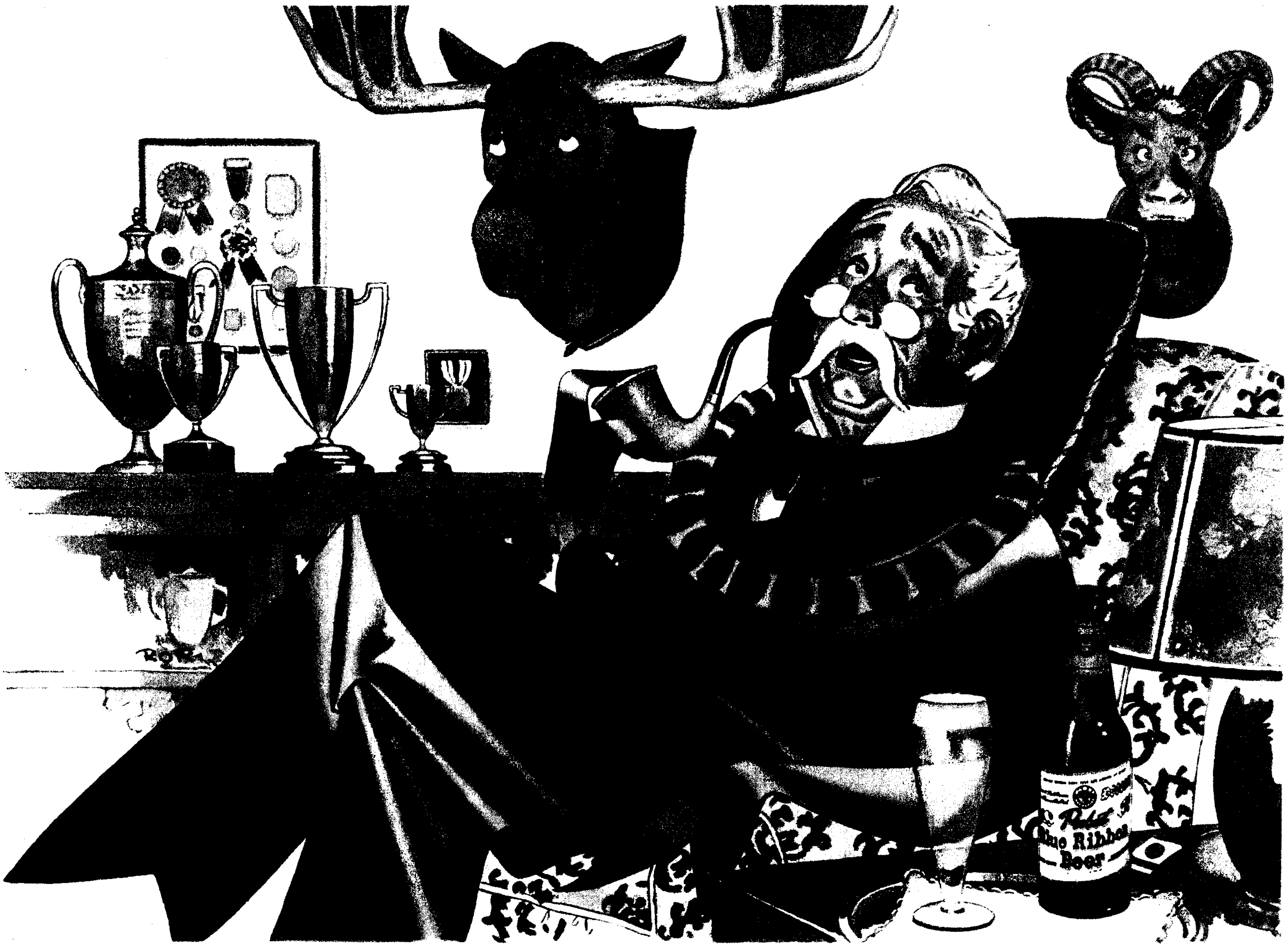
"That was the morning Tarnowski crashed head on into a Junker 88 and came out on the other side alive," the boy was saying, "and Tony Hull swore he saw the devil riding in Dek's cockpit. No matter how many Germans he kills he's not satisfied. He ought to have got it himself a hundred times—but the devil brings him back."

He poured more wine into his glass, and said, "Any girl who waits for Dek Tarnowski to come back is asking for it. Even you. Look, the guy can't get drunk. A man can't get drunk—that's bad. If his liquor don't bite, how can a woman—see what I mean?"

Mrs. Argyll took a gold comb from one



"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"



Throckmorton Ploop was a frightful old bore,
Yet, strangely enough, he had friends by the score.

His medals and plaques
made a long-winded story
With endless details that
his guests labeled "gory";
But still they would listen
and patiently view
Those moth-eaten trophies
of Nineteen-O-Two.

For his warm hospitality,
frank and disarming,
Made some people even
describe him as charming,
And eyes that were drooping
would brighten and clear
When he rescued the evening
with Blue Ribbon Beer.

* * *

There just isn't any other beer like Pabst Blue Ribbon . . . for Pabst blends no fewer than 33 fine brews to achieve that delicious *full flavor*. Order it with confidence. Serve it with pride. There's no finer beer — no finer blend — than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer

33 FINE BREWS
BLENDED INTO ONE
GREAT BEER

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

1844-1944
AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

Copr. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

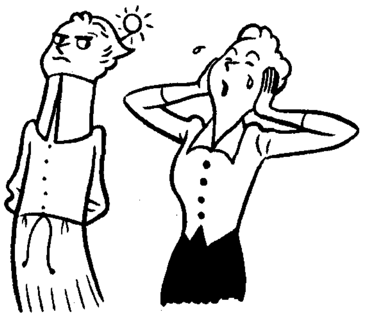
"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! STARRING KENNY BAKER...GUEST STARS...COAST-TO-COAST CBS NETWORK...EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

"OUCH... MY CONNECTION!"

War Conscience: Madam, I'll break more than your connection if you don't stop wasting that doctor's time with needless phone calls. Because I'm your Wartime Conscience, and boy, do you need watching!

Woman: Why... why... you... you...

War Conscience: Stop spluttering. Don't you realize with so many doctors in the



service, your doctor's got *twice* as much work to do here on the home front? So you shouldn't be wasting his time with imaginary ailments... or broken appointments or lateness, either!

Woman: Silly, of course I wouldn't call him if I didn't *need* him! If you felt like I feel, if you'd tossed all night...

War Conscience: And whose fault is that? Didn't Doc say no more coffee? And didn't you sneak a cup last night?

Woman: I couldn't help it! I love coffee—even if caffein does keep me awake, and...

War Conscience: Now, Sis, don't go throwing a tantrum. All *you* need is Sanka Coffee.

Woman: Sanka? What's so different about *Sanka* Coffee?

War Conscience: Simple, my little hothead. Sanka is *real* coffee, *dee-licious* coffee. Yet it's 97% caffein-free. Which means... you can drink Sanka Coffee and snooze like a bear cub. Try it, Babe. And from now on don't be cluttering up that good doctor's valuable time with your nonsense!

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time and station.

pocket of her leather jacket; she reached into the other pocket and brought out three pieces of a broken mirror.

"You broke it," the lieutenant said, in a whisper.

"So it would seem," Gwen Argyll said calmly. Carefully, she began to comb her hair and in the mirror, the broken piece of mirror, her face was a defiant mask. Behind it, Gwen Argyll was willing Dek Tarnowski to come back.

I don't want him to be unattainable, she thought—that's a child's game—I want him *to be mine. I am drawing him back, I am* making him remember me, remember us, as something that never happened to him before.

Suddenly, she smiled at herself in the mirror, proudly. If he has sold his soul to the devil, she said to herself, I'll get it back for him. "I'm not afraid of the devil," she said aloud.

But she was.

Even while her eyes watched the door and her heart and mind threw all her strength into drawing Dek Tarnowski back to her, she was afraid. But only afraid that he might not come back.

ALL things were done that night in darkness. Movement was here and there in the blackness of the R.A.F. station, but it was hidden and secret. Sound effects ripped through the night but nobody paid any attention to them. Eyes and ears were shut against the sounds and movements of the night except such as had business thereabouts.

Upon certain nights the combat mess would be very quiet and then, sometimes for no reason that anybody could see, on others it would be filled with noise, with shouts and murmurs and fun and frolic and childish pranks.

Tonight, late as it was, the mess was merry. But this time the reason was obvious. The reason was a girl with tousled red-brown hair, bright red-brown eyes and a broad face planed by rights for use of the comic muse. Dickie McTurk, of the R.A.F., who tore his guts out trying to make her laugh whenever she showed up, never understood why, when he succeeded, he always wanted to bust out crying.

The girl wore a uniform that matched McTurk's own, even to the pants, and her wings were up with the circle of the A.T.A. There were bars on her shoulder and on her sleeve the word POLAND. Thus Commander Jadwiga Tarnowski had *the same right* to enter the mess as any other officer of the R.A.F. She wore her uniform like a proud little boy, but they all knew she could fly like a bat out of hell. They knew about her ferry trips to France, to Norway, and it scared them—after all she was only a girl, even if she was Dek Tarnowski's sister.

"Quit looking at your watch," Dickie said, "he'll be along."

"Soon I must go," the girl said, "and I wished so much to see him."

Dickie McTurk stared at her curiously. When she spoke of her brother, her whole face changed. That, McTurk told himself, is hero worship; take a good look at it because she will never look at a door like that hoping you'll come prancing through it.

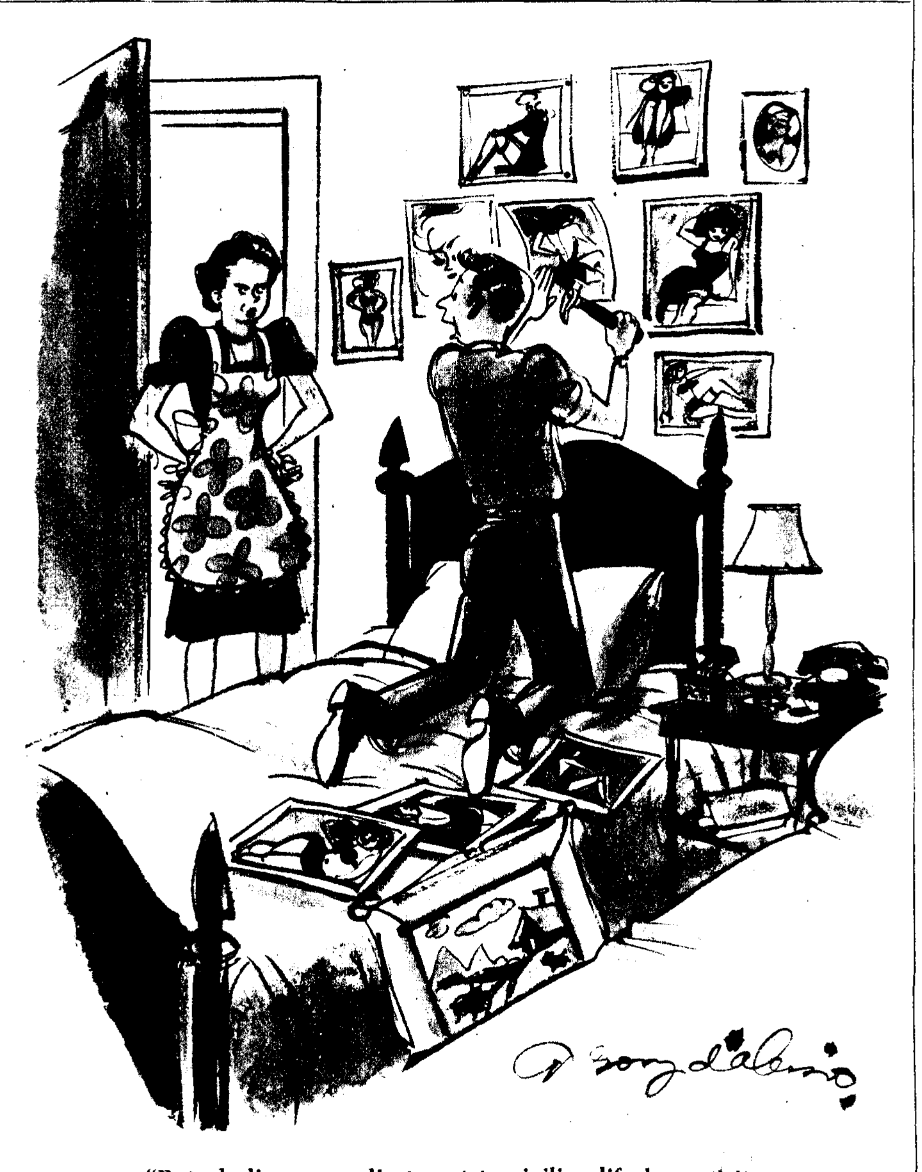
The same expression was upon Casimir Gaszyviski's young, pink face. Casimir was a member of Tarnowski's squadron and suddenly he said, "After dinner, he has gone for a walk, and it is true that sometimes he walks all night. He used to let me go with him but now I cannot keep up with him he walks so fast, and once I got lost so now he does not let me go with him any more."

From the piano where he was banging My Brother Sylvest, Tommy Drake said, "You got no squawk, that was a right pretty girl found you."

"If Dek's walking alone in this moon-

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"But, darling, my adjustment to civilian life has got to come gradual-like—that's what the Army medics say"

COLLIER'S

light," McTurk said, "he'll get moon madness. On such nights the pixies and the gremlins roam the woods—" He saw the tears of terror spring to Jadwiga's eyes, and said quickly, "Hey—I was kidding. He'll be back. Why don't you pay a little attention to me? Ever since you showed up on this island I've been trying to make time with you and it's like trying to stop a greased pig."

"Now I am a greasy pig!" said Jadwiga Tarnowski. "When I am a little girl in Poland we have a greasy pig at the—how do you say it?—the carnival, and it was worse to stop him than not to stop him."

"I'll take a chance," Dickie said. "Look, I am young, rich, beautiful and I sing tenor. What more do you want?" When she did not answer he said quietly, "You love your brother more than anything in the world, don't you?"

Jadwiga said, "I have no one else left to love."

NO ONE else left to love. No one else left. Yet the Tarnowskis had been a big family—and an old one. The name Tarnowski ran through the long fight for freedom that is Poland's history like a golden thread in a scarlet tapestry. When Miecislas occupied the territory along the Vistula in the tenth century, a Tarnowski moved at his right hand; a Tarnowski fought with King Stephen Bathory against Ivan the Terrible of Muscovy; and Adam Tarnowski went upon the last Crusade with John Sobieski to help win his brave victories over the Turk.

Now Dek Tarnowski and his sister Jadwiga, the last of them, fought once more for freedom.

Young Dickie McTurk felt it all in his imagination, felt this girl's burning, active love for her country, her terrible anguish over the things which had happened to her country and he said, awkwardly, "Let's sing a couple songs—help pass the time, huh?"

Tommy Drake's fingers crashed a new chord on the tinny piano and McTurk threw back his head and in his famed Irish tenor sang sweetly, fervently, "Take the piston rings out of my stomach, take the cylinders out of my brain, take the connecting rods out of my kidneys and assemble the engine again."

"That's a good tune," he said, but he was talking to empty space for Dek Tarnowski had come into the mess room and Jadwiga, a streak of blue, had run to fling herself into his arms with a cry of welcome.

"Where have you been?" she said. "Two hours, I wait. In London, I missed you, I come here you are out walking, you are like the greasy pig Dickie calls me."

Dek Tarnowski looked down into her face, he put his hand gently on her short red-brown hair. "I did not know you were here," he said, "but you have had a little singing—a laugh—and now—here I am."

"And now, I go," Jadwiga said. "Already I am late. Walk out with me, Vladek, we have a few minutes together, anyhow."

Jadwiga chattered like a little monkey, her hand in his. Always, when they were small, in Poland, they had walked so. Sometimes their mother, watching them, would say tenderly, "Those two. They are like twins, they know each other's thoughts, they are so close, those two."

But now Jadwiga stopped chattering, her hand clung tightly, she said, "Has something happened tonight to disturb you, Vladek?"

"Nothing at all has happened tonight," Dek Tarnowski said.

"I *feel* something," Jadwiga said, and though he could not see her face he knew how her brow wrinkled, how her eyes peered intently.

"Good or bad?" he said lightly.

"I do not know," Jadwiga said, "but strong. I feel it."

"Nothing at all has happened," Dek said again, "except—Dickie McTurk is in love with you, Jadwiga."

"He must get over it," Jadwiga said, in a cold little voice. "Love is not for me."

They were at the edge of the field. She stopped and laid her head upon his breast. "You and I," she said, and to his amazement, she spoke in Polish. "You and I, we are not of these people. They have suffered, they have been attacked, they have sent their loved ones to die, they have seen their homes destroyed and known fear that their country will be enslaved. My heart aches for them. But, Vladek, that is only sorrow and pain and fear. They have not seen that last thing which is torture. No human being can believe in the torture of one human being by another unless he has seen it. He may read of it and look at it in pictures but if he is to live he must not have seen it with his eyes and heard it with his ears and—and smelled it—"

He said nothing. He held her strongly in the silence.

Always, those two, Vladek and Jadwiga, kept talking, gaily, swiftly, in English, and they knew they were talking against those other voices they must not hear. Now in this strange, thin silence Jadwiga had invoked the voices which spoke to them again. Irena, the littlest sister, Irena whom everyone for miles around had said was like the Little Flower herself. The voice of Irena praying for the last time, *"Matka Boska—Matka Boska—"* but the Holy Mother had not answered. The voice of their mother, that gay and golden voice as of truth itself, that had croaked harshly, brokenly, No, no. No. The dead silence had been the worst. Then the sound of heavy feet and—the things that followed—and the broken voice muttered No—no—no. The voice, too, of old, fat Krysia, who had nursed Vladek and Jadwiga and Adam and Irena Tarnowski, the kind, stern old voice, bubbling through blood a pitiful plea for death. . . .

"We have seen it," Jadwiga said, against his breast. "We must believe it and when we believe it we hope each day to die. When you cannot pray any longer, Vladek, then love is not for you. I cannot pray now, Vladek. Even my love for you is only a memory of what I once felt. No one who has not seen what we have seen can understand—but you understand me."

Her head lifted and she kissed him on the cheek.

"Farewell, brother," she said.

When the sound of her engine died, Vladek Tarnowski turned quickly. Why had Jadwiga spoken of these things, dragged them from the frozen depths to gibber at him again? Had she wanted to remind him, warn him—as though he could be in danger of forgetting what he was? Or was it only that she could be alone with them no longer?

Dek Tarnowski had never intended to go back to the woman he knew waited for him. Sleep was what he intended, long and deep, to store up strength and physical vitality so that when the need came he could endure longer hours of fighting without sleep than any other man in the R.A.F.

Usually he could will himself to sleep, but this had been one of his bad nights—and he had not been prepared for Jadwiga.

Like some haunting melody that would not be denied, Jadwiga's laughter on the night of her first ball in Warsaw came back to him, an accompaniment of shy confidences she used to whisper to him. Dickie McTurk was a boy gifted to fulfill such dreams of a husband, a home, children. But no one could ever fulfill those dreams for Jadwiga now.

A MAD fury for revenge mounted in Dek Tarnowski. There would have to be other blood-letting soon to drive away that red mist which spoiled the relentless perfectly timed efficiency necessary for killing.

When he got to the room which as squadron leader he had to himself, Casimir was there, but after one look at Tarnowski's face he sat in silence, watching Dek throw things into a worn suitcase.

"Will you be gone long?" Casimir said at last.

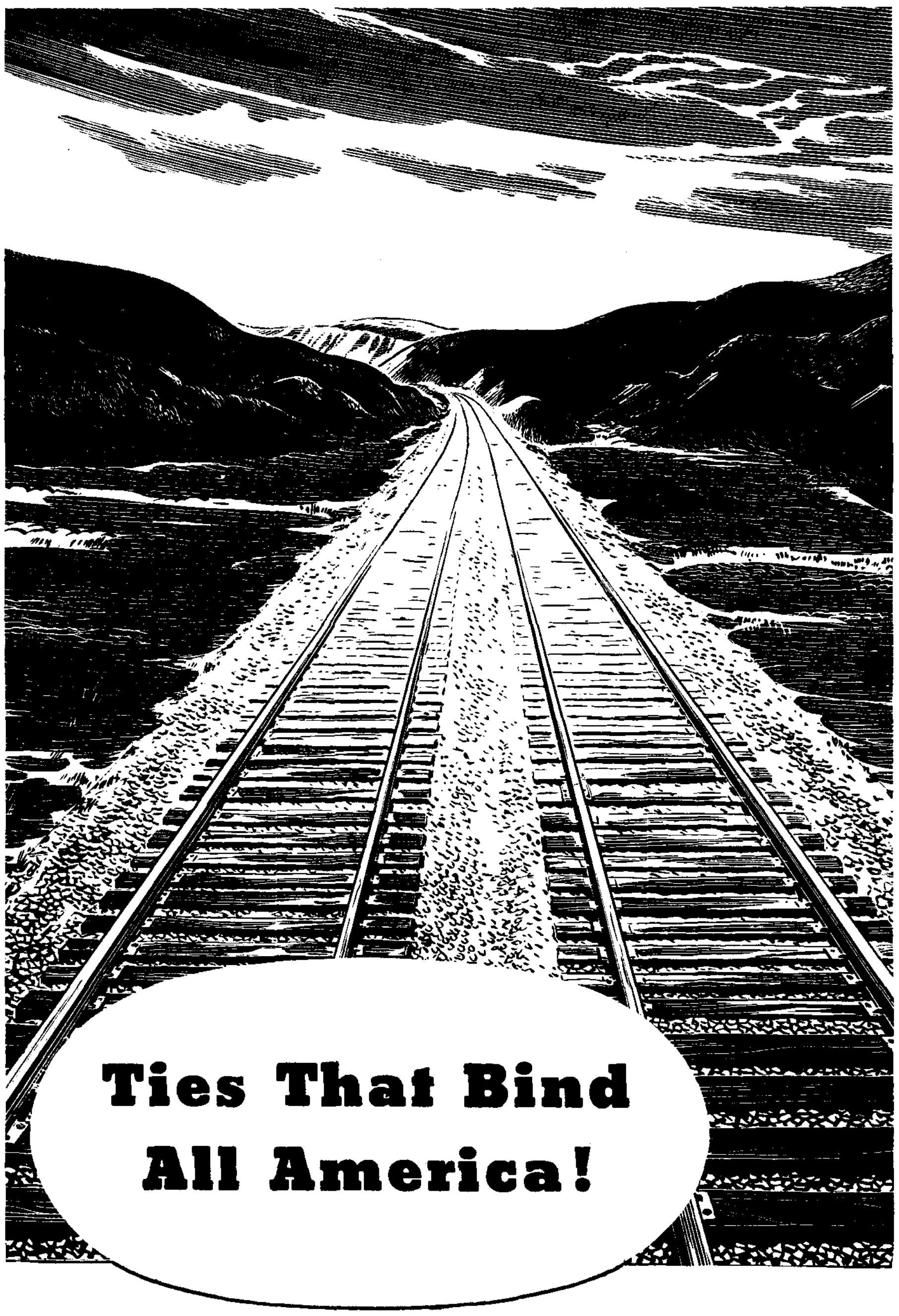
Dek Tarnowski laughed. "No, little grandmother," he said, and put a hand on the boy's shoulder, "but when one is tired and sleepless and hot, one does not fly well nor shoot straight."

"So," Casimir said. Then, "Jadwiga—this time she does not return?"

Tarnowski swung around. "Why do you say that?"

"I do not know," Casimir said.

Dek Tarnowski's eyes were sullen and stormy with pain. "What difference does it



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make?" he said brutally, "now or later? She died in Poland."

Outside in the corridor he met McTurk and for a moment he hesitated. It was in his mind to speak to McTurk about Jadwiga. Always, he knew now, there had been inside him a pitiful little ember of hope, the only one he had, that Jadwiga at least might find love and happiness. Tonight that spark had gone out.

What could he say to McTurk? You could not, he thought, make the British, the Americans, understand hate.

Hatred in a Pole, in Dek Tarnowski, in his sister Jadwiga, could be a possession by demons, lurid and violent. Their passionate capacity to love could be changed by some hideous alchemy to hate, and hate become so strong that it filled them to the brim, left no room for anything else that was real, and beside it any other emotion was momentary, insipid, impotent.

There was nothing he could do for Jadwiga as there had been nothing he could do for Irena, or his mother, except to send into a flaming hell as many of the men who had done this thing as his guns or hands could reach.

So he nodded to McTurk and went by in silence.

As well the woman was waiting. One woman was like another for his purpose, but he was glad this woman waited tonight. It was convenient.

ONCE they were upon the road to London, Mrs. Argyll relaxed as she had never thought to relax again. He had come back. In the very last hour of that incredible night which had changed her whole life, he had come back and nothing else mattered.

I don't know him at all, Gwen Argyll thought, as the car leaped ahead. I don't know any of the things about him you are supposed to know, what he likes for breakfast, whether he believes in God, his favorite color. I don't even know whether he can read and write. Love at first sight is not that at all. You are born with a mold in your heart. Other men try to fill it, you even help them, but it's no good, they don't fit, they rattle or they bulge. Then Dek Tarnowski comes along and naturally he fills it because it was made for him from the beginning of the world.

Her hand rested on Dek Tarnowski's arm and she thought, with a soft chuckle, that some day soon she would explain all that to him. But right now, she thought, you had better start with something a little less intimate.

"I do think this is a very superior car," Mrs. Argyll said. "I do not think you did it justice when you came into Mr. Woodle's bar parlor and invited me to ride up to London." Almost shyly she spoke; she was aware that they had a lot of getting acquainted to do; seeing, she said to herself, how well they knew each other.

"It is the squadron car," Dek Tarnowski said. "One year ago I recklessly expended seven pounds upon her. She was of an advanced age and condition of decrepitude and she had a ferocious disposition. When I arrived in her at the hangar, everybody laughed."

"Then a miracle must have been performed," Gwen Argyll said, in her loveliest voice, "for here we are speeding along the road to London and I find her disposition altogether charming."

"It is Kos, of my ground crew, who performed that miracle," Dek Tarnowski said. "From the scrap heap he had some metal, a windshield from one derelict plane and parts from I do not know how many others and he has put her back together and we have a not-so-bad car—which means that she runs."

"I am rather a connoisseur of cars, in a small way," Mrs. Argyll said, "and I have never met one I liked better."

In her growing delight—for this, she thought, is our first real conversation together—Mrs. Argyll had actually forgotten the new and beautifully kept car belonging to Shep Barnes in which she had come to Wantage Hall from London so short a time ago. In fact, at that moment she had actually and completely and altogether forgotten Shep Barnes and her promise to him.

"She is known, this car, far and wide as the Old Bag," Dek Tarnowski said.

"How sweet," Gwen Argyll said, and laughed aloud.

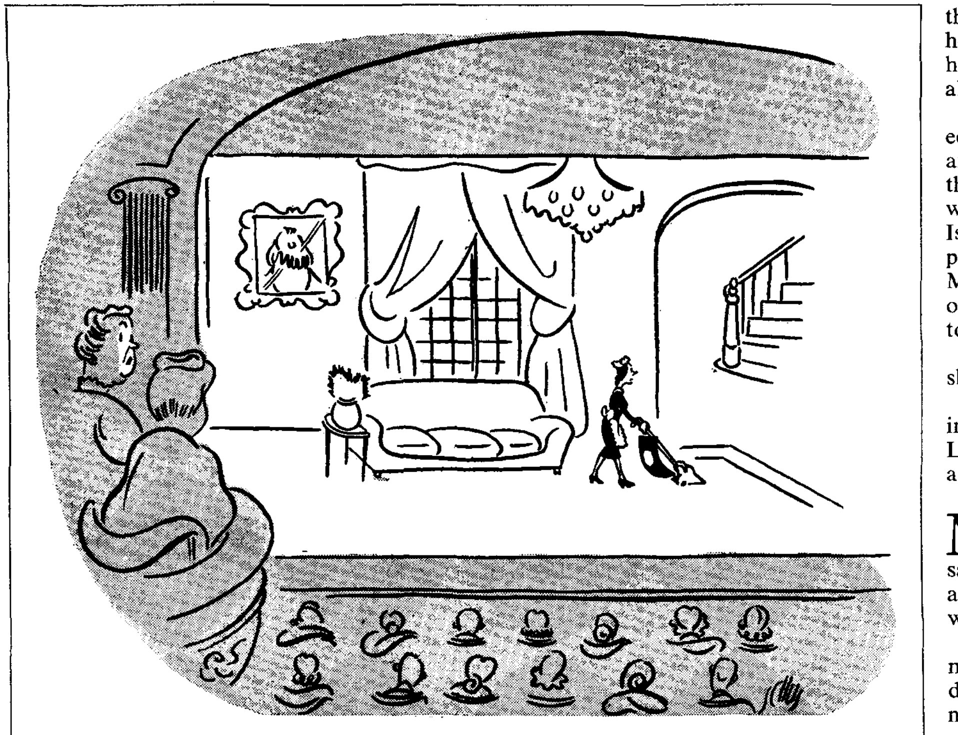
"If you will notice," Dek Tarnowski said, "tomorrow in the daylight you will see the squadron crest painted upon the door."

Tomorrow. In the daylight. The dawn had not yet come but the air around them was lighter, and once above the noisy engine, Gwen Argyll heard the greeting of the lark. Tomorrow, Gwen Argyll thought, is the future. He had spoken of their future together even if it was only a few minutes away and Gwen Argyll felt faint with hope and joy—and also, she admitted to herself, perhaps with hunger and a slight lack of sleep.

"That's a date," she said gaily.

For the first time, Dek Tarnowski turned to look at her. The dawn breeze played games in her hair so that little curls which had never dared before danced in open rebellion. It made her look ridiculously young and carefree. She was staring straight ahead and he saw the small, straight nose, and even at this hour her skin had the fine grain of a rose leaf and he realized that she was lovely beyond most women.

His senses were pleased with the sight and sound of her; he rejected anything beyond that. All life's silly little tricks, all life's cunning and contrived coincidences such as meeting this lady on the stairs at Lottie's and finding her again tonight, all life's foolish little snares and traps had long been familiar to him—and quite useless.



COLLIER'S "She gives me every other Monday afternoon" ADOLPH SCHUS

THE woman beside him looked up at him with the bluest eyes any man had ever seen, eyes as blue as happiness, and she said, in a little whisper, "Good morning, darling," and held up her mouth for a kiss.

Her mouth was silky and red and dry and the corners were deep and curved upward. He kissed her and her lips were sweet and fragrant as the morning. Dek Tarnowski opened his eyes and stared down at her where he held her in his arm. Her hair against his cheek smelled of spring gardens, and her breasts stirred against his side in a slow rhythm of contentment.

"Darling," she said drowsily, "darling, darling, darling."

He saw that she was asleep, her lips parted so that her teeth showed a clean, exquisite edge between. Her swift, deep sleep was such as comes only to those who know what tomorrow holds.

Dek Tarnowski tightened his arm around her cruelly, but she only seemed to draw closer, as though even in her sleep she desired to be closer to him, as though she could never be close enough.

"But *I* cannot sleep," Dek Tarnowski said, furiously.

His teeth bit into her ear and she gave a little cry, the true cry of love's awakening, and she said, "This is tomorrow—our first tomorrow."

TOMORROW and another night fallen upon the vast old Hall where London still sought laughter.

Tomorrow and the Air Marshal, better known to the R.A.F. as Buck of the 25th Century, sweating it out while a dithering minister repeated endlessly how he thought the Air Marshal ought to run his job and Buck wondered if he could get to the Hall for a dose of Lottie Parker's humor and common sense to save his reason. And that tall, young American, Shep Barnes, favorite of the gods, swinging down the Strand to ask Lottie Parker if she knew where Gwen was, to tell Lottie his glorious news.

And Lottie Parker's voice booming to the topmost gallery while the crowd roared. They did love Lottie!

The evening of the first of Gwen Argyll's tomorrows.

"O-ow, *don't* let's be *beastly* to the GERMANS," Lottie Parker yelled, her sarcasm as subtle as an ax. The spotlight picked up her famous red hair and second chins, somebody shouted, "Right you are, Lottie old girl," and the curtain fell upon Lottie wiping sweat from her face with her bare arm.

Nights like this, when there was an extra fancy air raid, the show got funnier and funnier, but it was hard work. One never dared to let them out from under the spell for a single second. Good thing I've got the constitution of a Sherman tank, Lottie Parker thought, and that *was* Gwen Argyll in the second row with that Polish flier Buck is so crazy about, and what the hell she is doing with him I don't know but whatever it is I'm on her side.

Lottie went into her dressing room and found Shep Barnes sitting on the broken-down chaise longue. Without changing expression, Lottie said, "Hi, Shep—you ever get homesick, Shep?"

Shep Barnes said, "Can you get homesick for the future—if you can, I'm homesick right now."

Shep Barnes seemed to fill the dressing room; his powerful shoulders stuck out on both sides of the wicker back, his long legs were halfway across the floor. Big guy. Very sure of himself, sure of everything behind him, sure of everything ahead of him. Lottie smeared on cold cream, carefully—cold cream was scarce—and regarded his shining face, in her mirror, with troubled eyes.

But she only said, "Ever think of the 59th Street bridge when you're coming down the East River drive in a fog—or Fifth Avenue on a spring day when you're walking to 21 for lunch, or 45th Street when the theaters let out—"

"You can go home any time, Lottie," Shep Barnes said, "and they'll put up the biggest marquee Broadway ever saw—Lottie Parker—welcome home—in neons."

"Only I got a ten-inch cable around my heart," Lottie said; "well, like mumps and measles, it hits you harder when you're my age."

"When the real thing hits you, it hits hard any time," Shep said. "Have you seen Gwen? I went by the Arlington but she wasn't there. Has she come back from the country yet?"

"I don't know," Lottie Parker said. After all, she couldn't be *sure*. Just that glimpse across the footlights of a golden head tipped toward a satin-black one.

Shep Barnes said, "She's coming back to America with me, Lottie."

"You ought to go right now," Lottie Parker said; "you've done your job here. She's tops. You ought to marry her right now and take her home, out of all this."

"You know she wouldn't go," Shep Barnes said, "and—my job is for the duration, same as yours. We're in the same boat, Lottie." He stood up, he seemed to fill the dressing room, his head almost hit the ceiling. He said, "I've got to shove off—somebody had some bad luck—they say it's the engines. Anyhow, I thought I might get a glimpse of Gwen. I keep thinking about her all the time. I keep thinking what it's going to be like when I get her home. I keep making plans and building houses and taking her on trips and buying her all the things she's done without—"

Somewhere in the passage a low laugh echoed and Lottie Parker, who had turned and was facing the door, gave a start. So there she is, Lottie thought. She looks the way I always shut my eyes and imagine Isolde ought to look when some overstuffed prima donna is singing the Liebestod at the Met. I would have bet she wasn't that stuck on Shep Barnes—he's not the kind of a guy to get that kind of stuck on.

Behind Mrs. Argyll, she saw Dek Tarnowski.

I ought to sling some kind of a wisecrack into this silence before it gets really sticky, Lottie Parker thought, but I can't think of any.

MRS. ARGYLL herself broke the little silence. She spoke quite as usual. She said, "Shep, I didn't know you were back," and Shep Barnes said easily, "I just got in, I went by your place but I missed you."

Introductions were formal. Mrs. Argyll made them as though they all stood in a drawing room instead of in Lottie Parker's none-too-tidy dressing room, with greasy towels on the floor and an old bathrobe over a chair.

"I came to take you all out to supper," Dek Tarnowski said.

"Aw, come on up to my house," Lottie said, "Buck'll be there—"

A thin, angry voice said, "I will be where?" and the Air Marshal came in and glared at them.

"You are coming to my party, sir," Dek Tarnowski said. "We are going places, places that are nice for dancing and losing sleep in."

"What he means," Mrs. Argyll said gravely, "is he wants to go on a blinking binge."

"Nice language," Buck said.

"It's my genius for the idiomatic," Mrs. Argyll said modestly.

"Either way," Lottie Parker said in a grim voice, "it's awfully crowded in here if anybody expects me to get dressed."

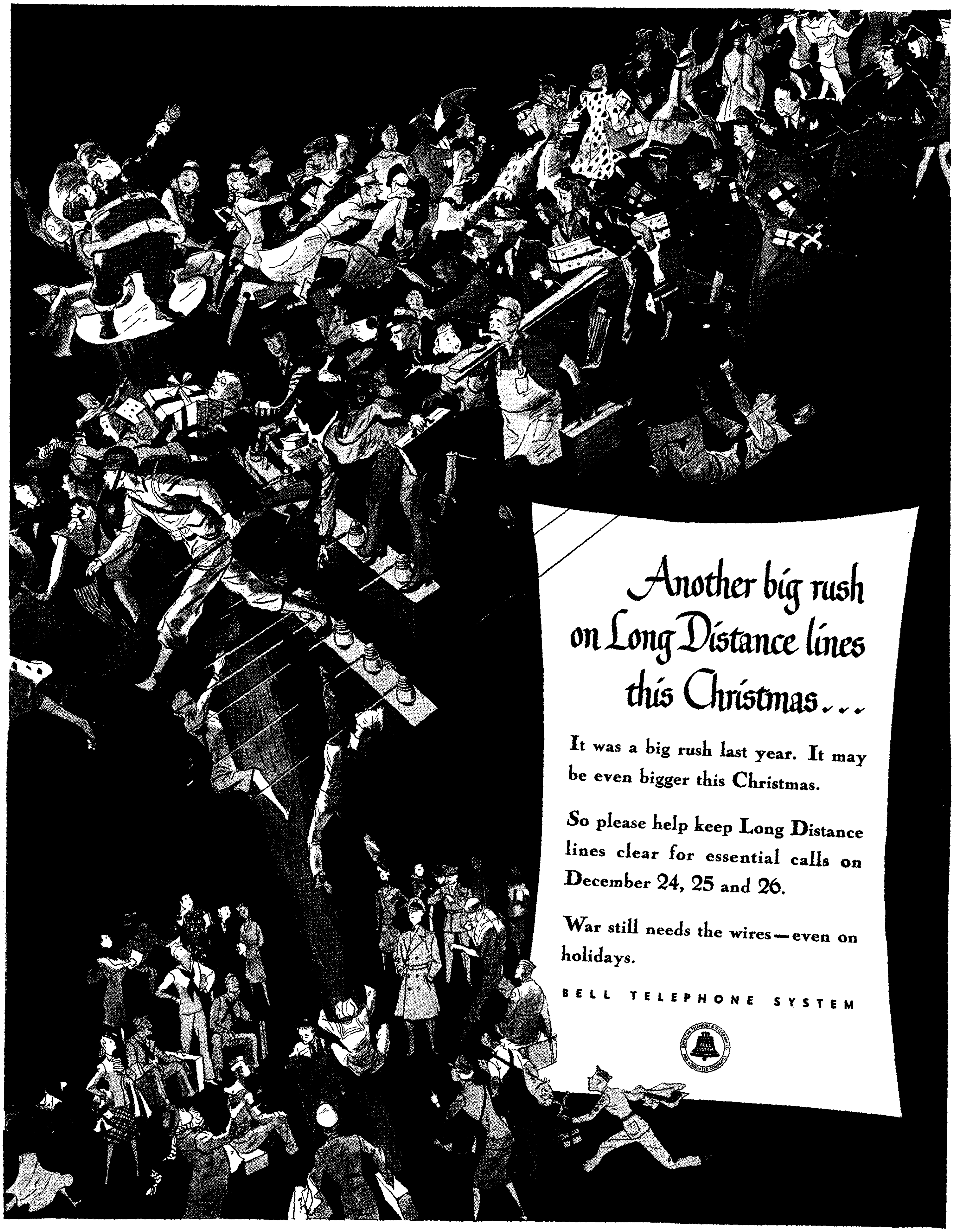
Shep Barnes said, "I've got to catch a plane in ten minutes anyhow."

"You are not coming to my party to make whoopee?" Dek Tarnowski said, with a single, splendid gesture of invitation.

Their eyes met for a moment, and Shep said, "Sorry." Then, very intimately, possessively, "Gwen, see me to the door and say goodby to me."

Nothing is so shoddy, so drafty, so dingy as the wrong side of the stage's magnificent illusion. Against the gray walls and tattered flats of scenery, Mrs. Argyll looked out of place, for though she wore the same old fur coat, she wore it now over something white, her hair was smooth and elegant, she had somehow achieved that air of glitter which so becomes a lady in evening dress.

They faced each other and Mrs. Argyll's



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face was a serene and arrogant mask, the mask of a ruthless lady who will not be turned from the path down which she follows her heart's desire. The sight of that ruthless white mask astonished Shep Barnes. It angered him, too, that Gwen Argyll should look at him like that, with those frozen eyes.

"I didn't expect you to take the veil, darling," he said, "but still—did it ever occur to you that I can be horribly jealous?"

Mrs. Argyll's eyebrows arched a little. "No," she said.

He has a right to be angry, she thought. Besides, no one has ever taken anything away from him since he yelled for his rattle when he was six months old; he has always been a conqueror, it has never occurred to him that he could lose.

Then she saw his eyes and his eyes pleaded with her, and though he was older by ten years than Dek Tarnowski or than Mrs. Argyll herself, his eyes were very young, little-boy eyes full of illusions. Her heart melted and the frozen mask melted and she thought there is an Indian proverb which says you are dying for me and I am dying for another. Perhaps he loves me the way I love Dek. How can I hurt him so?

I want to get this off my chest, she thought, I want to be honest, but on the other hand there are such things as dignity, as decency. One cannot stab love so treacherously in this dingy place, without time for proper and respectful requiem.

"As soon as you come back, Shep," she said, "I must see you. I must talk to you."

QUAGLINO'S was jammed, only one did not call it Quaglino's now, it was thought better to call so exclusive a restaurant by the French name of Maurice. In Maurice's, then, the air was hot and the music was hotter and the people seemed to be running a temperature of around, say, 104 and enjoying it no end. They did not seem to be thinking about the war, nor why there was a war. Doubtless somewhere wiseheads whose business it was were thinking about such things, somewhere the right people were discussing the vast social and economic changes which were happening even now in England and other places. But those who dined and wined and danced and made love and noise and laughter at Maurice's were those whose business it was merely to fight the war and so, upon occasions, had a right to forget it.

"When did this happen?" the Air Marshal said sourly to Lottie Parker. "Do they think they are alone, by any chance?"

Mrs. Argyll and Dek Tarnowski were dancing together. As a rule nobody paid any attention to anyone else these days; they were intent upon their own affairs and had no time to waste upon spectator sports. But a good many people in Maurice's were staring at Gwen Argyll and Dek Tarnowski and little whispers of explanation about them fluttered across the tables.

The gown Mrs. Argyll wore had been craftily designed in white satin for the purpose of establishing what the Hamilton blood could really do in the way of lines and curves. Lottie's sharp eyes could see breaks in the satin, frayed places at the hem, but its original aims had not been impaired.

Dek Tarnowski was holding her strongly but not too close. The white satin shone against the blue uniform and their bodies followed each other in a perfect pattern. It was beautiful and painful to watch them follow the yearning melody of the saxophone, the tom-tom of the drums, deliciously putting off the moment when they must meet.

"You dance divinely," Dek Tarnowski said. "I have not danced for a long time."

"I have never danced before," Mrs. Argyll said charmingly.

A mocking light leaped into his eyes. "You are too kind," he said, and the arm which held her moved her closer.

"But this is really dancing," Mrs. Argyll said; "before this I have only meandered here and there upon a dance floor."

"A man would be a stick, a stone, a clod, who was not inspired to dance with you in his arms," Dek Tarnowski said.

Her smile was dazzling. Under its magic Dek Tarnowski became aware that they were alone upon the floor, the rest of the dancers had become an audience. He flung his head back and began to dance to some wild, barbaric music of his own. The orchestra leader came out of his trance and tuned in upon the savage rhythm and with a wave of his baton commanded his men to follow him. But the orchestra leader was amazed. No English lady should know how to dance like that with a Polish flier gone mad.

It was a wild joy and excitement within her that winged Gwen Argyll's feet and gave grace and pliancy to her body. She was one with Dek, with the music and the lights and the gaiety. The dark apprehensions that had beat about her in the bar parlor of the St. George Dragon had fled—they had fled, she thought, forever. Those silly superstitions concerning the devil and broken mirrors and a man who never came back—love had dissolved them all.

Back at the table, her happiness continued, serene and confident in face of the Air Marshal's narrowed eyes and ill-omened mutterings. The only word that emerged from his mutterings was "conspicuous."

"How selfish you are, darling," Mrs. Argyll said. "He dances almost as well as Nijinsky. Nijinsky was a Pole, too."

"Never heard of him," Buck said. It was a lie, but the Air Marshal was irritated.

"I remember Nijinsky in Paris, when I was a little girl," Mrs. Argyll said. "I cried all the way home because it did not seem fair that he should move with such beauty, above the earth, while the rest of us had to crawl in the dust—it seemed all of us should have that power and grace."

"Unfortunately," Dek Tarnowski said, without any expression at all, "he ended in a madhouse."

"Perhaps he was lonely," Mrs. Argyll said. "I dare say it is lonely to be the only one of your kind."

Suddenly Dek Tarnowski said, "Let's get out of this firetrap." To Gwen Argyll's delight he said it like a slangy schoolboy, and she rose at once and stood beside him.

THE Air Marshal stared up at them. No one knew better than Buck what the R.A.F. owed to the Polish squadrons in those days when defeat grinned at them like a death's-head every second of every twenty-four hours. As a flier, he had for Squadron Leader Tarnowski an admiration that verged on worship. But he knew other things about Tarnowski and his position upon the horns of this dilemma was torturous.

"You'd better stay here with us, Gwen," he said, in a voice like the crack of a whip.

Gwen Argyll went very white under it. Upon Dek Tarnowski's face, after one swift level glance, appeared a little mocking smile. Then Mrs. Argyll put her hand upon his arm with a gesture of complete surrender, of complete faith, and they were gone.

"What in the world did you say that for?" Lottie Parker asked, and when Buck only glared at her she said, defensively, "Well, anyway, I think he's fascinating. There isn't a woman in the room wouldn't follow him if he so much as crooked his little finger. Didn't you see the way they looked at him when he came off the dance floor?"

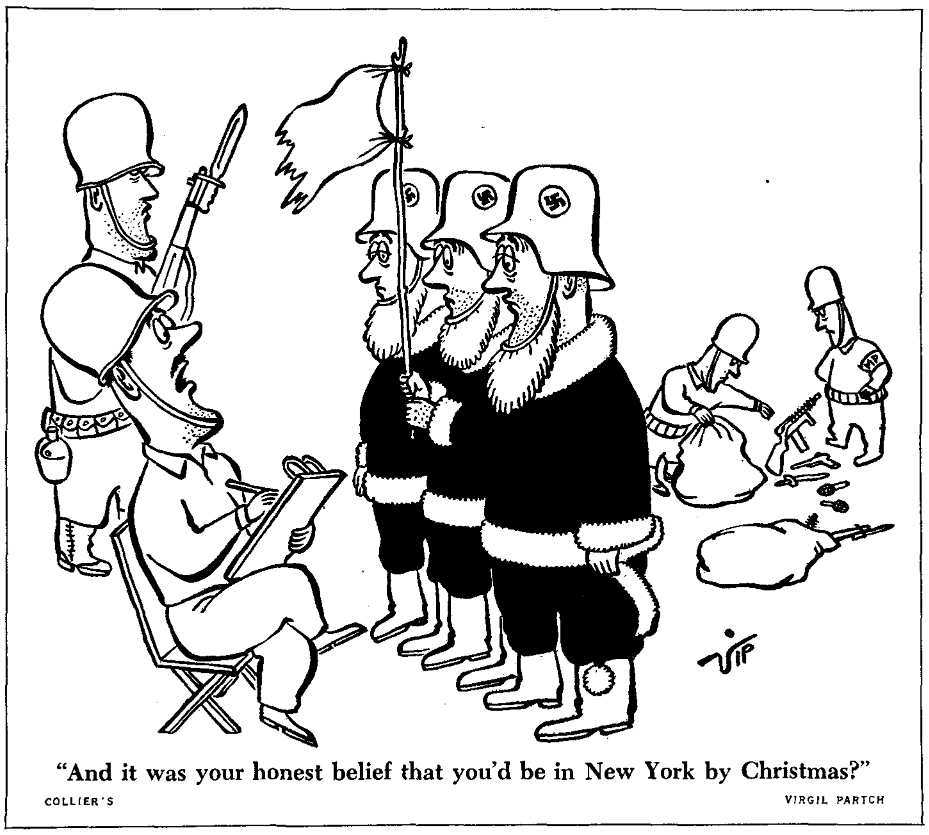
BUCK seemed sunk in some dark meditation. Then he gave a short, sharp bark of laughter. "Don't you know what he is?" he said.

"No, I don't," Lottie said. "If you're so smart, what is he?"

"He's a dead man," the Air Marshal said. "Most men fight to live, they know they may die, they accept that, but they fight to live. Tarnowski fights to die. That's what makes people keep on saying the Polish fliers are different. They're always saying it, they're always talking about the mystery of the Polish fliers. That's why women look at Tarnowski like that. What can any woman offer a man who is already dead?"

"But—" said Lottie, bewildered, and then she was quiet. Buck knew about fliers; you couldn't argue with him about fliers. "But Gwen doesn't know that."

"She'll find out," Buck said. . . .



"And it was your honest belief that you'd be in New York by Christmas?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

The sea was very blue; it looked warm, which was an illusion. A rare day in which to be happy. Today Gwen Argyll, for the first time since she could remember, thought of the sea and the sky and the sun as belonging to her, for her own personal use and joy.

The hotel was big and rambling. Formerly it had been a famous resort; now it was occupied by old ladies and children and men on leave.

Gwen Argyll lay curled in a deck chair upon the small balcony adjoining what had been called the "Royal" suite. If she turned her head she could see the sea and the esplanade crowded with children and uniforms. But she did not turn; she watched Dek Tarnowski who lay sound asleep upon a tattered beach cot. He was bare to the waist in the sunshine, he had a towel wrapped around his middle, the beauty of his hard, brown body was for the moment impersonal, and even relaxed in sleep it had the grace she remembered as belonging to Nijinsky.

At last, she thought, he can sleep. He swam so far this morning he is tired at last. I will breathe softly, I will dream in a whisper, so that I will not wake him.

Somewhere, she dreamed, the poor, old struggling world must still exist—but here was Eden. An odd décor for Eden, the flapping awning, the tattered cot, the deck chair which needed paint, Mrs. Argyll thought tenderly, but at least everybody knew the walls of Eden were impregnable.

I am not afraid of anything that can break through, Gwen Argyll thought, not man-made laws, nor other people, nor punishments, nor sin. I will not remember the way Buck looked nor the sound of his voice, I will not remember the eyes of that tall American boy. They did not understand about love. And laughter. And swimming at dawn and walking the sands by starlight.

I will not let my happiness make me afraid. Though I admit it is strange that it is only when you are happy, as I am happy now, that you can be really afraid.

Dek Tarnowski turned over. His eyes opened slowly and after a moment he smiled at her. "I am very rude to go to sleep now while you sit there," he said. "Forgive me."

"But I am glad you could sleep," Gwen Argyll said.

His hair was rumpled, it made a little black plume over his forehead as he sat up. His bare toes curled on the floor and his arms stretched up and up, reaching for the sky and he cried exultantly, "I feel splendid. I feel quiet inside, in control of me again."

He sprang up and came across and took her hand. "You look very beautiful, with the sun on your hair," he said, laughing down at her. He bent and began to make little curls of her hair around his fingers. "But why should I tell you how lovely you are? You have been told it so often, I will not be a parrot. Instead I will tell you that you need to powder your nose because it has a little bit of sunburn right on the end of it."

His finger traced her arched brows and touched the tip of her nose lightly, teasingly. His eyes danced like gray sea under a brilliant sun, they were full of impudent knowledge of her. He laid his cheek, unexpectedly, against her sun-warmed hair and murmured, "Sweet—you are sweet—"

Somewhere inside, the telephone rang.

There are no telephones in Eden, Gwen Argyll thought. She said, "No one knows—"

"My station knows," Dek Tarnowski said. "I am ready to go back to work now." He went in through the glass doors.

Gwen Argyll's breast lifted on a long, quivering breath. She got up and stood by the low wall that edged the balcony.

She had known this moment must come. But—not so soon. Not so terribly soon.

Before he goes, he will say at last that he loves me; he will say he will come back to me.

SHE went across the balcony and the glass doors slammed behind her in the wind. He stood in the bedroom combing his black hair; he was already dressed, and he was a stranger. His eyes were aware of her coming, but there was no greeting in them; he looked at her as though he had not seen her before; his eyes were heavy and brooding.

"What is it?" she said, when he did not speak.

"I must go at once," Dek Tarnowski said. "My sister Jadwiga is missing. She did not return from a mission over France."

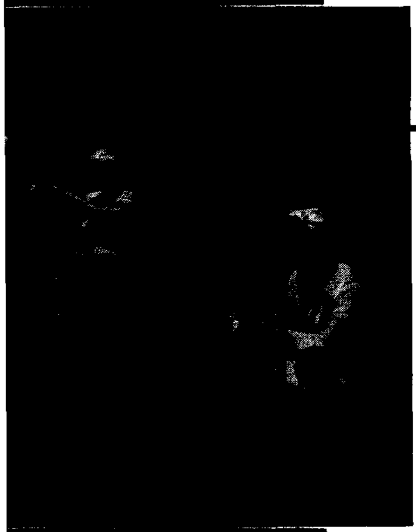
His sister. Yah-da-wee-ga—the sound was strange to Gwen Argyll. It was strange that he had a sister of whom she had never heard. Dek Tarnowski had never spoken of his sister, yet the way he said her name showed that he had loved her and now she was missing. His imagination must be flooded with burning pictures—she might be wounded somewhere in the wreck of a plane, she might be in the Channel, cold and terrified, the child with whom he had been playmates when he was young. Or she might be in the hands of the Germans where no woman could ever be safe from torture of her soul and body.

Compassion that tore her heart and ached in her throat melted Gwen Argyll's face and remodeled it with that look of the madonna which must come to every woman who truly loves a man. She moved toward him and when he looked at her a little flame began to lick the cold gray stones that were his eyes, but the flame was not for her, it had nothing to do with her, Gwen Argyll knew.

"My sentence is to be the longest," he said.

"I am so sorry," Gwen said. Poor stupid words, poor voice that was still just a voice—when she wanted the words of Shakespeare and the sound of a Brahms lullaby. She must reach him with that love and compas-

These faint green dots are all you see where Kodak super films are made



But actually this is what is going on

These faintly luminous buttons . . . two marking a person, one a machine . . . are all you see in the "spooling rooms" at Kodak Park where Kodak's super films are wound on reels.

ENTERING one of the super film spooling rooms, you pass through a series of "light locks." As the last heavy curtain falls, you stand in tomb-like darkness . . .

The more sensitive the film to light, the more nearly absolute must be the darkness protecting it. Kodak's super films are sensitive almost beyond belief.

A low voice murmurs in the dark, "Watch out . . . watch out." Then you see a tiny green glow, like radium . . . two of them . . .

That, you are told, marks a person. One glow would be a machine. Then you realize that the room is eerie with the quiet movements of people and machines.

The people have learned to work by touch. "In training," in the light, they school themselves by describing aloud what they are doing . . . action by action. Thus:

"Pick up reel. Am I feeling the flange with my finger tip and the edge of the paper with my thumb? . . . Take off rubber band. Did I take it off downward?"

On and on like that. Ask one of them in the darkroom—in the room, for example, where Kodak Aerial Film is being spooled—how she likes this work. She answers, "I like it better than anything else. I know how important it is."

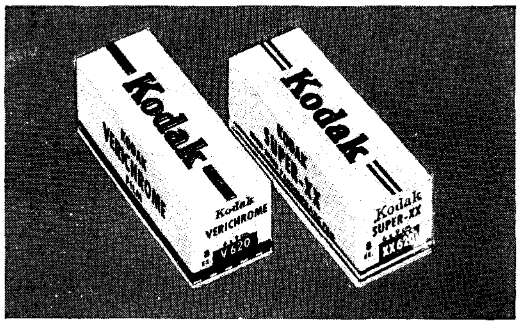
The Army and Navy get much of their information about the enemy from aerial photographs. With Kodak's super films, daylight pictures are made from as high as 40,000 feet . . . night pictures, by the light of flash bombs, from as high as 20,000 feet.

• • •

Amateur snapshooting always benefits from the continuing research and manufacturing skill which produce Kodak's super films. Kodak Super-XX Film, for snapshots at night, indoors, and for pictures under bad lighting conditions, is an excellent example of this. It is spooled in the dark in rooms exactly like those described above.

Another is Kodak Verichrome. Though less sensitive, and handled under red instead of green light, it is nevertheless turned out under constantly refined methods that make it the most reliable of films for everyday picture making.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



REMEMBER RED CROSS WORKER ESTHER RICHARDS?—how she was badly injured in the bombing of a hospital ship while caring for American wounded?—how she asked to be sent again to the front—was killed on duty at Anzio beachhead? A stern example to us at home. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

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chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk.

You find just that taste blend *only* in a Milky Way!

sion that a man needed from the one woman. Yet though she scraped the bottom of her heart and offered it to him he did not seem to notice.

"Sorry?" he said. "I am not sorry. Now she cannot remember any more."

"But she is only missing," Gwen Argyll said. "If she is missing over France she may come back—I know—we bring them back—so many of them."

His eyelids went down, leaving his face as cold and blank as the face of a coin. "She will not come back," he said. "She knew, Casimir knew, even I—when she said, 'Farewell, brother'—I knew."

Gwen Argyll shut her eyes against that dark, blank smoothness. She was trembling from head to foot. "Oh, God," she prayed, "give me words to reach him, and if there are no words, give my hands some healing touch to comfort him a little. I don't understand—but I know he mustn't be alone now. Is it so much to ask for him, he has suffered so much; let me comfort him a little, let me make him feel he isn't alone."

She held out her arms to him in an age-old gesture, flinging them wide, offering him her breast upon which to lay his head and weep. He stared at her. He moved away quickly, like a cat trying to escape caressing hands, he began throwing things into the battered bag. Upon his lips there was a little smile, as sharp as the edge of a knife just raised from the whetstone; it glittered menacingly. He had dismissed her, he had dismissed even Jadwiga, he was moving in some other dimension, some other space. The darkness and the terror had come back and she knew now why the other pilots had seen the devil riding in Dek Tarnowski's cockpit.

She went to him swiftly, she put her hands on the outside of his arms, to hold him helpless. There must be some way.

"You loved her very much," she said, "but oh, my darling—let me help you—let me—"

"You don't understand," Dek Tarnowski said, politely, carefully. "That is all over. That was in another world. Love is not for us, Jadwiga and me."

"But love is for everyone," Gwen Argyll said. "Love is the only thing that heals, that helps."

She lifted her face to him and her heart was in her eyes. Very low, she said, "Now I must tell you that I love you."

He moved away, ripping her hands from his arms, moved with that same, swift, catlike tread. He went over to the chair and picked up his blouse and put it on. His hands were perfectly steady. When he turned, the mocking darkness that rejected her completely was all around him. He said, "You know. You knew what this was—I did not say anything different. Of course you know."

CERTAINLY Mrs. Argyll ought to know about these things, the gay wartime pattern of them. How silly not to acknowledge that what for want of a better name must be called love takes its tempo from the so-little-time pace of war. Here today and gone tomorrow, gone back to fight, and don't think it hasn't been charming.

"And now I say goodby," Dek Tarnowski said.

A stranger saying goodby, politely, charmingly. Goodby, Mrs. Argyll, it's been so nice to have met you, thanks for a lovely time.

"But it isn't like that at all," Gwen Argyll cried. "In the beginning perhaps—but you must know it isn't like that with me—I must say these things—I must tell you—"

Even his lips went white. He said, "No. Don't say them. Can't you see I do not want to hear them?"

"But—these last days," Gwen Argyll said, "while we have been together—so close—so happy—surely you have been happy. You have loved me—ah, there have been moments when I know you loved me."

"I could not love you if I wished," Dek Tarnowski said. "My heart is dead. All of me is dead except my body. I know what you are. I know that you are beautiful, that you are a lover beyond the dreams of a lover, that your heart is kind, that you are a happy comrade. With my eyes and my brain I know these things well after our days together. If I could love—do not you see that I would love you?"

"Then—" Gwen Argyll said, and came across the room to him. The chair was between them. His hands rested on the back of it and he did not attempt to move it.

"A man can stand just so much," he said, "and then he stops feeling, he stops being able to love. When you give every drop of your blood and every bit of your breath to hate, must give it to hate, where can there be room for what you call love? Because of what you are, I speak to you as I have never spoken to anyone else."

He put out one hand and tilted her chin upward so that her face lay in a bar of clear bright sunshine. Under his long, careful look, hope burned in her breast, in her eyes, hope of one word that would reach into the future where she might find him again.

He seemed to read her thought; he said, "No—that is not it, at all. Men go to war—a man might kiss you goodby now and go away and die before your lips were cool again. But I—even if I dared gamble my heart to be broken again, as it was broken when Poland died, when my mother and Irena died, so that now I am only glad that Jadwiga has forgotten—I might have loved you as greatly as any man ever loved a woman—but I cannot love, the power to love is gone— Don't you understand that?"

"I am not afraid," Gwen Argyll said; "you will love me."

"I cannot," Dek Tarnowski said furiously. "I do not want you to love me. I have no time for such things of this world."

"But you will come back to me?" Gwen Argyll said. "Even if you do not love me, you will come back?"

"I will never come back," Dek Tarnowski said harshly. "Why should I? I will not have anything that touches me. I do not want to be reminded that once there was love."

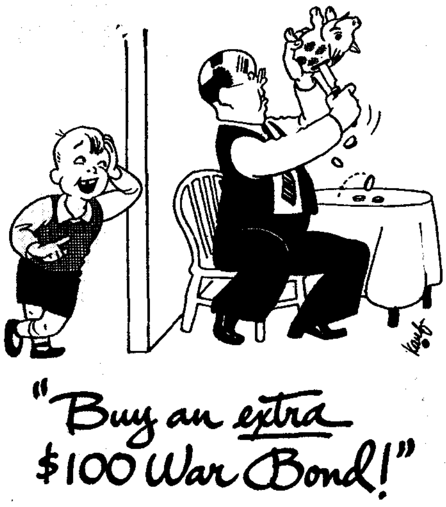
His face was fire-white with cruelty. He said, "I am dedicated to death and hate. I have nothing to do with life and love."

"But," said Gwen Argyll, in a voice so strong and clear and bright that it was like a sword she had drawn from the scabbard of her soul, "but life and love are stronger than death and hate."

Dek Tarnowski laughed. "Are you so sure?" he said.

He was gone. The door closed. Gwen Argyll stood staring at it. She could see the angel with the flaming sword barring the gate which had been closed against her, the Gate of Eden.

This was outer darkness. This was darkness without hope or prayer or God, in which he lived, into which he escaped from her and from all others. This was the underworld home of death and hate.


"Buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

If I do not save him his soul may go out forever, she thought, and, sliding to her knees, she knelt, there in the cold outer darkness. The divine spark that is his soul will go out forever in this hell, if I cannot save him, she thought.

Life and love are stronger than death and hate. Are you so sure, Gwen Argyll? Are you so sure?

The wings of the enemy beat above her and she knew that before she could go to him she must answer that question, she must know whether she was sure.

APPROACHING the door of an office upon the second floor of a house not too far from No. 10 Downing Street, in which certain business connected with the affairs of fallen France were conducted, M. D'Aubigne Guise paused to listen. Within were sounds of conversation, so M. Guise knocked, a voice said "Come in" and he entered.

He had arranged his manner carefully—cool, suave, above all impersonal. No signs of distress or displeasure. Merely the natural disappointment of a sadly overworked man let down by a trusted subordinate who was also a friend. Distinctly M. D'Aubigne Guise, former French diplomat, not Uncle Obi. If he became Uncle Obi, how conceal his worry, his fear, his resentment? And he had worried a great deal since he heard, from Lottie Parker, of Mrs. Argyll's appearance at Maurice's with Dek Tarnowski.

As Uncle Obi, he had a right to her confidence. He certainly had a right to be kept abreast of the drama unfolding in her life.

Mrs. Argyll sat at the big table. She looked as usual; she wore the same dark blue dress and under the table he saw that the old brown shoes were as brightly polished as they had ever been in their lives. Quite unconscious of his changed manner she seemed; she was serious and intent, as became a liaison officer of the French.

But that could be because of the tall, spare man beside her. M. Guise had not expected to see him. He had not been due until tonight—but there he sat listening to Mrs. Argyll's enchanting French.

There was nothing for M. Guise to do but join this hasty conference. In front of this extremely distinguished and all-powerful visitor, M. Guise could not well begin a conversation with his brilliant assistant by demanding to know where the hell she had been, or by speaking pointedly of her engagement to Shep Barnes as announced to him, Uncle Obi, by Shep Barnes himself.

The plans before them took time, care, minute attention to those tiny, tiny details upon which everything depended. They were occupied almost at once with such secret matters as the residents of five small villages in Normandy, all well known to M. Guise whose ancestral estates, when he had any, were in Normandy.

Around Mrs. Argyll's big table, upon which large-scale secret maps were pinned, they sifted and sorted the organization, the information which had come to them, the rapid changes which must be so constantly watched.

In this village there was a girl, known as a collaborationist of the most flagrant. The German commander of a near-by Coast garrison, with whom mademoiselle had collaborated to his pride and satisfaction, would be very much surprised at no distant date to find her dagger between his shoulder blades. In another village there was a schoolmaster—and in another an old soldier with a wooden leg—in another a priest—

Listening to her vivid, meticulous outline, M. Guise was more than ever astonished at Mrs. Argyll's incredible feats of memory. For himself, for even the tall, spare, granite-faced man, it would have been necessary often to open the safe, to search secret books of code, before arranging the instructions to be handed to a certain colonel for transmission to the Air Forces; before making out in infinite detail every scrap of information brought by every possible channel so that it could be sent to the American Supreme Command.

All these split-second minutiae Mrs. Argyll carried in her head and it was possible for her to do what neither M. Guise nor their superior could do, the swift and exact shifting from one language to another with idiom, ease, accuracy so that not only the facts but the spirit remained.

Hours had gone by when the tall, spare man rose and said, "I thank you, Madame. Without your help I should waste precious time."

Mrs. Argyll dropped the shadow of a curtsy. She said, "It is a privilege to serve you."

AS SOON as the door closed, Mrs. Argyll sat down as though she was very tired. By the face she made, M. Guise knew that she was squirming out of her shoes. He heard them thud gently to the floor and Mrs. Argyll sighed.

"Hate shoes," she said pathetically. "Had to keep them on all the time he was here and there's a nail in one of them. Do let's have a nice cup of tea, pet. Ring, and Minnie will bring it—if we're lucky."

With dignity, M. Guise rang. He said, "You returned opportunely."

"Luck," Mrs. Argyll said. "I've saved three biscuits from the last box from America. We'll have a cozy tea before I get back to work."

"I was disturbed you might not be here when *he* arrived," Uncle Obi said.

"You know me," Mrs. Argyll said. "Ah—come in, Minnie. I am longing for a nice cup of tea." She poured a cup and handed it to M. Guise.

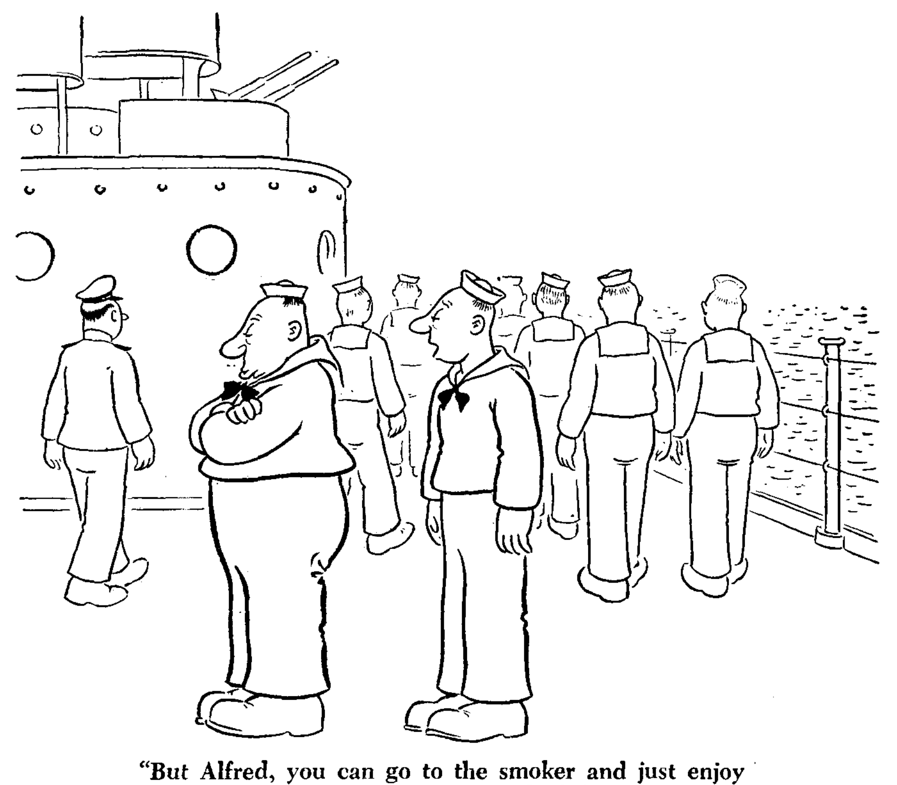
"The importance of this particular plan," M. Guise said, tasting his tea with a slight grimace, "can hardly be overestimated."

Mrs. Argyll leaned back and looked up at him. "You're cross with me," she said.

You're cross with me! What a phrase, M. Guise thought.

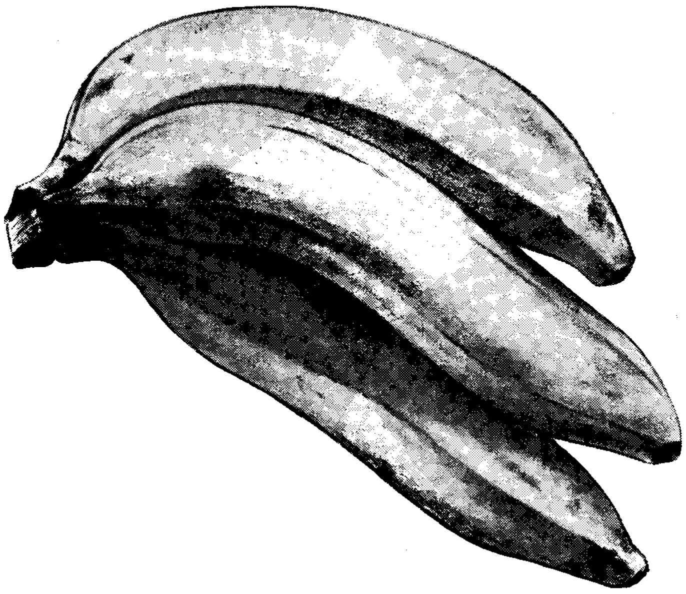
"I am sorry," Gwen Argyll said, "if I have

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"But Alfred, you can go to the smoker and just enjoy the food and entertainment—you don't have to smoke!"

You choose the slow-ripened
GOLDEN BANANAS



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let you down, dear Uncle Obi. I will not mention, as Cicero used to say, that I've never even taken a day off before. Suppose I'd had an unromantic toothache—what would you have done then?"

He had never seen her quite like this, as though all sorts of emotions were popping in and out, too close to the surface, not nearly as well under control as usual.

A secretary came in and laid down some mail. Mrs. Argyll examined it quickly, then nodded and the girl went out, and Mrs. Argyll said viciously, "Oh, do sit down and stop looking like that. Glaring at me, that's what you're doing and it's very unbecoming. Are you my friend only when I am doing exactly what you think I ought to be doing? Here I am in desperate trouble, real trouble, and you getting your feelings hurt. I am perishing to talk to you and first the big shot comes and then you puff up like a frog and spoil my nice cup of tea—you make me sick!"

Her eyes closed and for a moment he did not know what to say. But it had always been a first principle with him to substitute action for the word when he did not know what to say to a woman, so he went and kissed the top of her head in his best adopted-uncle manner.

After a moment he felt that she was weeping and that was the first time he had ever known Gwen Argyll to weep. "Haven't got a handkerchief," she said, against his shirt front. He handed her his own and she blew her nose and wiped her eyes and sat up very straight. Then, "Uncle Obi, I am in love."

D'Aubigne Guise thought briefly but vividly about Vladek Tarnowski. He had known the Tarnowskis for years; they had the highest emotional content of any people he had ever known, they were deathless haters. Other people were lazy; after a while they forgot the hideous injuries, the slaughter of a generation of men, the wicked, groundless, unprovoked fury of mass murder into which the Germans loved to be led time after time. The Poles—the Tarnowskis—were different.

He took a swallow of tea; he said, "Your friend Mr. Shep Barnes has kept the telephone busy—he thinks he has a claim upon you."

"So he has," said Mrs. Argyll. "I must do something about that." She reached for the telephone and Uncle Obi said, "Do not be hasty, my child. Let us consider."

MANY things must be considered concerning marriage. M. Guise considered them because he was nearly fifty; habits of thought could not be changed by violent shock and it was his habit to think of marriage as a contract to be arranged. As a lover, Dek Tarnowski could not be denied, but a marriage arranged between Vladek Tarnowski and Mrs. Argyll was something he could not contemplate except with horror. On the other hand, the young American possessed every qualification of fortune, of position, of temperament.

Carefully he said, "Is it necessary to burn your bridges at this moment? All things that led you to find Mr. Shep Barnes a proper husband a week ago are still true—"

She lifted her eyes, which had been fastened upon her folded hands, and looked at him. "You are thinking of the wrong difficulty," Mrs. Argyll said, with a little smile. "The truth is that my young man does not love me. He will have none of me, Uncle Obi."

"But that is impossible!" said Uncle Obi.

"It is quite possible," Gwen Argyll said, "but—do you think he will remember me even though he does not wish to do so? Do you think I will haunt him? To be honest, dear, since this is a matter of life and death—I have reason to believe that men find it difficult to forget me."

"No man could forget you," Uncle Obi said flatly.

"What shall I do, Uncle Obi?" Mrs. Argyll said. "I do not know what to do. I am afraid—"

The telephone rang and Mrs. Argyll reached for it with hands that shook. She said, "You see? Am I to spend my days thinking I may hear his voice, when I know he hasn't the vaguest idea where I am and wouldn't dream of calling me if he had?"

She picked up the telephone, she listened a moment, she said, "Shep, I am glad you called. I want to see you. I am not alone now, I cannot talk. Will you come to see me tonight—I will be at home by ten."

She got up and walked quickly to the window. The building across from them had been bombed; there was no wreckage now, no rubble, only a great gaping hole. Without turning, she said, "All this—all this that is going on in the world and I can think of myself. How can I, Uncle Obi? Those papers on my table—that girl in a little French village offering up her life, risking torture every second of the day and night—the old people—the children—and I can think of my most unworthy self."

"The craving of the heart for love," Uncle Obi said, "that is stronger than war. It always has been. War cannot stop that. If the human heart does not feel its own love, it will soon cease to care for others. Only those who are not honest with themselves pretend that war stops what within us is ourselves, our life for which we fight."

"Go away now," Gwen Argyll said, "I must think for myself what I should do, what is fair to him, to me. Meantime, I must work. And pray."

ALONE, she went back to the big worktable. Before she went to work she took the little gold comb and swept her hair straight back from her forehead and from her neck and ears, so that it looked as if it had been swept by a high wind. She always did that when she went to work, to help her concentrate, she said.

Her eyes met the mirrored ones. Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest one of all?

"Dek," she said aloud.

In front of me upon this table are pages which I must fill with facts and figures, when by every right of a woman's heart, which neither time nor war nor hell itself can change, I should be writing my first love letter. I would write one which might some day be included in a collection of love letters so that little girls in tea shops and old men on park benches would read it and say, this woman loved a man as nobody ever did since Eve. I would explain in detail, with splendid words, why I love him and it happens I have the best of all possible reasons. I love him because I love him.

If you sit and do nothing about this, my girl, like a lady, your mother and your grandmother will be pleased with your reserve, your restraint. But what about your remote but remarkable ancestress Mary Stuart? Even though she was a queen, she clung with her royal hands to her Red Bridegroom, Bothwell; her scepter and her crown and finally her lovely head rolled in the gutter because she clung to love and would not let it go.

And, dear ancestress, I would gamble my head willingly enough, but I fight a strange enemy, an enemy such as no woman ever fought before. I fight death itself, and hate, from which humanity has never yet won final victory and I am not sure of my weapons.

Her thoughts were interrupted at this point by Minnie, whose head popped in the door and said, "A loidy 'ere what says she is your mother—and a gentleman with her."

Mrs. Hamilton came in briskly, and the gentleman with her turned out to be her brother, Mrs. Argyll's true-and-blood Uncle Townsend. Mrs. Argyll kissed them both. She said, "I hope you didn't come all the way to London because you were worried about me, darlings. I went on a little holiday."

"I wasn't in the least worried," Mrs. Hamilton said. "I am sure you can take care of yourself."

"Your mother seemed to think," Uncle Townsend said, turning his back ostentatiously upon the secret maps, "that is, of course, the whole thing goes back, doesn't it, to the government—not but what they've done a good job on the war—but as far as taxes are concerned one can't help but feel—"

"Is it taxes?" Mrs. Argyll said.

"Of course it's taxes," Mrs. Hamilton said; "it always is."

"Do sit down, darling," Mrs. Argyll said; "it's bad for you to talk about taxes, standing up."

Mrs. Hamilton sat down upon the chair occupied so recently by the very distinguished visitor. She looked valiant and as though she did not propose to stand any nonsense, and she looked very small and frail and old.

"Your mother thought," Uncle Townsend said, "of course you know the state I'm in—poor old Army man—otherwise, I'm sure you know—"

"Stop dithering, Townsend," Mrs. Hamilton said briskly, "I've other things to do. I've got to be back for the ARP meeting and the trains are so very odd. I thought perhaps you'd lend me the money, Gwen, out of what Tip left you."

"But, angel," Gwen Argyll said, "Tip didn't leave me a penny. Only that place in Scotland—"

"In that case," Mrs. Hamilton said, "I shall have to do something else about it. Probably the bank will change its mind." She kissed her daughter and went out.

Uncle Townsend lingered. "Hard on her." he said, "and—she's not quite up to things, though don't tell her I said so. The Hall, I mean. Your father took her there a bride—women feel these things, I find."

"Perhaps I can think of something," Gwen Argyll said slowly.

"Oh, I shouldn't," Uncle Townsend said hurriedly. "Thinking about money's always a mistake. I've tried it." At the door he turned. "Heard a rumor you might marry again."

"Don't tell me my name is being bandied about the clubs," Mrs. Argyll said, and laughed at him.

"No, no," Uncle Townsend said. "Wonderful people, the Americans. Understand about money. Very important thing when you haven't got it."

When he had gone, Mrs. Argyll laughed a little hysterically. Things like that actually happen, she thought. Not just in the cinema, but in real life.

SHEP BARNES said, "I've been half out of my mind about you."

"But you mustn't," Mrs. Argyll said. "I can look after myself."

"I know," Shep Barnes said, "but with bombs and buildings falling—darling, you mustn't." He took both her hands, "It's not fair."

He is angry, Mrs. Argyll thought, the way my mother used to be when I was late coming in from hunting, when in her imagination she had picked me up out of a ditch with a broken neck—she was always angry with me then. He has a right to be angry. I must be patient.

But she was mistaken about the reason for that anger which shook Shep Barnes. He was angry because he had been thinking a great deal about Dek Tarnowski, he was thinking that Gwen Argyll had been married once and that she had lived for years in wartime when many things cease to matter, and that such a woman might in an emergency make her own laws and take the consequences.

"Besides," he said, "it's my job to take care of you now."

They were in Mrs. Argyll's sitting room at Arlington House. A small, impersonal room, a very temporary room, and Shep Barnes thought it a ridiculous place for Gwen Argyll.

"Isn't it my job to take care of you?" he said insistently.

Mrs. Argyll said, "Shep—" and then she stood up and walked the length of the room, which wasn't very long. Facing him again, she said, "I can't marry you, my dear."

"Because you don't love me?" Shep Barnes said, and laughed, "but I knew that when you said you'd go to America with me. I did happen to notice that you didn't say you loved me."

"I am glad you noticed that," Mrs. Argyll said simply.

"Then nothing is changed," Shep Barnes said; "you agreed to marry me—you never said you loved me—"

"It isn't quite fair to keep saying that," Gwen Argyll told him; "I had an affection for you, I admired you, I thought I could make you a good wife. I thought I could make you happy."

"I still think so," Shep Barnes said.

"I wish you had known Tip," Mrs. Argyll said; "he was—rather wonderful. His mind and heart were clean and clear—they were pure, Shep, and he loved me much more than I had any right that he should, since I did not love him."

Shep Barnes lit a cigarette hurriedly. He wished she would not talk about her first husband. "I knew that," he said.

"Yet—he was very happy in our short marriage," Gwen Argyll said. "I am grateful that he had—a wife he loved, in the little while he had."

"Why do you tell me this?" Shep Barnes said. "It hasn't anything to do with us."

"I told you," Gwen Argyll said, "because I want you to understand why I said I would marry you, though I did not love you. I had made Tip happy—and I adored what you have done for England—"

"I don't want gratitude," Shep Barnes said.

"It isn't—wasn't—gratitude," Gwen Argyll said; "it was just that you deserved to be happy; I thought so highly of you that I thought we could make a good life together—in that future of which you are so sure."

"So we can," Shep Barnes said, "and will!"

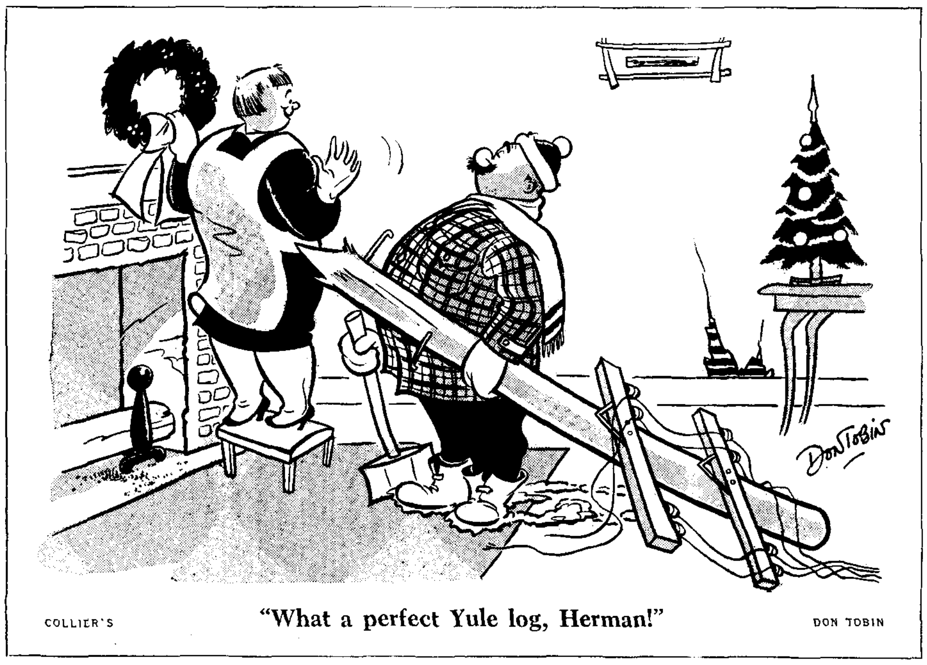
"I thought we could do without love," Mrs. Argyll said, "because I did not believe much in love. I did not think it was going to happen to me. There was Tip—and there have been others kind enough to think my love worth winning—but I never loved any of them and so it seemed all right to marry without it—give you the best I had to give—I thought there were other things."

"I knew all that," Shep Barnes said, "inside myself, I knew."

"Now it is all different," Mrs. Argyll said. "Now it is impossible. Because I have found that I can love and so I would be cheating you."

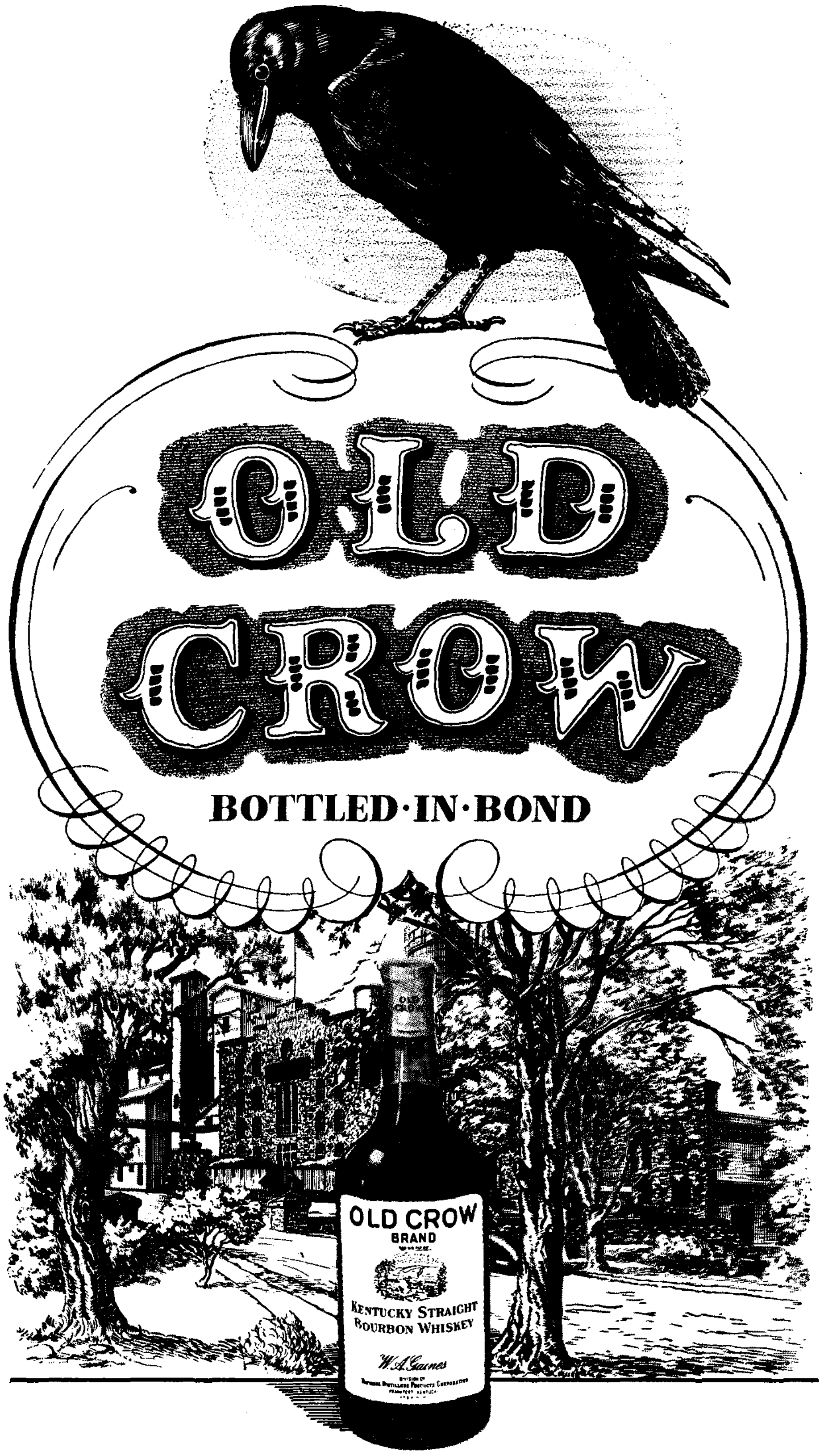
Shep Barnes sprang up and went to the window. The curtains were drawn, but he did not seem aware of that. He stood staring at them and the back of his neck was red. At last he turned back to her and said, "Is it Tarnowski?"

"I suppose you have a right to ask that," Mrs. Argyll said quietly. "I think you know



COLLIER'S "What a perfect Yule log, Herman!" DON TOBIN

THOSE IN THE KNOW
ASK FOR

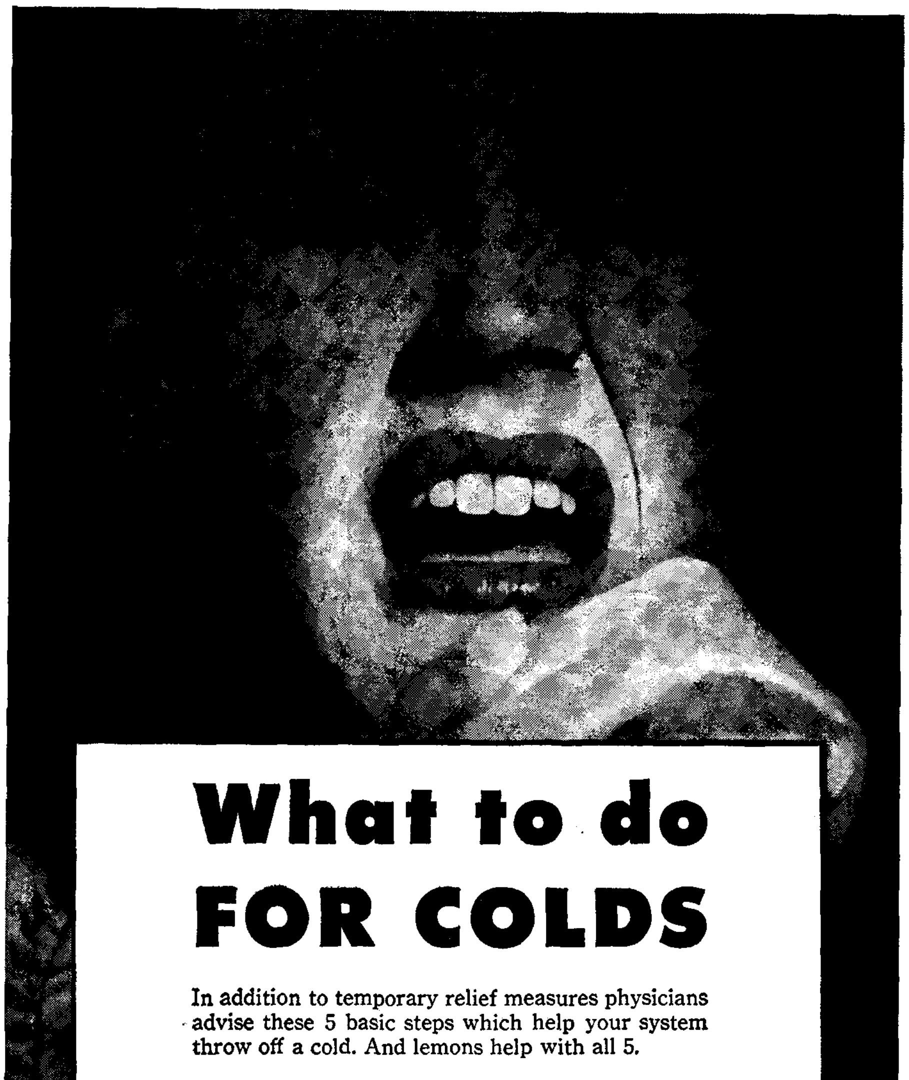


A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. The Old Crow Distillery, sketched above, is cooperating with the government alcohol program. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof



What to do FOR COLDS

In addition to temporary relief measures physicians advise these 5 basic steps which help your system throw off a cold. And lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda is mildly laxative for most people.
3 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon with soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

SODA

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

the answer and I cannot see that it makes any difference."

"But my darling little angel," Shep Barnes said, "it makes all the difference in the world. Gwen—precious—I know those guys. Don't forget I worked with them through the Battle of Britain—they're brave, sure, they're terrific, they're wonderful. *Hell,* I give them all the credit in the world. Great men—great fighters—great pilots—but they're savages, Gwen."

"I doubt if we need to go into any of this," Mrs. Argyll said.

"Oh, but we do," Shep Barnes said, almost gaily; "look, Gwen, do listen to me. You really don't know about such things. I know what this is. I've seen it before. I've seen women go for those Poles before. I've seen them turn on the streets and leave the guys they were with and follow a Polish flier—I was in Scotland with them when a lot of them were training there. I know what I'm talking about. It's some kind of a fascination, it's an infatuation, but it won't last, sweetheart, not with you."

Mrs. Argyll said nothing; she sat perfectly still, her hands folded, letting him say what he had to say.

"Baby, that's no kind of thing to build a life, a future upon," Shep Barnes said, "even if it's love, which it damn' well isn't."

"You don't understand," Mrs. Argyll said; "I love him."

"You've only known him a week," Shep Barnes said. "It doesn't make sense. You can't do a thing like this. You mean to tell me— Gwen, believe me, I don't mean money. But you can't throw over a full, fine life—children—a part in the great, big future that's coming out of all this hell—I'm offering you peace and service and the things we can do together, the big things that we can do to make the world a better place for people to live in—"

"If those things are for me," Gwen Argyll said, her voice shaking with pain, "I shall find them."

The pause was long and she saw Shep Barnes fight to control himself. At last he said gently, "Gwen—I'll wait. I'm not going to give you up. I'll wait and keep on trying. There's only one thing I'll ask."

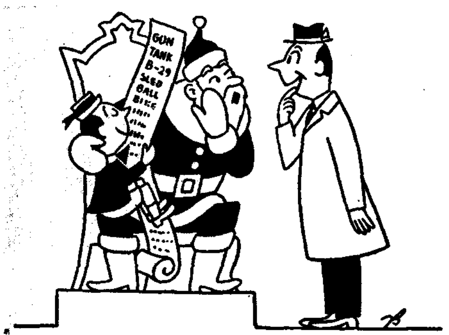
"Yes?" Mrs. Argyll said quietly.

"When you find you don't love him, that it's just a crazy infatuation—when you find I'm right and he isn't capable of loving a woman, of being true to her—" Shep Barnes stopped and took a long breath. The words on his lips were bitter, it was bitter to find that he had to have her, that he would take her, on any terms, "then will you come back to me and say so—and we'll start from right where we were?"

"That I can safely promise you," Mrs. Argyll said. . . .

After Shep Barnes had gone, Mrs. Argyll went into her tiny bedroom, took off the clothes in which she had worked all day, showered swiftly and put on a long, severe dressing gown of white silk, with tight sleeves that made her look like a priestess.

Then she went back into the sitting room and sat down in a tall chair and tried to think.



"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

Somehow, she did not know why, Tip Argyll kept getting into her thoughts; she hadn't been conscious often of Tip since that day long ago when he had been shot down over the Channel. All evening she had been aware of him and now he kept barging into her mind whether she would or no.

Are you sure? Are you, who have seen the horrors of war, the pain and agony and ugliness and darkness, you who have seen little children slain without mercy and old people turned out homeless, are you so sure there is a God who is stronger than the forces of evil you have seen let loose upon the earth? Are you so sure there is a God who will help you, who can help you, to win back Dek Tarnowski's soul from the devil?

She shut her eyes very tightly. If you can be sure, she said to herself, if you are sure—

"Tip?" she said suddenly, and opened her eyes.

The room was empty.

IT WAS empty and yet Tip was there. Tip of the pure heart, who had died so gallantly fighting for England, who had so loved her. She could not tell whether it was in her ears or her heart, her ears or her memory, that clear, gay, boyish English voice. But somewhere inside of her Tip's voice was saying, "Take it easy, Gwen. I know now. I know, dear. There isn't any death, there's only life. We don't fight for hate of our enemies but for love of all the poor, silly people that got in this mess. You may be sure, you may be very sure. Have to go on fighting, whatever."

Then the room was a cone of silence.

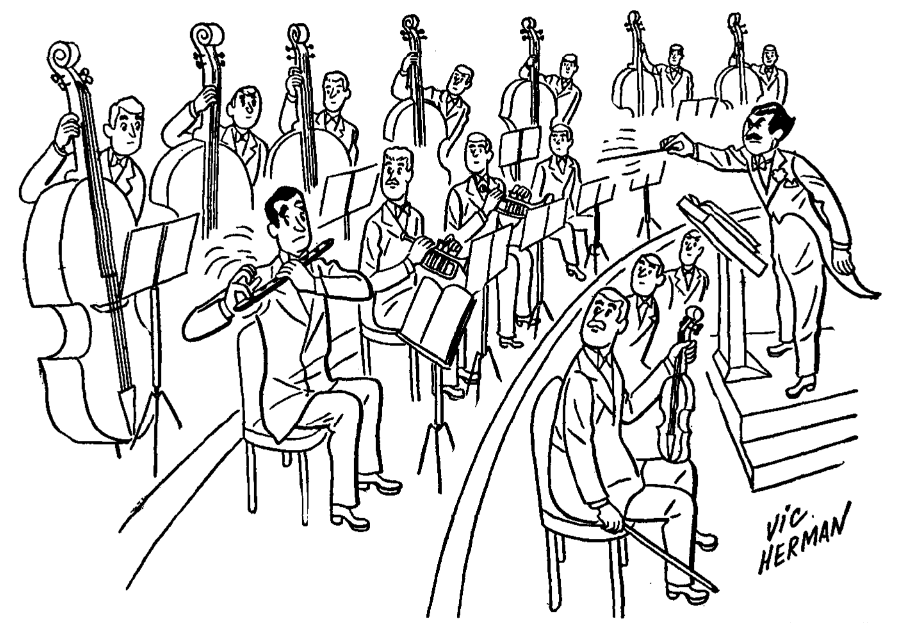
Into that blessed silence, Gwen Argyll laughed aloud.

You have strange enemies, Gwen Argyll, she said to herself, but oh, you have powerful friends. Got to sell life and love to a man dedicated to death and hate.

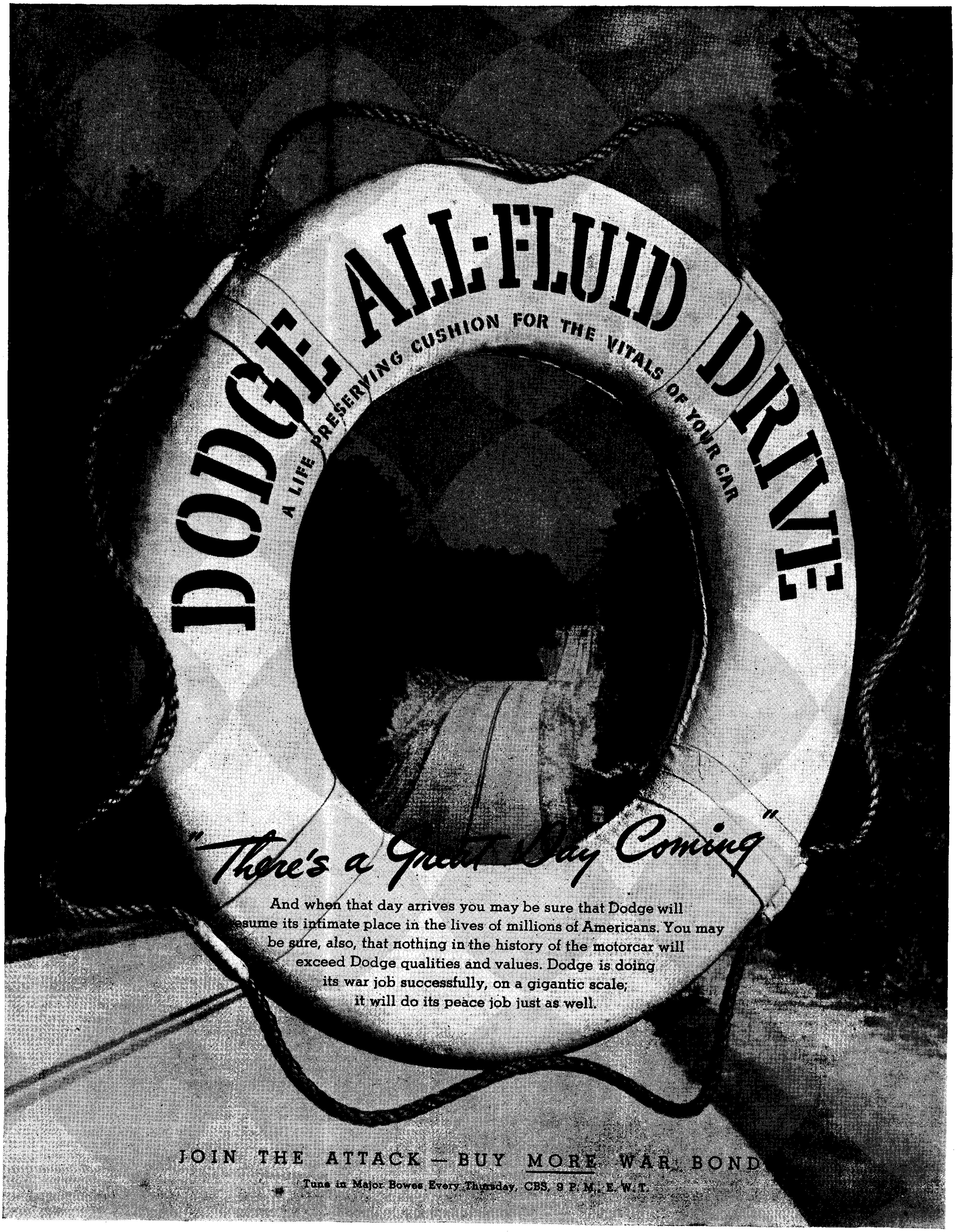
Just how you are going to do that I do not know, she said to herself, but I think you had better set about it immediately.

She went across the room so swiftly that the train of her white gown caught between her feet and she had to put her hand against the wall to steady herself as she picked up the telephone.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S VIC HERMAN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A LIFE PRESERVING CUSHION FOR THE VITALS OF YOUR CAR
"There's a Great Day Coming"

And when that day arrives you may be sure that Dodge will esume its intimate place in the lives of millions of Americans. You may be sure, also, that nothing in the history of the motorcar will exceed Dodge qualities and values. Dodge is doing its war job successfully, on a gigantic scale; it will do its peace job just as well.

JOIN THE ATTACK — BUY MORE WAR BOND

Tune in Major Bowes Every Thursday, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

FLOWERS BY WIRE bring
'Season's Greetings' to Kate Smith

From Washington, D. C., Kate Smith's mother telegraphs a bouquet to Kate in New York—a perfect way to send Holiday Greetings to out-of-town relatives or friends.

Season's Greetings Dear
Much Love
Mother
In any event—
wire Flowers

When someone dear to you
—in another town—has a birthday, or
any event you want to remember—wire flowers.

It's easy as 1-2-3, and not at all expensive

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers — state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire — except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere — but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

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Listen to the Kate Smith Hour CBS — Sunday Evening 7:00 — 8:00 PM EWT

He Won the Collier Trophy

Continued from page 24

we could stall and spin down; we had no idea where the horizon was, but all we knew was we wanted to get that Jap in our sights again. We did—or thought we did—once or twice, and saw our tracers go into him, and heard the bark of the guns and felt the recoil and heard the windup of the engine and prop as we blindly went into dives trying to dogfight this Zero with a wing-loading lighter than ours, which enabled him to turn on a dime whereas we needed a quarter.

Ten minutes later we staggered out of that cockpit, flushed, exhausted, weak in arms and legs and sweating freely. Where does this guy De Florez get that stuff about "synthetic" training?

This synthetic-training business—training on the ground in hours for skills that would take months in the air; saving lives because synthetic crashes don't mean anyone's death—is so closely allied to actual air experience that there are no tolerances to consider; no allowances to make, no interpretation. Combat veterans are authorities for this.

Quick Training for Fighters

"How are you going to hand a hot fighter, intricate with instruments, armament, radio and electronics to a high-school boy and expect him to get results against an enemy long drilled in warfare by the 'experience' methods of training we always used? We haven't too much time to let him shoot at towed targets or dive-bomb something or launch torpedoes at anchored barges." This is Looie de Florez talking back in 1940. And to the credit of Vice-Admiral John H. Towers, and the Naval Affairs Committees of Congress, let it be said they backed him.

Once he had this support, he went to work to reproduce on the ground the things that could and would happen in the air. This called for the use of mirrors, optics, sound, motion pictures, slides, models and black magic. Captain de Florez's point was: Why load the boy up with theories of aerodynamics, aeronautical engineering, hydraulics, ballistics and such? Show him how to do it, and he will not only lick the enemy, but return home.

Seven hundred devices have been turned out by his engineering staff in the former automobile showroom in northeast Washington, which is Captain de Florez's headquarters. The prototypes are made there, tested and then farmed out to industry for production. His current catalogue includes "synthetic devices" for training in celestial navigation, crew navigation of bombers and flying boats, star identification and recognition; aircraft gunnery (both fixed and flexible), range estimation, turret operation, tracer firing, dead-reckoning navigation, ship and plane models, bombardier operations, bombing, aircraft arming with bombs and ammunition, aviation radio operation, torpedo attacks, and flight engineers.

Captain de Florez was born in New York City. His father was Spanish and his mother French. "So I'm not Nordic." His permanent residence is at Pomfret, Conn., and on his farm he hewed out an airport that enabled him to operate his Beechcraft from it before the war. He is a graduate of M.I.T., 1912, and in the same year he flew a Wright biplane for the first time.

Although the science of aeronautics always was and will be his first love, he has made successful side trips into the petroleum business as an engineer and he has left his mark on oil-cracking processes and safety-drilling systems.

Holding a commission in the Naval Reserve from the last war, when he served as chief of the Navy's Aeronautical Instruments and Accessories Division, Captain de Florez was a licensed commercial pilot, but had no naval aviator rating. So in 1939 he slugged permission out of his old roommate at M.I.T., Charles Edison, then Secretary of the Navy, to go to Pensacola and take the course.

He roomed with the youngsters and picked up their psychology and reactions to the thorough, meticulous training methods employed. After graduation, they were sent to the Fleet on carriers for a year or two of training as naval airmen. But Looie realized this couldn't be continued as standard policy if we were to build up our naval aviation rapidly.

When he pinned on his wings and came north, Admiral Towers asked him to stay on for duty. It was then that Looie got hot about speeding up training and finally won recognition for his "synthetic" ideas in April, 1941. Since then he's been allowed to do just about as he pleases. The job is his, and he's done a good one, as the Collier Trophy will testify.

The 1944 Collier Trophy Committee was headed by Grover Loening, winner of it in 1921 for the development and demonstration of his aerial yacht; an aeronautical engineer with thirty-two years in aviation and now consultant on aircraft for the War Production Board. He also is chairman of the Helicopter Committee of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

The presentation will be made by Vice-President Wallace on behalf of the President at a joint meeting of the N.A.A. and the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences, after which the Wright Brothers Lecture for 1944 will be delivered by John Stack, chief of the Compressibility Research Division of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

a fog. The airline captain is not a fatalist. If he gets into trouble, his efforts are to get out of it. He's in there fighting against ice or engine failure or rapidly diminishing gasoline supply. He wants to bring her through or set her down, and his philosophy, which has worked more affirmatively than negatively, has been that if he has enough time to prepare everyone to bail out, he has enough time to prevent the crash.

The airlines, the plane manufacturers and the government supervising civil aviation contend that it is more to your advantage to have built-in lifesaving features in the airliners than to hand you a parachute when you go aboard.

The new big jobs coming along—the Douglas DC-4s, 6s and 7s; the Lockheed Constellation; the Consolidated Model 39; the Boeing Stratoliner and its big sister the Stratocruiser, adapted from the B-29; the Martin Mars—all have four-engine security, while the Consolidated Model 99 and the Howard Hughes cargo giant go to six and eight engines respectively.

Then there are the new developments in deicing of wings, tail surfaces and propellers; continuous studies into the weather; improvements in the airways as laid out on the ground and of the ground-to-plane tie-in, as well as plane-to-plane use of radio, radar and television—all these are prize packages that have come out of this war, for the eventual benefit of the airlines passenger.

Yet with what is already developed and on the way, no aerial policemen, no regulation, no scientific development can prevent a student in a small trainer from getting off base and colliding with a DC-4. Should that day come when the luxury giant goes spinning toward the earth with crippled wings or tail surfaces, it is doubtful that the best schemes so far advanced for evacuating the cross section of the airline flying public would enable them to escape.

THE END

Mothers of the Stars, Inc.

Continued from page 19

impractical woman who always has both feet firmly planted in the clouds, was delegated to spend thirty dollars for flowers for a forthcoming installation of officers. She picked the blooms for beauty, not for price. When the ceremony was held, the decorations came in for much praise, but when it was the bill's turn to come in it was greeted with shocked silence. It was for eighty dollars.

But there was no panic. A collection was made to cover the deficit and wound up five dollars short of the required sum. Almost miraculously the officers produced a pair of nylon stockings and a fascinator, proceeded to raffle them off. Proceeds: thirty-two dollars.

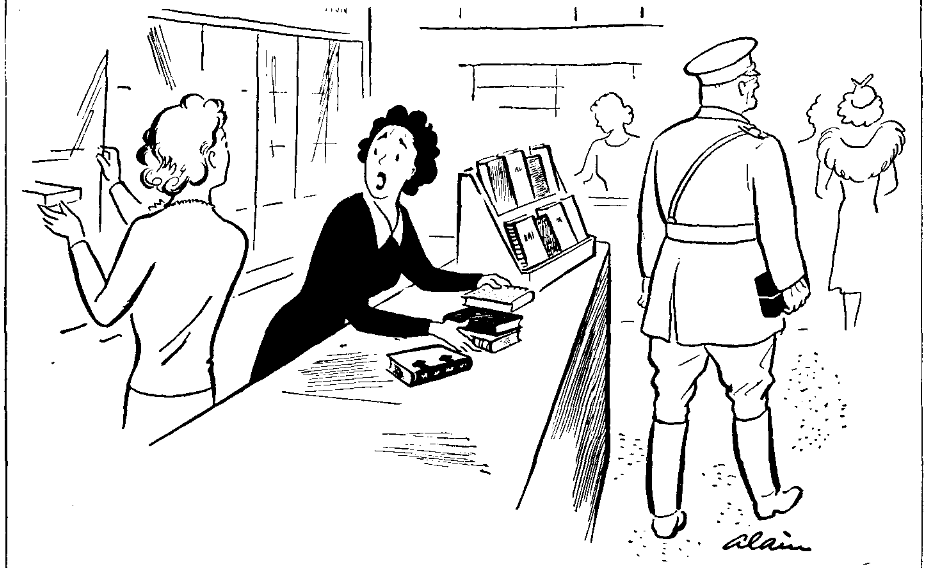
The word "raffle," incidentally, is never used by the members. Instead of "taking a chance" the mothers insist they are merely "sharing a gift." They have other ways of raising money, too. At one party the late Mary Orsatti, mother of Vic Orsatti, cooked up enough Italian spaghetti and meat balls to feed a battalion. When, at the end of the party, a couple of large potfuls of it remained, the members bought it, took it home and fed it to their families. Box-lunch parties are popular, too.

Recently, Richard Carlson's mother had one, and all the members had to pay a dollar apiece for the privilege of eating their own lunches on her lawn. The money, of course, went into the club's charity fund.

The members are a demure and practical lot. On their first birthday, four years ago, they decided to have a fling. They invited their children as their "dates" and made reservations at a famous Hollywood night club. The children got together and decided to provide some "entertainment" by playing practical jokes on their mothers. The ladies had a wonderful time, but they still refer to the occasion rather doubtfully as "a wild party."

Nevertheless, the club has its romantic element. Gary Cooper's father, a sprightly 78-year-old gallant, attends their meetings with some regularity. Every time he does he cavalierly kisses each member. The ladies love it.

The End



"I hope that isn't an indication of anything—he bought a five-year diary"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

G-Eye View of the Pacific

Continued from page 23

likewise very deceptive; it looks like a lot of pencil dots with fancy names. Again it is a series of coral atolls, islets and volcanic islands scattered over a vast area—2,000 miles in length and breadth—above the equator. It includes, among others, the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, the Carolines, the Bonins, the Marianas, Guam, Truk, Wake and Palau. Most of the Micronesian islands are low and flat, with the typical circular atoll formation—a narrow strip of coral with huge breakers crashing on the outside edge, and, on the inside, a quiet lagoon rimmed with sun-scorched beach, dazzling flowers and shrubs. Since there is little rainfall on most of these atolls, they are fiercely hot and bright.

The natives the G.I. found here were slightly taller than their Melanesian neighbors, with lighter-colored skin. With their straight to wavy hair and narrower noses, they show more traces of Mongoloid blood. They deck themselves out much in the same manner as Melanesians, with tattooing, cicatrization and necklaces. Like most peoples in this part of the world they go in for sorcery and magic. No doubt G.I.s with their jeeps, bulldozers and flame throwers have put many a medicine man out of business.

Malaysia. Except for bombing raids—and, of course, the invasion of the Philippines—up until Thanksgiving, 1944, G.I. Joe has not yet run into the Malay Archipelago, which extends some 3,000 miles from the northern end of Sumatra all the way to New Guinea, on either side of the equator, and includes the fabulous East Indies, mostly Dutch owned, and Formosa. He will have to go there eventually to clean out the Japs. His eyes will bug even wider at this beautiful, terrible land. He will see country which varies from dry flatlands to undulant hills, from soggy swamps to precipitous mountains; a hot and moist country of dense jungle and violent storms; a country of insects, overrun with ants, termites, spiders, scorpions, flies, mosquitoes, leeches and thousands more. He will find a land plagued with typhoid, dysentery, yaws, cholera, malaria, elephantiasis and leprosy.

Most of the natives here will wear more clothes and will be sedate, poised and gracious. These will be the Malays, a branch of the Mongoloids, of short stature and brown skin, with broad, flat faces and wide noses. There are a few exceptions, however, and he may run across the primitive and pigmyish Negritos of the Philippines, or the Dyaks, the notorious head-hunters of Borneo. He will marvel at this land of fantastic architecture, of lovely temples and palaces; if he is lucky enough to get there, he will whistle heartily at the graceful Balinese dancing girls. . . .

If G.I. Joe is loquacious when he comes home, he will have wild tales to tell of the weird sights, the outlandish customs, the strange people he has seen. His stories, it is true, will be darkened by war, which after all was his primary concern.

Maybe, though, he won't be too angry if it wasn't exactly like the movies. After all, he was able to reach out from where he was sitting and pick a banana.

The End

Time has put most of these clocks out of running...

Watchmaker in 1820

But time has added to Johnnie Walker's popularity

Johnnie Walker still sets the pace among fine scotch whiskies. You get an extra margin of mellowness backed up by a flavour that's in a class by itself.

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call... call again.

BORN 1820
...still going strong

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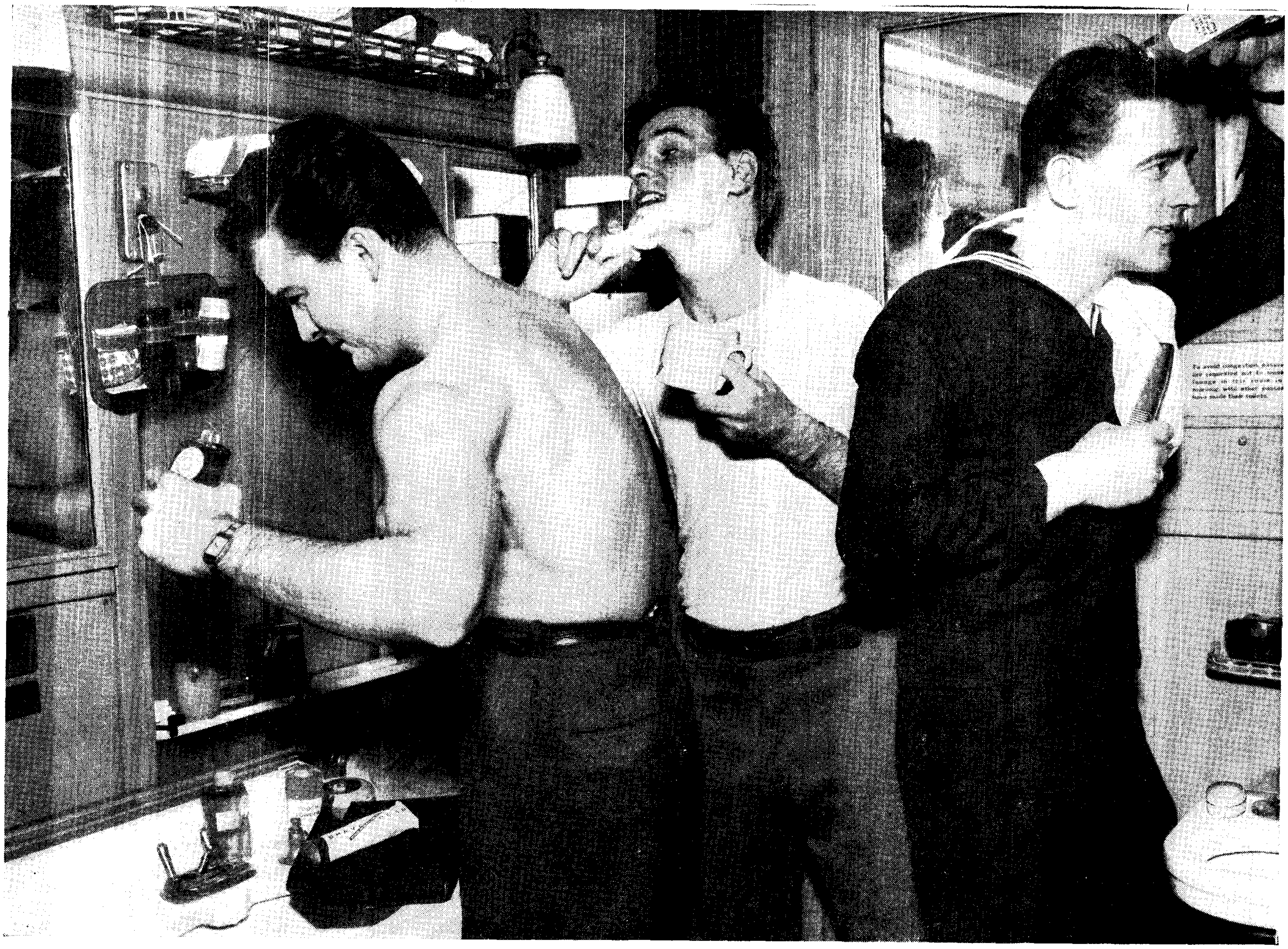
RED LABEL BLACK LABEL
Both 86.8 Proof



Slick and Span

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

THE eyes of the boy in the Pullman washroom were a little bleary, his hair was *skirmishing in three different directions*, his Navy whites looked as if they'd been slept in—which they had. He opened his duffel bag and pulled out a toilet kit, slipped his rumpled blouse over his head and went to work.

After a preliminary going-over with soap and water, the sailor rubbed his chest, back and underarms with a cologne deodorant. He opened another bottle and slapped shaving lotion onto his face. From another came something to smooth down his hair. When he was through he stepped out of his uniform, unfolded a fresh one from his duffel bag, carefully folded the soiled one and slipped it back into the bag.

He looked clean and, further, he smelled clean.

Before the war, this kid would have whistled at a guy dousing himself with fancy-smelling stuff, just as his father, before the last war, whistled at a guy wearing a wrist watch or a bracelet. Now, though, he and his comrades in the Armed Forces appreciate the refreshing sting of astringents and lotions, the wonderful luxury of feeling clean. That's why servicemen have taken to grooming accessories in a large way. The brass hats readily understand this. They're acutely conscious of what happens when a bath and a change of clothing can't be had; two or three weeks of this, and life can be pretty grim.

Army PXs overseas emphasize the extent of this boom, for among the various items deemed essential to their stock are after-shave lotions, skin lotions (to prevent it from drying out in tropic climates), hair oil, perspiration deodorants, talcum powders, sunburn lotions and lip pomades (to relieve chapping).

Personal appearance and cleanliness mean much more to the boys overseas than to those who take their plumbing for granted. Grooming aids are a link with home. A piece of scented soap—the louder the better—is what some of our toughest men, stationed on the Pacific Islands, have been writing home for.

This boost from the Armed Forces is one of the reasons why the men's toiletries business—with about five years existence as such—is already a $20,000,000-a-year industry. This doesn't apply to the strictly barbershop and drugstore items that men have been using for the past fifty years. Sales in luxury-type toiletries aren't confined solely to the military, either. It's got so that, come Christmas, birthday or anniversary, there's no problem about what to give any male member of the family. For a few bucks and up, you can get a solid-looking package that might contain, in addition to the staple shaving cream and lotion, such items as cologne, an antiperspirant, hair tonic, talcum, a masculine brand of soap or hair dressing.

This male accessory trade is no fancy setup. They're manufactured by men who have spent considerable time and money finding out what the boys go for in an olfactory way. Odors are faint, and emphasize cleanliness and freshness. Even the packaging has been designed to cause no embarrassment.

Selected to Please

One popular brand, put out in a little stone jug, has been named after a famed Scottish regiment. This regiment, incidentally, is constantly ordering toiletries from the manufacturer. And anybody had better think twice before he calls the "Ladies from Hell" softies.

Another blatantly masculine packaging job has a mallard duck, ruffed grouse, ringneck pheasant, fighting bass, sailfish, sailboat or horse's head—in natural colors—on crystal-clear bottles.

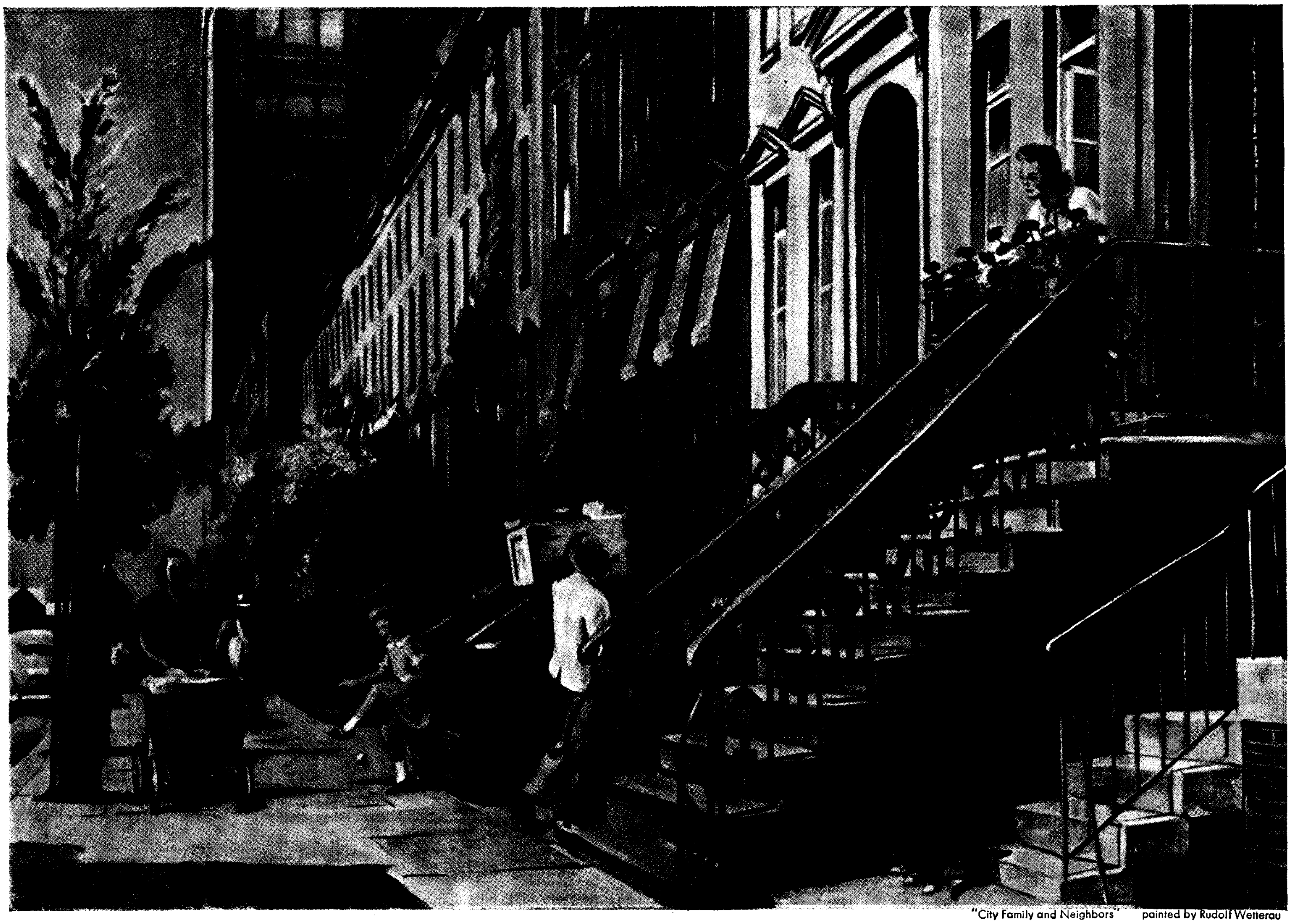
The wily manufacturer knew no sportsman could resist it. "But," he adds, "while they may go for the package the first time, it's what's in it that brings them back for another bottle." His product has a tangy, citrus smell.

There are plenty of others around in the stores, and none of them has anything the 100 per cent male need turn up his nose or lift an eyebrow at.

When buying toiletries, keep in mind that deodorants minimize acid perspiration; antiperspirants stop perspiration in limited areas for a limited time, depending upon personal reaction; after-shave lotions, besides imparting a clean feeling to the face, are slightly astringent and antiseptic; hair dressings—Americans prefer the nonoily kinds—add neatness, help keep the hair from cowlicking. Men's colognes, generally splashed on the chest after shower or bath, are used by the G.I.s as a substitute for water when there are no bathing facilities handy.

Then there are men who are practically allergic to strong laundry odors—chlorine, lye, etc.—on their linen. A couple of drops of cologne at the back of the collar, another on the shirt front, and they feel fine, smell swell.

However, if there's still any lingering doubt in your mind, you might be interested to know that at a two-fisted institution up the Hudson, the Commissary Depot reports a tremendous call for men's toiletries, even from the top generals. Place called West Point. ★★★



"City Family and Neighbors" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Home

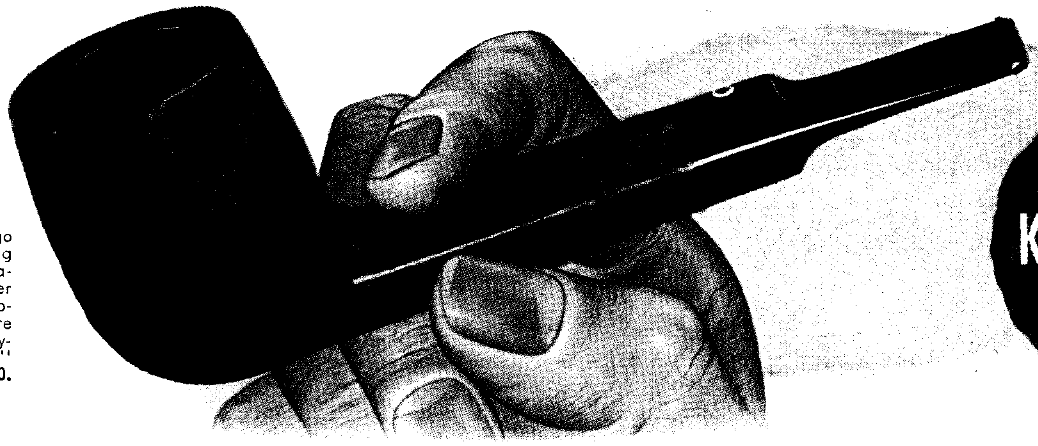
The time is coming when you can enjoy it — when you can do as you please, *when* you please, and how you please!

Boy! When that time comes, we want to be there!

For 93 years, we have made fine pipes, for men who want the best they can get from tobacco. These Kaywoodie Pipes are a joy to smoke. They have become the best-liked of fine pipes throughout the world, for they yield the coolest, smoothest, most satisfactory flavor you ever enjoyed.

Kaywoodie Pipes, and the Kaywoodie Flavor, will be the same, when you want your next one. You'll get the same fine Kaywoodie Briar you enjoyed before the war, or long ago.

This briar comes from the regions around the Mediterranean Sea, and only from there. It is a natural product. It has to grow. After that, it has to be mellowed and seasoned. It requires time, like making a home. It cannot be hurried or short-cut. Because of all this, a Kaywoodie coaxes the best out of tobacco, and you will find it always one of the permanent good things of life.



War Bonds come first

Many Kaywoodies go direct to our fighting men — please be patient if your dealer temporarily can't supply you. Illustrated here is Flame Grain Kaywoodie, "Billiard" Shape No. 51S — $10.

© 1944

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
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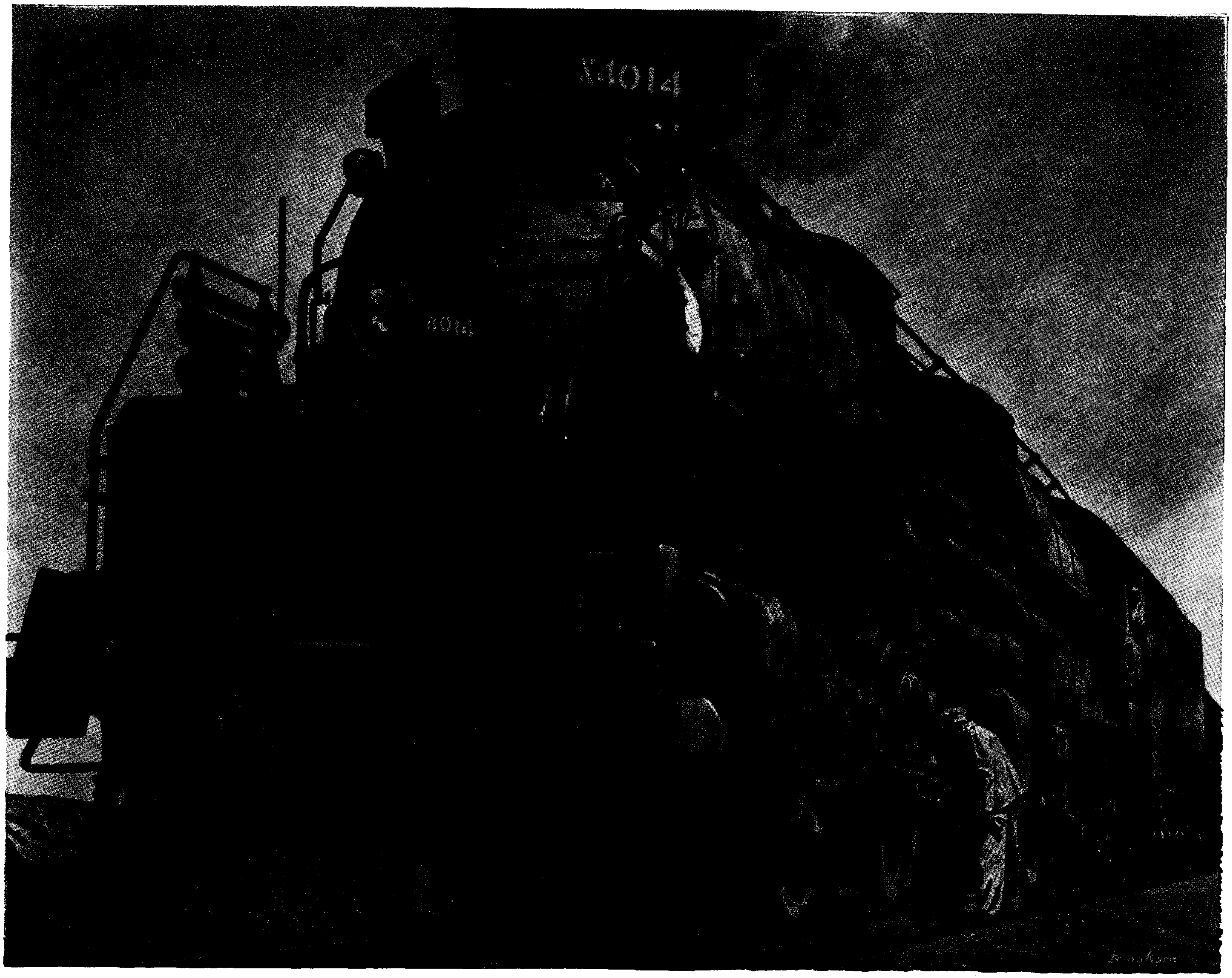

Your Obedient Servant

YOU MAY have heard tales about this Paul Bunyan of modern locomotives.

Its name is "Big Boy" and it's the biggest freight locomotive ever built. It hauls a hundred and more cars over the steepest grades on the Union Pacific route. You'll never ride behind it, but in the story of "Big Boy" is a moral that affects you in many ways.

You see, the railroad fares you pay, the cost of your food, the dividends you get from railroad stocks—all depend a lot on the operating efficiency of the railroads.

If your local commuting train were pulled by "Big Boy," you'd enjoy a swift, safe ride—but you'd hardly enjoy the low fares that you do now.

On the other hand, if the engine that powers your local commuting train were put to work at "Big Boy's" particular stint, too many additional engines would be required to do the job.

The moral is simple: the *modern* locomotive is *the one best fitted to the job.* It may be steam, Diesel-electric or electric. Economy of performance is the deciding factor. At American Locomotive, we build all three. Like "Big Boy," each is unsurpassed for its job because each is built for its job.

American Locomotive
NEW YORK

DIESEL-ELECTRIC • ELECTRIC • STEAM

Try This on for Size

Continued from page 17

"After ten years," Ethel assured her, "it gets just the same."

Mollie shuddered. She arose, her hands resting firmly on the top of her desk.

"What's that man's name? That Sam Something?"

"Haversham," Ethel said. She looked alarmed. "And he isn't a man. He's a dynasty. He's a standard of living."

"Indeed," Mollie murmured. "Well, here's one person who's going to put the standard of living where it belongs." She picked up her mutilated sketch and strode out of the room, undeterred by her secretary's anguished "*Don't. Please* don't. We don't *do* things like that out here."

It was not ignorance of the local customs but sheer fury which carried Mollie stormily through the studio, past the battalion of Haversham secretaries and into the sanctum of Samuel Haversham, executive producer. The man who sat there was large, calm and reasonably well decorated as to eyes and hair. He was alone only in the physical sense; three telephones summoned him urgently and his desk was a welter of still pictures, set models and advertising layouts. Mollie refused to be impressed by his industry, and he in turn remained noticeably unmoved by her entrance.

"Are you," she demanded, "known hereabouts and *so* tenderly as Sammy?"

"Occasionally. When under the influence of opium."

"Howdy," Mollie said. She laid her sketch on the exact center of his desk. "This is to inform you that you'd better get yourself another designer."

Sam Haversham considered the drawing at some length before he remarked, "That was a very nice dress—but it seems to have been troubled by mice."

"Mouse," Mollie said. "One mouse. Answers to the name of Carstairs and also, I suspect, to whistles."

"I see."

"Then that's all that's necessary. Goodby."

SAM HAVERSHAM was quickly on his feet. "Just a minute, Miss Kent. You object, I take it, to Miss Carstairs' suggestions."

"Suggestions!" Mollie snorted. "That's total destruction. You couldn't *wear* that dress any more—you'd have to eat it. It's treacle. It's terrible."

"Isn't it?" he agreed. "Our little Carol appreciates chic but she doesn't understand it. You could fix it, though. You could sour it up."

Mollie thought of her tenderly nurtured career, her carefully fostered reputation, and she laughed bitterly. "Sure I could, Sammy. But the question is: Would I? And the answer is"—she shook her head violently—"uh-huh."

Sam looked on her with visible and infuriating patience. "Just how long, Miss Kent, have you been a member of the motion-picture industry?"

"Five days," Mollie admitted stubbornly, "and thank you very much but I don't care for any more."

"Isn't it barely possible, then, that after five days you might not understand the *entire* problem of motion-picture costuming?"

"You miss the point, Producer. The point is I understand good clothes and I'm not going to design bad ones."

Sam picked up a completely blank sheet of paper and read it with great care. "It says here," he remarked finally, mildly, "that you're going to be a good girl and do as you're told."

Here it comes, Molly thought helplessly. It was a great fight, Ma, but we got skunked.

"That contract you signed with us," Sam continued sadly, as if the whole thing pained him deeply, "was ironclad. It was, in fact, rigid. If you fail to fulfill the terms of that contract you are, darling, a dead duck. You will be unable either to sell your designs to anyone else or to manufacture them yourself. You will be quickly, utterly and permanently unemployed."

Mollie knew perfectly well when she was beaten, but it was not that knowledge as much as it was the steadiness of his gaze which made her hold her angry tongue. She could suddenly see the California-wrought destruction of herself and she reached out a trembling hand to retrieve her sketch. She tottered toward the door, muttering grimly, "*Now* I know how Alice felt in Wonderland. Like a damn' fool." . . .

When Mollie, on her arrival in Hollywood, discovered that a secretary had been assigned to her she thought it was the silliest thing she had ever heard of. But everyone had secretaries in Hollywood—even dress designers who didn't need them—and Mollie, during the next frantic week, had good reason to be grateful. Ethel was chatty when Mollie felt like being chatted with, and quiet when she did not. She soothed Mollie's tempers and bucked up her wavering morale. She lighted her cigarettes, mopped her brow and brought her gallons of tea, to which she frequently added a stout dose of rum when things got tough. For that first week was a bad week. It was a very, very bad week.

Now only seven days remained to complete the large and lavish Carstairs wardrobe, before the actual shooting of her new picture began, and during those days Mollie gave a very accurate impersonation of Penelope. All day long she would slave over a design; then, at an attractively late hour of the afternoon, Carol would arrive, consider it briefly, decide against it, suggest, smile and depart; then, practically all night long, Mollie would tear it up and do it over again. The next day the same dreary cycle would begin again. It was something less than restful. Mollie lost three or four of her very few pounds, her hair began to stand rather farther up than the hairdresser had originally intended, and her face got dirty.

The picture was scheduled to start on a Friday. It must have been along about Wednesday that Mollie, into the tortured silence which always followed Carol's visit, threw a question.

"Doesn't it strike you as odd," she snapped, "that the producer of this picture doesn't care what the clothes are going to look like? He hasn't once been in to see them, neither the sketches nor the gowns themselves when the workroom finishes with them."

Ethel poured some fresh tea, put rum in it and took a lengthy sip herself before she handed it to Mollie.

"Perhaps he's trying to let you alone."

"If that's what he's trying to do," Mollie growled, "someone should tell him he's succeeding."

Ethel sighed. She was getting pretty tired herself, but she could still see her duty and she could still do it. "He's really a very sweet guy, Sam is—"

"Sure. The Great White Father. Sweetest lil ol' Great White Father in all the world." Mollie was genuinely surprised to hear her own voice ask the question it did, but she put it down as battle fatigue. "Isn't he married to somebody? Or a reasonable facsimile thereof?"

"He was," Ethel said. "Years ago, when he was very young. She died. He has a little girl, you know."

"I didn't know, but I think that's carrying propagation too far." Mollie looked down at the sketch she had been working on, a sheer black evening dress which Carol had instantly denied as "too girlish." It was hard to picture Sam Haversham in the role of a parent. It was curiously painful to admit that he was probably very good at it, that his small daughter probably thought him a whale of a guy. "But—bring me up to date. What then?"

"Nice to see a good old nonpolitical argument again, isn't it?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Nothing then. He's worked hard and lived pure. As far as anybody knows."

"And what of Cruising Carstairs, the ambulatory belle?"

"It is my opinion," Ethel said, "that she's after him. I hold that opinion because she's after all men everywhere. But as to how she's doing—I couldn't say."

Mollie turned back to her drawing board slowly, draggingly, under the weight of a truly monumental depression. "Now about this dress," she murmured faintly. "Do you suppose Carstairs might like it better if it didn't have any front?"

AT TWENTY minutes after ten on Thursday night, she was still there, at the drawing board. The last design—of a costume which wouldn't be needed for two weeks, if they stuck to the shooting schedule—was nearing its finish. So was Mollie. She felt like something out of a mausoleum, so it didn't surprise her very much when she heard someone say, "You look like something that's been buried and then dug up again—"

It couldn't be Ethel. Ethel had been sent home, full of weariness and rum, some time ago. Or was it yesterday? Mollie couldn't remember. With difficulty she focused her strained eyes and made out the well-groomed contours of the Haversham figure.

"Well, if it isn't ol' Sammy," she croaked. "How are things on the outside, Sammy? The war over yet?"

He came into the room, staring at her, and his voice was sharp. "That was just a contract you signed, not a death warrant. You look done in."

"Oh, I'm fine," Mollie assured him heavily. "I'm swell. Of course, my iron boot pinches a little sometimes."

"Sit down," Sam said sternly.

Mollie stiffened her limp spine as best she could and demanded wearily, "Do you want to see the sketches or don't you?"

"Of course I do—"

"If you're sure," Mollie muttered, "that you can spare the time." She collected them, handed them to him and watched his face as he studied them. There was little of ecstasy on that face but Mollie was satisfied; there was a quiet and thoughtful appreciation there and that was enough. She had done a good job and she knew she had done a good job, and now he knew it, too. The matter was settled.

"Hey," Sam said suddenly.

Until his voice reached her, Mollie had not been conscious that there was anything wrong. Then she was conscious that something was very wrong. The room darkened and began to tilt—first slowly, then with an incredible, rocking speed—and she was utterly and completely alone. She was being jostled about in space and in the entire world there was nothing but space—just space and Mollie Kent.

But presently it again became clear that there was also Sam. He had picked her up and was holding her in an indecisive sort of way.

Finally he sat down somewhere and rocked her back and forth, making strange and rather savage noises.

"I—fainted?" Mollie asked.

"I guess that's what you did. Unless you're simply a little drunk."

Mollie opened her eyes long enough to glare at him. "I'm dead," she said with finality, and closed them again.

SAM put an extremely damp cloth on her forehead and rubbed vigorously, nearly drowning her in the process. "Lord, but you look awful," he said fretfully. Sighing deeply, he stood up once more and carried her through the long studio corridors and out into the open, to his car.

Apparently he knew where she lived, for they reached her apartment very quickly and in complete silence. Sam came around to her side of the car and would have picked her up, had not Mollie said angrily, "I can walk now, thanks."

"You're a fool," Sam said, picking her up anyway. Possibly on an obscure impulse to soften his words he amended coldly, "You're a cute, silly, bad-tempered fool."

He carried her through the living room and, exhibiting a remarkable sense of direction, into the bedroom. He sat her down on the bed and began frowningly and expertly to unbutton her blouse.

With as much dignity as she could muster under the circumstances, Mollie said, "I assure you I'm quite capable of undressing myself."

Sam put his hands into his pockets, where they seemed to be more comfortable. "I doubt it, but you're at liberty to try." He said measuredly, emphatically, "I don't want you to come to the studio until you're altogether rested. I don't want to see your face." Then he went quickly away.

Her bed, when Mollie finally got herself into it, was heaven, unadulterated heaven, and she happily remembered his instructions. She decided to stay in bed for several weeks, at the very least, and she could think of Sam with some gratitude, almost in a kindly fashion.

Her first, frantic job was finished and it occurred to her, just before she dozed off, that successive jobs might not be so terrible; it was even within the realm of possibility that Hollywood could turn out to be a bearable spot, once one got the hang of it. . . .

At precisely three minutes after the next twelve noon, the telephone pulled her from sleep with an intolerable jerk.

Sam's voice in her sleep-dimmed ear was

Here's one way to get shoe endurance

Johnny Shoemaker sez: The best way is to ask for HOOD

SUPREX

Hood Rubber Co. A DIVISION OF B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

HOW TO SHAVE WITH MY UNUSUAL BELLO hollow grinding abrasive strop. sharpener. Gives 60plus, CONSTANT COMFORT, fast, clean shaves per double edge blade. HE-MAN'S GIFT. SERVICEMAN'S GODSEND. *Col. J. Joy, Texas, says: "3 blades 15 years in my Bello; one 1917 paint scraper gave perfect shaves."*

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"Oh Lemuel—get the LIGHTNINGPAK!"

For comforting warmth in a hurry just add 2 tablespoons of water to Lightningpak. Stays hot 8 hours. Good for 100 hours' service. Handy at home—an ideal gift. At department, drug and hardware stores $1.

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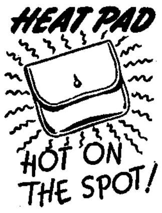

HEAT PAD

HOT ON THE SPOT!

quick and cool: "Miss Kent? Lunch has just been called."

"How perfectly delightful! I'm not hungry."

"Everyone reports back to the set at one, on the dot, and you'll be needed there immediately."

Her pillow enfolded Mollie protectively as she dropped her head back on to it and screamed, "But you said—you told me—"

Sam's voice became more remote, as if he were leaning away from the telephone in a bored and godlike attitude. He said, "Carol is not completely satisfied with her gown for this scene."

"Oh, she *isn't!* Well, she can wear it backward for all I care. She can shred it into a hula skirt or plant geraniums in it. She can—"

"At one, *precisely,* Miss Kent. Stage Nine." He must already have been replacing the receiver when he said, "Sorry," Mollie could just barely hear it and she certainly didn't believe it.

The company was assembled when she arrived, panting from the rush, on the Carstairs set. Carol saw her instantly, beamed on her, beckoned.

"*Darling,*" she trilled, "I'm so relieved you've come." She spread her arms wide in a gesture of graceful bewilderment. "Look at me, will you? Just *look* at me. What awful thing has happened to this dress?"

Mollie looked, without hope. "Nothing," she answered. "It's just the way we designed it, you and I, with our backs to the wall."

"But it's so plain, impossibly plain. I didn't remember that it was such a *plain* dress."

"It hasn't," Mollie admitted, "many baubles, bijoux or sequin-encrusted feathers."

CAROL smiled her most delicious and confiding smile. "I saw the most wonderful dress the other day. At Adrian's," she added slyly, in what was indubitably an attempt to arouse the good American spirit of competition. "It had a very low neck with a sort of ruff of flowers around it—large, pink ones, and each petal was edged with seed pearls. Don't you think," she questioned prettily, "that something like that might help this poor, sad thing?"

Mollie passed one hand briefly over her eyes. "The neck line," she explained tonelessly, "was the focal point of the Adrian dress. The rest of it must have been extremely simple."

"*Of course!*" Carol glowed happily. "And this one isn't even simple. It's *plain.*"

Mollie took a last, loving look at the intricately draped skirt, the exquisitely contrived shoulder line. Mollie left the set, to fashion a ruff of flowers—large, pink flowers. . . .

It was unusual for a costume designer to have to spend so much time on a set, but equally unusual were Carol's costume demands. Mollie performed her duties in a kind of desperate coma—wondering how many of her former clients were movie fans, and deciding that enough of them probably were to bring about the utter ruin of her career. She was, due to Carol's constant demands, flouting every principle of design in which she had ever believed. She was turning out, with apparent willingness, horror after vulgar horror.

The last few days of production were concerned with what became exotically known as The Ballroom Scene. For Mollie it would forever remain The Black Evening Dress Scene, and she discovered that it had taken on an alarming significance. She found herself waiting tensely for the "suggestions" which Carol would surely and sweetly produce. When they came, they were no worse than usual. It was simply that the shoulder straps of the black dress were all wrong. They were too wide. They should be *much* narrower. Or possibly there shouldn't be any shoulder straps. And the skirt—if it had a bit more of a flare . . .

"No," Mollie said.

"But, *darling,* you must see that—"

"I won't change a line of it," Mollie said. "Not a stitch. Not a ruffle. *No.*"

A pair of hands came down on Carol's much discussed shoulders, gave her a gentle shove in a westerly direction, and Sam Haversham was staring down into Mollie's face.

"*No,*" Mollie said. She was trembling but she felt fine. She felt practically immortal.

"I gather," Sam said briskly, "that Carol is not your idea of either an intelligent or a tasteful woman."

"You gather exactly right."

"But did it never occur to you that, to have achieved her phenomenal success, she must have had a pretty shrewd idea as to what was required of her?"

"Only," Mollie disdained, "if perfect femininity is a cream puff with a sex instinct; only if you like the type."

"I like the type," Sam said firmly, "and Carol is probably its greatest living example."

Suddenly he had reached out for her, and Mollie was held tight against him, feeling smaller than she had ever felt before in her life. He kissed her quickly, emphatically, and then he said, "Now go mind your business, Mollie."

Mollie blinked her eyes, feeling oddly shaken. Then she deliberately forced herself to pull her hand away from his arm. For heaven's sake, she screamed to herself. So now we have the conquering male, the big, ridiculous, egomaniacal, conquering male. Still shaken, she turned quickly from him and marched away.

THESE "OSES!"

In the left column you will find a number of English words that all end in "osis." (The suffix osis means condition or process.) In the right column you will find words that are in some relation to those words ending in "osis." Your task is to match the words in both columns. A score of 18-20 is excellent; 15-17 good; 13-14 fair; 11-12 average. Answers on page 76.

1. Hypnosis	**Delusion**
2. Prognosis	**Swelling**
3. Trichinosis	**Bone formation**
4. Metamorphosis	**Forecast**
5. Carcinosis	**Breath**
6. Diagnosis	**Change**
7. Hallucinosis	**Jitters**
8. Thrombosis	**Close union**
9. Necrosis	**Old age**
10. Leucocytosis	**Deficiencies**
11. Neurosis	**Fungus disease**
12. Alphosis	**Clots of blood**
13. Halitosis	**Pork**
14. Avitaminosis	**Malignant growth**
15. Varicosis	**Blood corpuscles**
16. Symbiosis	**Death**
17. Psychosis	**Judgment**
18. Ostosis	**Sleep**
19. Arteriosclerosis	**State of mind**
20. Mycosis	**Absence of pigment**

GERARD MOSLER

IT WAS not until several days after the day she turned the black dress into a stupefying chaos that Mollie had even the remotest chance at retribution. Then she came into possession of several things. One was an invitation to a party Sam was giving upon completion of the picture. Another was a gaudily grateful amethyst bracelet from Carol. The third was a request, also from Carol, for a "*wonderful*" dress to wear to the party, "because you understand me so well."

But in Hollywood nothing works out the way it could reasonably be expected to. On the afternoon the picture was completed, with the dress ready and waiting, Carol canceled the order. She had, she announced, come down with something. ("Probably," Ethel decided, "a new man.")

Mollie brooded. She looked at the dress that so graphically translated her own contemptuousness into an insult in tangible form. The near-ultimate in nudity and hung with every obvious lure of the ages, it was a monument to tastelessness and a caricature of sex appeal. And now it would never fulfill its mission. Carol would not wear it and display her own absurdity; Sam would not see it and recognize the insult.

But perhaps . . . perhaps if Mollie herself wore the dress!

MOLLIE lingered a long moment in the Haversham hallway, garbed in her garish finery. She felt embarrassed and uncomfortable and shamed, but she felt no less determined. She had done her hair in the Carstairs manner, and her mouth and eyes were lushly painted, but she was by no means sure of the success of her efforts. She knew very few of the guests and they might not recognize the gag. But—she steeled herself with the knowledge—Sam Haversham would know what she meant. And suddenly she was surprised to find herself anxious to see Sam. She could, in fact, hardly wait to see him, and for a second she completely forgot her plan for revenge. Then she took a deep breath and stepped into the doorway. The room, down a pair of shallow steps, was crowded and formidable and gay. A few people glanced up at her, their eyes sharpening, and then more and more turned to look, and Mollie felt herself reddening painfully. She tried to stand very still and she prayed desperately that the panchromatic stuff on her face would hide the blushing.

Where was Sam? Why didn't he turn around from wherever he was and see her, so she could get out of here?

Very suddenly, there he was, close beside her. Then he pulled her back into the hall, his hand rough on her arm, and his eyes blazing down at her.

"You can tell me right now exactly what you think you're doing in that getup," he said. "Of all the small, stupid, cruel gags I've ever seen pulled off . . ."

HIS voice was cold, like a conscience, and he was in the right and she was in the wrong, and it wasn't at all as Mollie had intended. The tears began work on her mascara, and she gasped, "I know—but I had to do *something.* It's been so awful, ever since I came out here."

"It wouldn't be awful, if you'd take the trouble to understand your job. This would never have happened if you had taken the trouble to understand Carol—who is a wonderfully good and generous person."

"Why don't you go to her then?" Mollie demanded wildly. "Why don't you?"

"Because I don't want to." Over the tables and sofas in the hallway the guests' belongings had been lavishly strewn, and suddenly Sam reached out for and acquired a woman's hat. He perched it ridiculously on his head and turned back to her, but he was not smiling.

Very solemnly he said, "See the funny hat?"

"I see the funny hat."

"See what I mean?"

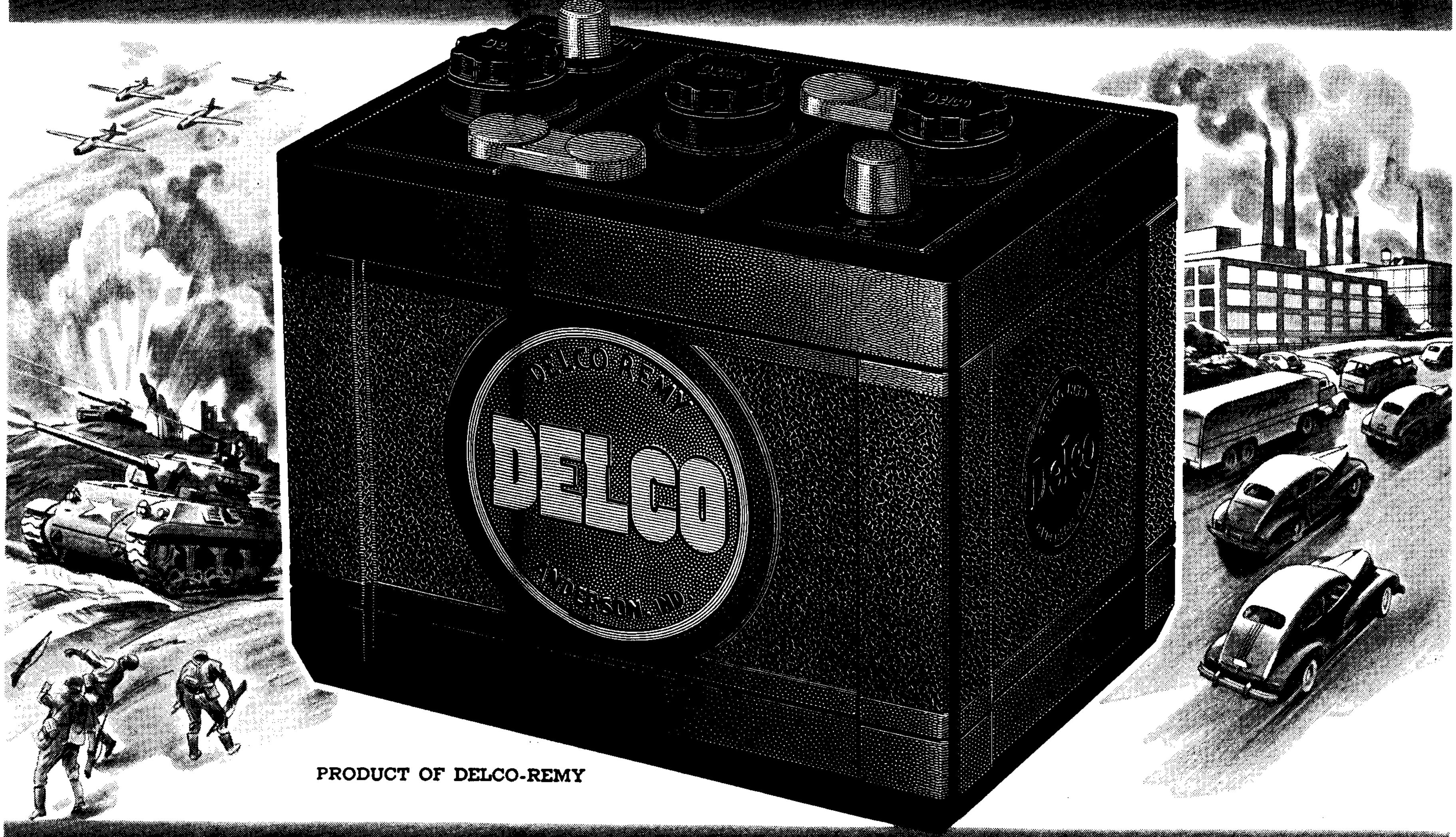
"No," Mollie breathed.

Sam tossed the hat away and prepared to make better use of his arms. "My point is—Mollie, my love—clothes have *very little* to do with it. They are interesting but nonessential. This is a great truth which I would have been happy to impart to you at any moment, had you ever given me the chance."

Mollie reflected that she always was one for wasting time. She stared at Sam, still inwardly unnerved by the horror of the past moment. He was smiling down at her, and she remembered telling herself once that Hollywood could even be a bearable spot once one got the hang of it. A very bearable spot, indeed. Then Sam's arm tightened about her shoulders and she ceased reflecting.

THE END

STARTING POWER
for a Mechanized Army



STARTING POWER
for a War-Working Home Front

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1 Add water regularly
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Delco batteries are today meeting the needs of the armed forces—in planes, tanks, combat cars, trucks and other military vehicles.

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REPLACE WITH A
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Delco batteries are built for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses and tractors. They are sold by 40,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

★ ***DON'T LET UP, OR YOU'LL LET A FIGHTER DOWN—KEEP ON BUYING BONDS*** ★

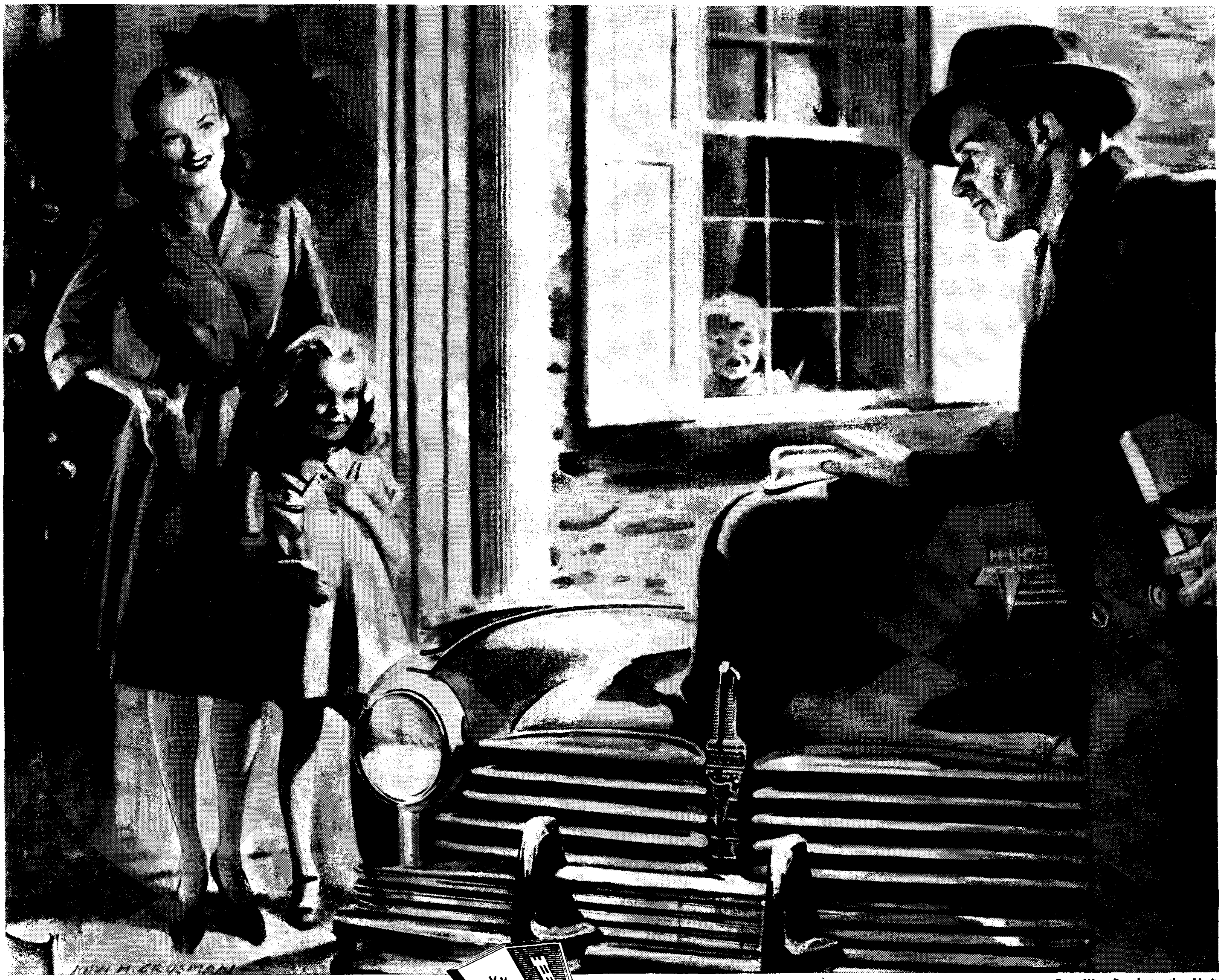
DELCO-REMY ★ WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

"Remember Christmas Three Years Ago?"

PERHAPS, when you first brought that gift car proudly home, you didn't dream you would have to drive it so long or so far. But this Christmas finds it still looking young and "running sweet"—still a gift to be proud of.

It has been a "good soldier"—serving your family and your country well, in the myriad homefront tasks that have made America's war effort possible. And if you feel as countless other Hudson owners do, you are glad you chose a Hudson.

America's cars still have a long road to travel, but we are confident these Hudsons will "take it in their stride." We believe, too, that because of war-proven reliability and economy, more and more motorists will look to Hudson after Victory for cars of exceptional workmanship, quality and style.



Buy War Bonds to the Limit

The Hudson Triangle, long an identifying mark of Hudson motor cars, has come to be respected as a symbol of progressive engineering and painstaking craftsmanship . . . qualities that have been further emphasized in Hudson's performance of important and exacting war assignments. When cars can be built again, this emblem will identify outstanding Hudsons from the combined war and peacetime experience of this veteran organization.

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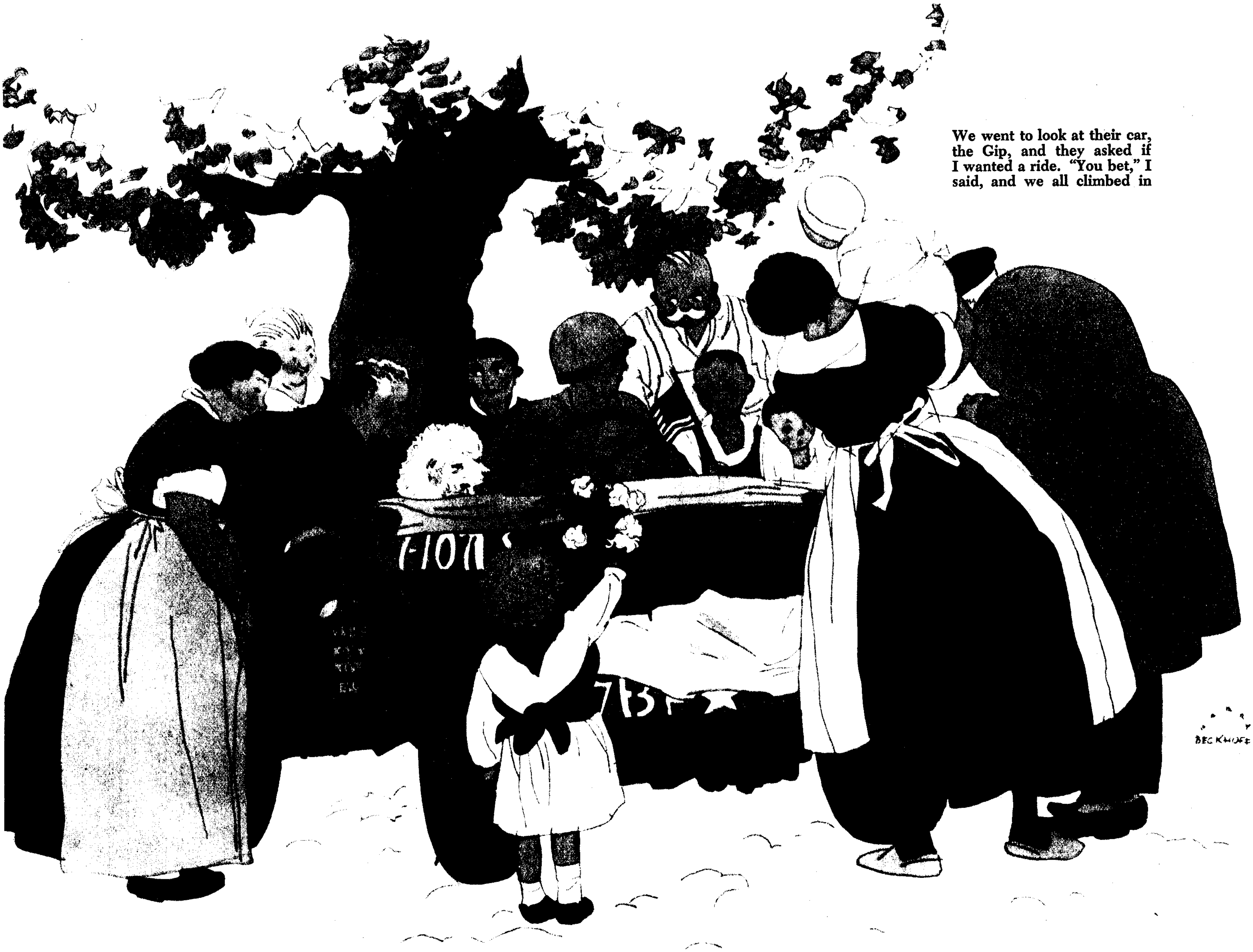
MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

35 Years of Precision Manufacture

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION



We went to look at their car, the Gip, and they asked if I wanted a ride. "You bet," I said, and we all climbed in

LIBERATION, GLORY BE!

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Here follows the second of two articles by the distinguished American author describing her experiences in the remote French town of Culoz, during the final weeks of the German occupation

REALLY most exciting are the Robin Hood activities of the Maquis. Night before last they came into the town, and they visited three of the principal shops whose owners aided and abetted the Germans, and from one they took his car and fifty thousand francs, from another they took all his hidden provisions, quantities of macaroni and oil and twenty-five thousand francs, and now all the rest who have either profiteered or been for the Germans are naturally most nervous.

The Maquis are using this money to help the villagers whose homes have been burned by the Germans. They say the friends of the Germans should pay for the victims of the Germans. And then there are the shopkeepers who are on the border line between friend and enemy, and they are frightened; and then there are the type of old grumblers who always find everything the young generation do frightful, and naturally they have talked too much against the Maquis and they are worried; and then there are the decayed aristocrats, who are always hoping that a new regime will give them a chance and they are the most furious of all against the defeat of the Germans. They, and the decayed bourgeoisie, who feel sure that everybody but themselves should be disciplined. I had a row with one of them on the street last night and my parting word in a loud voice was that she should be more charitable, using it in the American sense of charitable in thought; and the whole population laughed because she is notoriously not in deed, and everybody thought naturally I meant that, but, of course, I did not.

It is like in the last war, all the pacifists were for Germany. I used not to understand but I am beginning to now. The feeling is that all that makes for liberty and liveliness is against those that either by weakness or by strength want to suppress the others and so the Germans, who are the archdisciplinarians because both of their weakness and their strength, they want to stop liberty. So those others who want liberty suppressed because liberty is a criticism of them are pro-German. . . .

It is funny, really funny. The Maquis have taken charge of Culoz, they have put up notices under the heading of the Fourth Republic telling the population what to do, and all the time there are twenty-five German soldiers at the station as frightened as rabbits. They stay out only long enough to buy their provisions and retire back to their station. Across the river there are still fifty to two hundred, but nobody does seem to pay any attention. The Maquis do not even take the trouble to gather them in. But they will, so they say; and put them to work.

I like their calling it the Fourth Republic; the French dearly love a new form of government. They do love a change; they might have thought that the Third Republic was just going on but not at all, there was an in-between, the dictatorship or the oligarchy of Vichy, so you just could not have it the Third Republic, it has to be a Fourth Republic. There have been so many these last hundred and forty years . . . three different varieties of monarchy, two empires, three republics, one commune, one oligarchy and dictatorship, and now, here we are at a Fourth Republic and everybody is pleased. It makes them feel gay and cheerful.

Even though the Germans are still here, the Maquis have taken over the victualing of our town as they have done in all the region. They are distributing lots more butter and cheese than there was. They take all that was being prepared in the dairies for the Germans.

"Look," said the cook excitedly, "it is butter, done up in tin foil. Oh, it was prepared for those dirty Boches, for the evil birds, and now we have it. Come quick, Madame, and taste it!" She is keeping the tin foil as a sacred souvenir, the first spoil from the enemy. "Ah," she said, "they made us cry since '40 and now they cry."

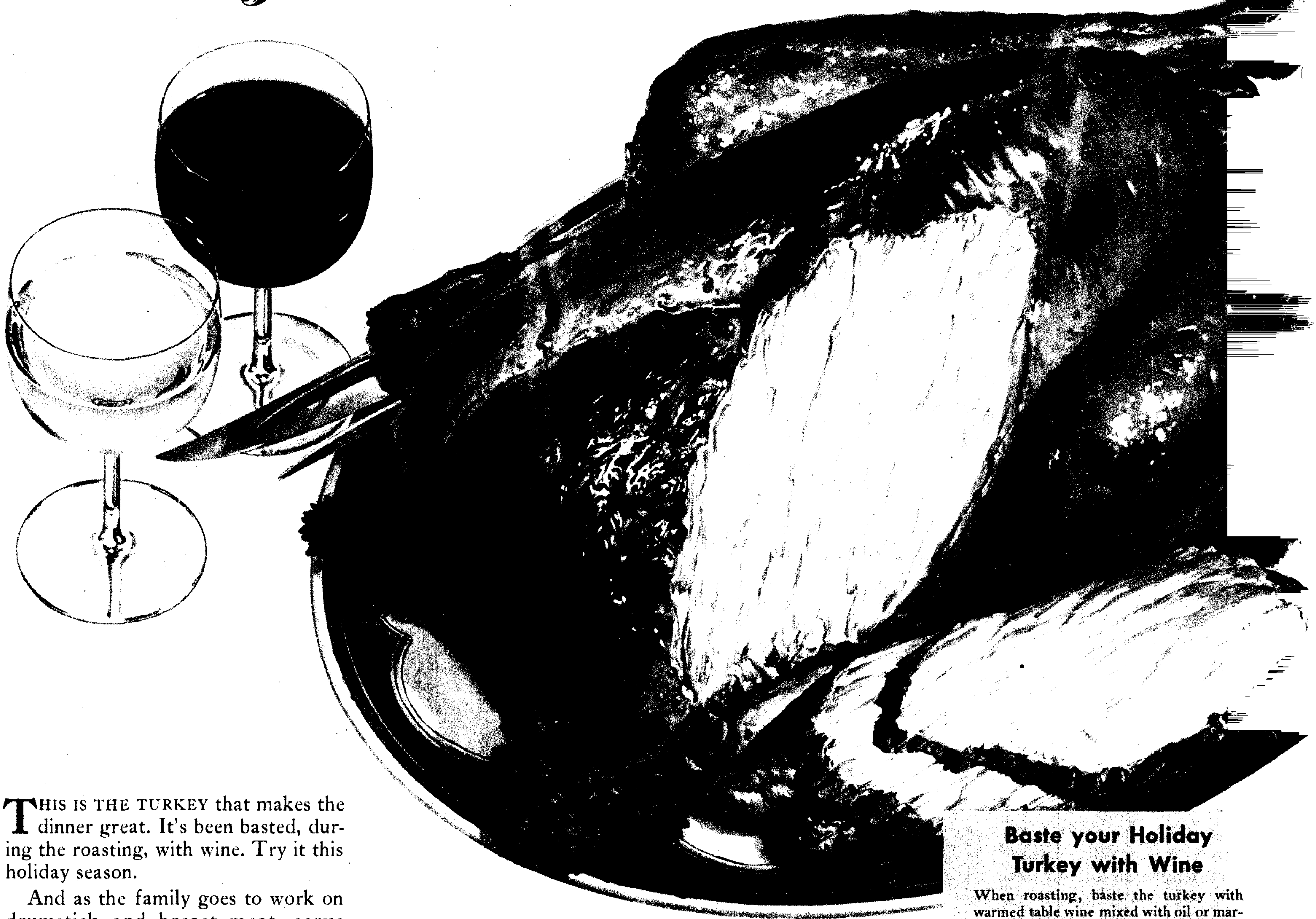
Naturally it is difficult to get medicines, even the Germans have not much of that, so the Maquis cannot take it from them, so everybody is going back to old herb remedies. The old people are always being consulted to remember what they did when they were young. For bruises you use wild verbena pounded, and for disinfecting and reducing swelling, application of the petals of the Easter lily preserved in eau de vie, and foot baths of boiled ivy. . . .

Today we are most awfully excited because the Allies have just made a landing in the south of France and we will be on their

(Continued on page 74)

As giving goes with Christmas

Wine goes with Food



THIS IS THE TURKEY that makes the dinner great. It's been basted, during the roasting, with wine. Try it this holiday season.

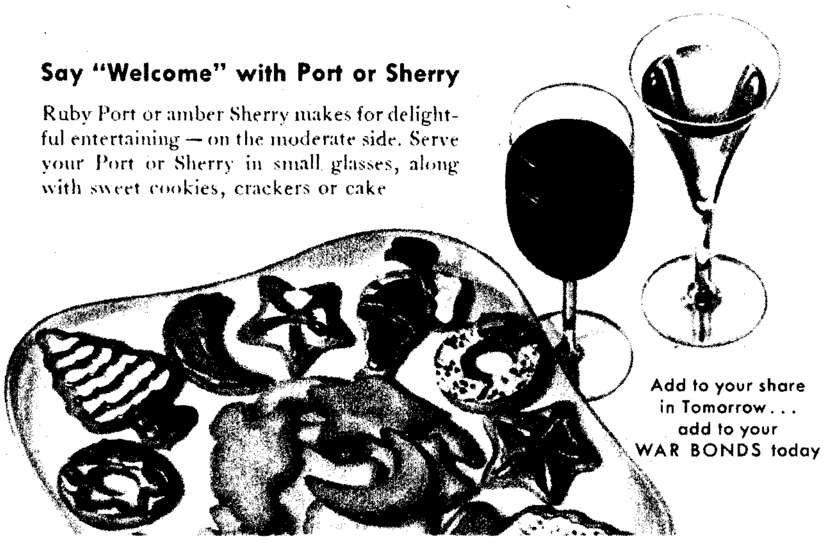
And as the family goes to work on drumstick and breast meat, serve glasses of the same good Sauterne or Burgundy you used in basting.

The result, you'll find, is first a perfection of taste and tenderness in each morsel of meat. And second a flavor harmony that brings out the natural goodness of any food on the table — that adds an extra pleasure to the year's most important dinner.

We would like to introduce you to other taste-pleasing dishes in which food combines with wine — dishes to enjoy throughout the year. May we send you our new *free* recipe booklet? Write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

Say "Welcome" with Port or Sherry

Ruby Port or amber Sherry makes for delightful entertaining — on the moderate side. Serve your Port or Sherry in small glasses, along with sweet cookies, crackers or cake



Add to your share in Tomorrow . . . add to your WAR BONDS today

Baste your Holiday Turkey with Wine

When roasting, baste the turkey with warmed table wine mixed with oil or margarine—about ¾ cup wine to ¼ cup oil. A red table wine like California Burgundy or a white table wine like California Sauterne is excellent for the purpose. And you may serve the same wine *at* the table —the Sauterne well-chilled, the Burgundy at room temperature

Go North, Young Man!

Continued from page 12

Insull utility empire. One of his principal allies was a young politician named Owen Brewster, now United States Senator from Maine.

In all these causes, Gruening occupied a strictly middle-of-the-road position. He denounced interference in the affairs of Latin-American countries by American banks and industries, but he also warned of the deteriorating influence exercised by Communists and extreme radicals. In 1924, Gruening took a leading part in the Presidential campaign of "Battling Bob" La Follette, and eight years later he was an active supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

One of the new President's first acts was to send Gruening to Montevideo as adviser to the United States Delegation to the Inter-American Conference. There the policy of the "Good Neighbor" became the official policy of the United States government. A year later Gruening was appointed director of the newly created Division of Territories and Island Possessions, in the Department of the Interior. This took him to Alaska on numerous inspection trips, and he became an enthusiastic advocate of the future ahead of the vast arctic outpost.

In 1939, President Roosevelt named this booster for the land of Boreas to be governor of the country's largest Territorial possession. A few months ago he appointed Gruening to another four-year term, and the appointment was unanimously confirmed by the United States Senate.

In his arctic domain, Gruening is an exponent of "the strenuous life," once championed so ardently by Teddy Roosevelt. He hikes up the lofty mountains which tower behind Juneau, and he and his wife, the former Dorothy Smith of Boston, go swimming in the chilly waters of the Inside Passage. Congressional visitors dip in one toe, look up at the glaciers which nourish the fiords and then decide to do their bathing back in the Executive Mansion in the bathtub.

The Generals Couldn't Take It

Gruening is chunky and strong. On a hike up the slopes of Mount McKinley National Park with Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner and Lieutenant Julius Edelstein, aide to Admiral Leahy, the governor made both his companions holler "Uncle!" before he consented to rest. He eats big meals with lots of meat and smokes a dozen fat cigars a day. Alaskan meats—moose, reindeer, caribou, mountain sheep—are among his favorites. All his annual reports to Secretary Ickes emphasize the condition of the Territory's nomadic reindeer herds.

Gruening especially rejoices in the fact that two thirds of the 162,071 reindeer in Alaska are owned by Indians and Eskimos. He has learned the language of the natives and he spends a large portion of his time visiting their villages. He is particularly angered when he sees a cafeteria or hotel in an Alaskan town with the sign "We Do Not Cater to Native Trade." He hopes the coming session of the Territorial Legislature will enact a law forbidding discrimination against Indians and Eskimos.

"The ancestors of these people were living here when the first white men came to Alaska," Gruening once declared indignantly. "They saw Baranof and Vancouver and Bering and all the other explorers land on Alaska's shores. How in righteousness and justice can we shun them in their own homeland?"

But the governor's principal interest now is the development of Alaska by the veterans of World War II. He has great hopes for Alaska as a tourist center. Frequently he has pointed out that Alaska has higher mountains than Switzerland, more fiords than Norway, finer fishing than California, better hunting than Ontario.

"The kind of tourist business to which Alaska is entitled," he said recently, "would employ thousands of people and would be highly appropriate for returning servicemen, particularly those who have been on duty in Alaska. They could combine guiding, ranger work and the management of small camps and lodges, of which Alaska can use many hundreds."

Soldiers all over the globe have written Gruening asking advice on how and where to settle in Alaska. This interest encourages him. He kept in his wallet a clipping from Yank, the Army Weekly, telling that Sergeant William Koeninger of Chillicothe, Texas, had selected an upland lake along the Alaska Highway as a place to open a tourist camp.

"That's the kind of specific plans we need," the governor said. "Alaska will be the tourist mecca of the Western Hemisphere. Airlines have been developed by the Army and Navy. Alaska is on the direct route to Russia and the Orient. One highway already leads overland to Russia, and I am sure that other roads and perhaps even a railway will be constructed as postwar projects. Thousands of men and women will see Alaska's scenery and they will choose for themselves places to locate in the Territory."

The arrival in Alaska of the first Army nurses was warmly applauded by the governor, as well as by the G.I.s. He has always deplored the fact that Alaska has nearly three white men to every white woman. He also believes that the soldiers who have disliked their Alaskan service have been influenced mainly by the absence of female companionship.

"Had I known I was causing you fellows so much inconvenience . . ."

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF

"Alaska needs families, real families," Gruening has said many times. "I believe that a lot of soldiers will want to come back here with their wives after the war is over. I always am glad to see nurses, schoolteachers, stenographers and girl clerks come to Alaska. They get married and that adds to the wealth of the Territory, for the value of any land is in the homes and hearths it maintains."

However, the governor has often warned that pioneering in Alaska is not a bed of roses. Few of the rural areas have electricity. Indoor plumbing does not exist on a frontier. Clearing brush and stumps from virgin land is the hardest kind of work. Lonely surroundings and the prolonged winter darkness present stern psychological handicaps. The North can strike swiftly and savagely against its challengers. An entire patrol of Mounties, veterans of the Arctic, once perished on the Yukon trail from Dawson to McPherson.

"There is ample opportunity in Alaska," said Governor Gruening to a group of Congressional visitors at Juneau, "but it is not opportunity of the magic-carpet variety. Neither is it opportunity involving great wealth and sudden riches. No longer can a man kneel on the edge of a creek and sift out a thousand dollars' worth of nuggets in a few days. The opportunity in Alaska now demands persistence, elbow grease, a rugged physique and the willingness to forgo many of civilization's pleasures and comforts."

Three main areas offer a chance to farm. They are the timbered Kenai Peninsula, the Tanana Valley near Fairbanks and the Matanuska colony, where 200 families cultivate 80-acre plots in the shadow of Mount McKinley. The growing season is approximately 115 days. All crops common to North America will thrive except corn, tomatoes and the orchard fruits. American soldiers on duty in Alaska have eaten strawberries as big as a fist and potatoes the size of elephant's ears. Last year Alaskan farmers sold the Army $750,000 worth of produce; the Army would have bought more had it been available.

Yet Governor Gruening has warned that agriculture in Alaska will never be on a stable basis until marketing arrangements have been worked out which will enable Alaskan settlements to get many of their products from near-by farms instead of from far-off Seattle. "I know of instances," he has said, "in which peas or beans have been transported 1,200 miles from Puget Sound to Alaskan towns that could actually buy their vegetables from local Alaskan farmers."

Blame for this situation has been charged by Gruening to wholesalers who insist that they furnish every item sold by Alaskan merchants. In fact, Seattle and the Canadian prairie city of Edmonton are now engaged in a furious economic battle over Alaska's trade. Seattle was once the only gateway to the Far North, but the new air route pioneered by the Army now takes off from Edmonton. This is the series of wilderness fields via which planes are delivered to Russian crews at Fairbanks. The Alaska Military Highway connects these fields, and so for the first time since the thinly clad cheechakos traveled northward to seek gold in '98, Seattle has a rival as the portal to the Arctic.

Gruening is opposed to absentee ownership of Alaskan resources, regardless of from where it stems. He has frequently criticized the employment of nomadic workers who earn money in the Territory and then go "Outside" by boat or plane to spend it. The election of Bob Bartlett as Alaska's delegate in Congress inspired Gruening to a long cheer because both Bartlett and his wife were brought up in the Territory and got their education at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks. Bartlett, who is Gruening's closest friend, once panned for gold in the creeks near Circle on the Yukon River, and then was secretary to Delegate Anthony J. (Tony) Dimond, who will be sworn in next month as federal judge at Anchorage.

There are two definite schools of thought on the subject of Alaskan settlement. Tony Dimond, who has served longer in Congress than any other delegate in the history of the Territory, is sure that Alaska can rival the highly developed Scandinavian lands. He believes that Alaska equals Scandinavia in many resources and even surpasses it in others. For example, he contends that Sweden, with an agricultural population of 2,700,000 people, has less than half the farming and grazing area of Alaska. Doctor Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the noted explorer, backs up Dimond's contentions. In addition, Doctor Alfred H. Brooks, first head of the Alaskan Branch of the U.S. Geological Survey, long ago predicted that "Alaska in time to come will be the home of at least 10,000,000 persons."

On the diametrically opposite side of the question are those who maintain that Alaska has been "oversold" to the American people. They think that only about 8,500 men and women can be added to the population of the Territory in the years immediately following the war, with fewer than 500 of these on farms. This group advocates a slow bell on any plans for Alaskan development and colonization. Its members have not forgotten that the late Major General Wilds P. Richardson, for whom is named Alaska's largest military post—Fort Richardson at Anchorage—once cautioned against arousing false hopes about the economic possibilities of our vast northern bulwark.

Pioneer-Type Settlers Wanted

Governor Ernest Gruening exudes optimism over the future of Alaska, but he believes that the potential settlers must fully realize the difficulties they will be up against. "We don't want to encourage any arctic replica of the Oklahoma land rush," he said recently. "Yet neither do we want to be so cautious and deliberate that Alaska fails to take advantage of this great opportunity. If caution had always prevailed in every council, Daniel Boone would not have gone to Kentucky, and Lewis and Clark would never have seen Oregon. I think Alaska can support a considerably larger population. But the men and women comprising that population must be prepared for hard knocks, strenuous work, drenching rainfall, long hours of darkness and, in the interior, 60-below winters."

Postwar opportunities in the Land of the Midnight Sun, according to Gruening, will be highly diverse. He is sure that dairy farms and livestock grazing, commenced on a modest scale, can be conducted as successfully on the Kenai Peninsula or in the Tanana Valley as in many parts of Norway or Sweden. Fur farms, too, will thrive, he adds. Southeastern Alaska is mantled with a great green cloak of Sitka spruce, the best airplane wood in the world. Rafts of these lordly trees have been tugged 1,000 miles to Puget Sound for use in Mosquito bombers. Lesser forest species will support a pulp and paper industry producing nearly one fourth of the needs of the United States, in the opinion of Lyle F. Watts, chief of the U.S. Forest Service.

Governor Gruening thinks that a large permanent military establishment will be kept in Alaska after the war. He has not overlooked the fact that the late Brigadier General Billy Mitchell, our pioneer advocate of airpower, believed "he who holds Alaska holds the world."

"In postwar Alaska," the governor has pointed out, "there will be soldiers and soldiers' families. These people will require grocery stores, newspapers, barbershops, beauty shops, beauty parlors, movie houses, jewelry stores and bus lines. This means countless chances in business. Service shops and small businesses of all sorts will be needed. Alaska will be a place for a man with relatively little capital—perhaps $3,500 or $5,000. Opportunities of this sort are typically American in our best tradition."

Ernest Gruening and his wife have two of their sons, Hunt and Peter, in military service. They are both in the Army Air Corps; the elder pilots a B-24. A third son, Ernest, Jr., died in boyhood.

"My sons and millions like them in the armed services will be looking toward the horizons of the future when this war is over," the governor of Alaska has said. "I should want nothing better for my own sons than that they might be pioneers—whether pioneers in business, agricultural or professional life—in a new land on a new frontier. That is the opportunity Alaska offers our soldiers."

THE END

No Quarter Asked

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

A WOMAN can confuse a man at any age and that is as sure as God made little green apples. And God made little green apples all right. He made them to grow low enough on small trees so they would be easy to steal. Then He made Woman, and He stood back and waited.

Well, I never wanted to steal those apples. The whole thing started while Sally and Egbert and I were waiting at the side of the Center Theater to sneak in when they opened the big doors for ventilation.

"Who wants to see a silly old movie?" Sally said suddenly tossing her wild, dark hair back over her shoulders.

"The idea," I countered, "is not to see the movie. The idea is to sneak in without getting caught. It's adventure."

"Ho!" Sally scoffed, "if it's adventure you're after why don't we steal old man Ryan's apples?"

"Sure," Egbert chimed in.

I was silent a while. I was afraid of Sally. She was wild and loud and swift like the winds and the streams of her Irish homeland. In Sally I was now meeting Woman face to face—no quarter asked, no quarter given.

"What's so wonderful about stealing little green apples?" I offered, arrogantly. "Stealing apples is a kids' trick. They're probably wormy, at that."

"The idea," Sally mocked, "is not stealing apples. The idea is adventure. Are you yellow?"

"Me? Yellow? Ho? Who climbed up the steeple of the Presbyterian church and got his picture in the papers?" I asked.

"You," Sally chuckled, "because you couldn't get down!"

"Well," I admitted slowly, "no one else could even get *up*."

"This is different," Sally said, with a knowing wink at Egbert. "Old man Ryan's got a gun. He's a little touched, too."

"It's still a kids' trick," I said quickly.

"Yellow! Yellow!" Sally laughed and raced down the street.

I chased her into an alley and I caught her. It was dark and the stars were shining over us and the air was warm and sweet. She was laughing and her teeth sparkled in the faint light. Suddenly I wanted terribly to kiss her. I held her close, but she slid away from me.

"No coward can kiss me," she whispered. Then she ran off to where Egbert waited.

I walked back to them easily. Sally stared right at me.

"Coming?" she asked quietly.

"All right," I agreed grudgingly, "if you want to act like a bunch of ten-year-olds."

When we got to Ryan's we saw there was a light in the house. We crept into the back yard through a hole in the fence. Sally was close to me as we neared the tree and she whispered:

"They're magic love apples, you know. If you get one for a girl she will love you forever after. . . ."

"Who're you kidding?" I answered tough-like. But I thought, After I get the apples for you, Sally, I will hold you so close you can hardly breathe and I will kiss you so you will remember it all the days of your life. Then we will get married and no more stealing little green apples.

"You go up," she whispered as we got to the tree. "You're the best climber."

That made me feel as if I could take a little run and just *jump* up into the tree.

"We can't shake it," she murmured softly, her breath warm against my cheek. "Ryan'll be after hearing the apples when they fall."

"All right," I agreed. I took hold and swung myself up into the tree. The first big branch creaked a little as if it was rotten. I could see the house clearly now. Ryan was moving around and for a second I thought I heard a door open.

I climbed a little higher before I stopped. The clouds had raced away from the moon and I could see below quite clearly. Sally and Egbert were close together, whispering.

Quickly I began picking apples and stuffing them in my shirt and my pockets. I swore to myself I would give them to Sally, one by one, and make her kiss me for every apple.

My shirt was about as full as I could get it when I looked down. There was Egbert holding Sally in his arms and kissing her as easily as if he had done it every day of the week! And without any magic apples, either!

It made me sick and angry. I began throwing apples at them as hard as I could. They whispered loudly at me and then ran. In a few moments I heard them laughing softly together at the bottom of the garden next door. It drove me wild and I lost my grip on the tree and came down with a loud noise, breaking off two branches. I hurt my ankle and it was impossible for me to stand.

The next thing I knew Ryan was standing over me with his gun, his face red with anger.

HE TOOK me to the police and by chance the desk sergeant happened to know my father. He said my father was a fine musician and it was a disgrace for his son to steal apples. But he let me go. When Ryan kicked, the sergeant said he would hold him for attempted assault with a deadly weapon if he didn't pipe down.

When I got home, limping, my mother looked at me curiously:

"What's that in your shirt?"

"Apples," I told her. "Maybe I bought them."

"When you buy apples do they put them in your shirt these days?"

"This time they put them in my shirt. They were all out of bags."

I took the apples out slowly and put them on the table, one by one. What hard, green little apples they were!

My father said: "Since when do you have a taste for little green apples?"

"They were sweet for a while," I said solemnly. "They were magic love apples." I was angry and I didn't care how foolish I sounded. My father didn't laugh as I had expected. Instead he blinked his eyes and said: "Oh," gently, as if he understood.

The doorbell rang suddenly and I prayed it was not the police who had decided to fingerprint me.

But it was Sally!

My mother brought her into the living room and she stood there, her slim legs a little apart, her hands on her small hips and her face alight with mischief and excitement.

I tried to look angry. But now, when she was standing before me again, so alive, so wild and lovely . . . I got the same old feeling. I didn't care whether she had kissed Egbert or not. I wanted her to kiss me. It would be different, I told myself. With me, it would be different.

"I just felt it was my duty," Sally said, "to tell you it was my fault he got arrested."

My father knocked his pipe on the ash tray with a loud bang. "My son? Arrested?"

"I stole the apples," I admitted somewhat sorrowfully, as if I had become suddenly mature and a little wise. "A crazy man guards them with a gun. They rot but he won't let anyone eat them."

"No," Sally protested, "I dared him. When a girl dares a man . . ."

"Eve . . ." my father murmured with a half-smile.

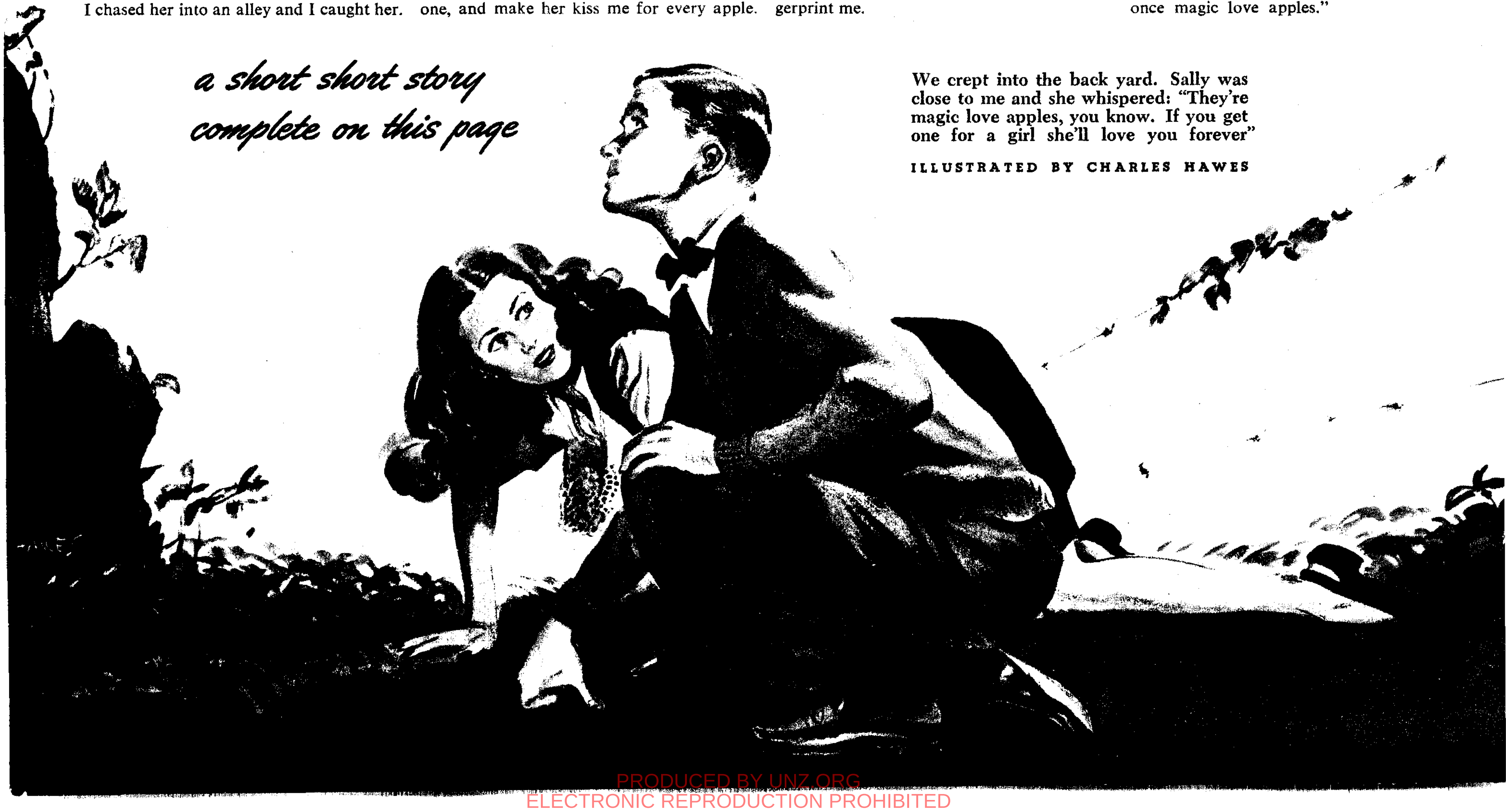
I know my face reddened, but I was not really ashamed. Sally stood in front of me, her head high, like a little queen of a wild, proud race. Devilish lights danced in her eyes and I knew now what it was all about. She was just contrary. She wanted excitement and she wanted me and Egbert and everything else. She wanted the whole world, full of singing and dancing and fighting and laughing and loving. I knew this and also that no one could ever have her to himself alone. I felt sad and lonely, but I understood.

There was a tense silence for a while. And then my mother cleared her throat and, looking at the apples, said quietly, "What shall we do?"

"About what?" my father replied.

"About the stolen apples, of course."

My father picked one up in his hand and regarded it with a wistful smile. "You might make a green apple pie," he suggested, and then added gently, "Remember they were once magic love apples."



a short short story complete on this page

We crept into the back yard. Sally was close to me and she whispered: "They're magic love apples, you know. If you get one for a girl she'll love you forever"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

The New Fire

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The Secret of the Red Army

Continued from page 14

Odessa. We traveled all day and well into the night right in the midst of the Red Army stream. Just ahead of us were two katushas —the famous Russian eight-barreled rocket weapon mounted on dilapidated Russian ZIS trucks. They were just two individual gun crews taking their weapons up toward the front. They moved at about the same pace we did, sometimes ahead of us, sometimes behind, depending on who had stopped last to fill his leaky radiator. Behind us for a time was a Kuban Cossack cavalry outfit with their red-lined caracul caps and flowing capes. In between were dozens of assorted trucks. In this procession there was no plan or order; each outfit was on its own.

We were driving into Odessa, near midnight, a city which was blacked out, under martial law, patrolled by roving bands of Partisans and liberated only two days before from the Germans. Neither we nor our escorting officers knew where we were to stay, and none of our drivers had ever been in the city. Nobody even knew the names of the staff officers we were to contact, but our drivers had been told that when they got to some point outside Odessa (location not specified), there would be a traffic-control officer who would give further directions.

Sure enough, at a crossroads so close to the city that you could smell the burned-sweetish smell of the still-smoldering slaughterhouse, our dim headlights picked out the figure of a chubby little Red Army girl who was directing traffic into Odessa. Our driver identified us. Yes, said the girl, she had our instructions: Drive down through the city to such and such a point and check with NKVD security headquarters, which would tell us where to go and whom to meet. These traffic-control officers actually operate something like sorters in a railroad freight yard.

Unorthodox but Workable System

As the Red Army columns near the front, officers with wide discretionary powers watch the plodding units. An infantry company appears, a mixed group made up in part of Red Army veterans and in part of new recruits picked up in just-liberated towns a few miles back.

The officer halts the company and singles out half a dozen graybeards, sturdy peasants but too old for front-line fighting.

"Give me those six men," he tells the company commander, "and give me half of your girls. You have twenty-five. You won't need more than ten or twelve."

The company commander turns over these people and is told to take his outfit on up the highway to another control officer who will give him further instructions. Ten miles up the road, the company is directed by the second control officer to camp in a near-by forest along with some other infantry groups and to await further orders.

The soldiers enter the forest, build a fire and brew some *chai.* They take loaves of black bread from their worn knapsacks and possibly a little sausage and cheese. If there are wild berries or mushrooms in the forest, they pick some. That is their mess—no rolling kitchens, no C-rations, practically no supply problem. If it is summer, they sleep in the open, because the Red Army has practically no tents. If it is winter, they bivouac in some little village, sleeping with the peasants in their cottages.

Back at the traffic-control point, the six old men and dozen girls have been directed to sit down beside the road for a while and, as more infantry outfits come along, the officer combs them out, adding to his collection of noncombat personnel.

When he has enough, he tells them: "Take the crossroad and follow it six kilometers until you come to the river. You'll find them building a bridge there. Pitch in and help."

All day and all night, this officer and scores like him sort out the units as they come along the highways—this group to go into infantry reserve, these two companies to merge into one, this tank outfit to go to a certain front sector, these men to start repairing the highway, these girls to help out at the field dressing station, this unit to move in with the railroad repair crew.

If there is a break-through attempt in progress at the front, the control officers will direct all artillery and katusha units to mass in that sector. At Tarnopol the Russians employed a terrific mass of artillery. The Soviet artillery general was asked how many guns he had.

"Oh," he said, "I used more than I ever had before. We had thousands of them."

"Well," said the Allied officer who was questioning him, "what calibers did you use?"

"All calibers," said the Russian.

"If it doesn't breach your security regulations," the officer said, "just how many guns did you employ?"

"It's not a question of security," the general replied. "But I can't give you the figure because I don't know what it was. I just took all the guns I could lay my hands on and lined them up against Tarnopol."

I was taken around the German fortifications outside Leningrad after the Russian break-out and I tried to find out what was the weight of the Soviet artillery barrage which had broken these positions. Three different Red Army officers gave me three different answers, and I thought they were deliberately trying to mislead me. After I heard the artillery general's statement I decided they'd used at Leningrad "all the guns they could lay their hands on."

I've often seen Russian tank outfits rolling along toward the front—very unmilitary-looking tanks with six or eight young Red Army boys and girls riding along the sides and possibly an old oxcart loaded with bedding and kitchen utensils hitched on behind.

One of our generals, seeing one of these curious outfits for the first time, got the crew into conversation.

"I suppose," he said in his best Russian, "that you're giving some of your pals a lift up to the front."

"Oh, no, sir," a grimy-faced little sergeant replied, "we are all members of the same crew."

The general blinked. "But there must be nearly twenty of you altogether," he pointed out. "How big are your crews?"

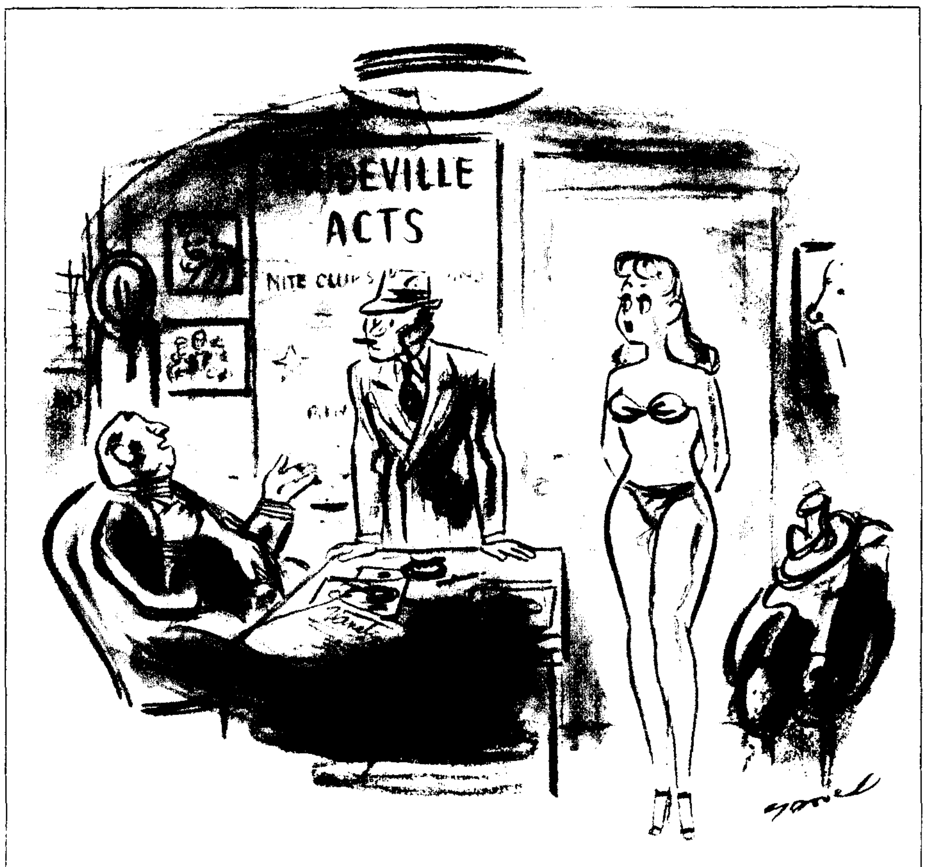
"Well," said the sergeant, "we run the tank and we fight with it. Some of us fight in the tank and some outside. We are all interchangeable. One day Josef drives the tank. If he's tired, Mishka takes over. If Mishka is tired, I drive the tank. Some of us are expert mechanics. We fix the tank if it gets hit. Naturally, sometimes we have casualties. There is always somebody here to take the place of anyone who is killed or wounded."

Under this system, the Russians have arrived at their own solution of the greatest problem with tanks: keeping them in action and getting them operating again quickly once they break down. Again, their solution obviates to a large extent the need of a huge supply train following the combat troops into action.

This particular tank was towing a six-wheel truck which had lost one front wheel.

The crew explained that their truck, loaded with shells, had slewed into a ditch about twenty-five miles back, losing a wheel. They were towing it along until they found a wrecked machine from which they could "cannibalize" a new wheel and start the truck along under its own power.

Improvisation, cannibalizing, and putting responsibility for supply and movement on the individual unit—those are keynotes of the Red Army's solution of forging a mass army out of poorly trained peasants and an industry which is strained to the utmost to provide the basic requisites for combat—guns and ammunition.



"I think the general idea of the act is a lulu. But just how are you going to represent Miss La Von as the 'Victory of the United Nations Over the Forces of Evil and Oppression'?"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

I spent a couple of days in the Crimea riding around in an American jeep—called "Vil-eez" (Willys) by the Russians—with a driver named Mihail who had fought at Stalingrad. Mihail looked like a Brooklyn cab driver but he loved that jeep like a baby. He felt it was a great honor to drive a jeep and a greater honor to drive an American correspondent.

Mihail frankly scared me. I had ridden several thousand miles in jeeps, but I never had a driver like this stocky little Georgian. Mihail sped over Crimean mountain highways as though he were trying to win the 500-mile Indianapolis race. He never looked at the road, which had been carved out of sheer cliffs and had been blown up at the narrowest points by the Germans. His eyes were fixed on the sides of the highway and lingered longest at the wrecks of the machines piled up at the constant succession of dead man's curves.

B. Brown
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As we approached a 90-degree turn with a clean 3,000-foot drop to the sea, he would slam on the brakes and slew the jeep to a halt only inches from the cliff edge. Before the jeep stopped skidding, he would hop from his seat, race to the skeleton of a half-track, fumble in its innards a moment, and then race back. I decided he was crazy—jeep-happy.

But gradually the jeep filled up with a collection of nuts, bolts, washers, inner tubes, grease guns, wrenches and what not. Finally, I got the idea. Mihail was his own supply officer and he was laying in spare parts against the day when he would need them.

In general, the Red Army supplies the bulk of the food, the bulk of the ammunition, the bulk of the transport, the bulk of the clothing to its men. But, if supplies are short, it is every man for himself. The Germans, in retreat, have been almost as helpful to the Russians in supply problems as we have with our vast aid-to-Russia program. Near Yalta one night, I ate a Red Army banquet at which almost everything except for caviar and vodka was taken from captured Nazi stores. The Red Army has artillery divisions equipped to the last gun with German matériel. On the southern front, at one time, I estimated after a careful count of vehicles that 40 per cent of Soviet transport was American, 30 per cent captured German, and the remainder Russian trucks and carts.

The Responsibility of Supply

"It is my responsibility," a young artillery officer once told me, "to see that my unit has sufficient ammunition. We carry our own shells behind our guns on trucks and carts. We get a certain amount from Russian supply depots, but this runs out. We are lucky because our guns are the same caliber as the Germans', and the Nazis leave plenty behind when they run. Sometimes, we are moving up to battle and we are short of shells. Well, we keep our eyes open. Maybe that night we camp near another battery, and its men sleep very soundly. . . . Next morning we go into battle with our quota of shells. After all, supply is an individual responsibility."

One of my first assignments in Russia was to report on the great massacre of Polish officers and soldiers in the Katyn forest. I noticed that these thousands of corpses were fully dressed, but the fact meant nothing to me. Many corpses wore winter overcoats and they all had their boots on.

"It is obvious," some of my colleagues said, "that this is a German atrocity. The Poles are still wearing their boots."

At first I thought this was a joke—a joke in rather bad taste. But that was before I saw the Red Army salvage squads on the battlefields, working over the terrain. The first thing a Red Army soldier does is to hunt for a pair of boots that will fit him. The Red Army man is on the march constantly and he needs more boots than his quartermaster can possibly supply him.

I watched a parade of some 58,000 German prisoners through the streets of Moscow last summer after the big Central Front break-through. It was a fascinating spectacle and not the least fascinating aspect was the footgear of the Germans. There were many barefoot Germans and many with their feet wrapped up in rags. There were also a good many Germans wearing shoes, G.I.-type, but hardly a Nazi who marched down the Mos-

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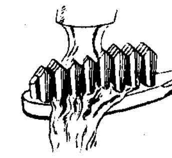

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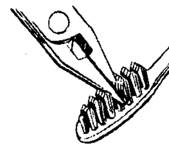

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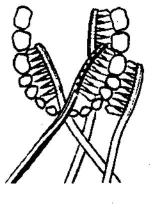


cow boulevards with his boots. Why? Well, Red Army men wear boots. They don't care for shoes.

Still, none of this explains the Red Army's problems of command and tactics.

Let's go back to those traffic-control officers. They sent the combat troops to camp in a forest to await orders while more and more combat units poured in. Perhaps a week or two passes, and then one day a caravan of staff cars rumbles down the highway and reports to the control officer.

"We," a major general says, "are the staff of the —— division. Do you have some troops for us?"

"Yes, sir," is the reply. "Up in that clump of woods you will find your unit."

Properly speaking, the staff will not find a "unit" but, rather, the cadre of a division. The staff will be made up, in part, of officers from various divisions, newly promoted, possibly around the core of command left from a division shattered in heavy fighting.

Naturally, a division formed in this manner is not a first-class fighting outfit because it lacks training and *esprit de corps*. But the Red Army has an answer for that, too.

In addition to these "mass" divisions, it has a hard core of elite troops. These are the Guards divisions, the outfits of battle-tested tankists, veteran artillerymen, demolition experts, sappers, specialist troops of all kinds whose experience was forged at Stalingrad, Leningrad, Kursk-Orel, all the key battles. These are the break-through troops who have cracked the toughest German positions and are thrown at them time and again. They know how to crack Nazi pillboxes and pulverize Nazi hedgehogs. They create the openings and drive through into the clear behind the fortified zone. Behind them follows up the "mass" army which subdues the Germans by sheer numbers.

I interviewed a Nazi colonel who belonged to one of Hitler's crack infantry divisions—an outfit with a record in France and in the early Russian blitz.

"Why did you retreat?" I asked him. "Didn't Hitler give you orders not to yield an inch? Did you disobey that order?"

"Our general," the colonel said, "regarded us as one of his best divisions and he wanted to save us for later battles. In spite of Hitler's order, he told us to retreat!"

"What happened?"

"We could not retreat. The Russians were too strong. They broke our perimeter defenses. Then they poured down on us like a flood. They seeped through everywhere. Before we knew it, there was no place to retreat. They were ahead of us, on both sides and behind us. We were drowned."

If you go to a Russian front four or five days after a break-through, you probably won't find any of these specialists there. Once they have opened up a hole for the "mass," they melt away into the void. They are no longer at the front. Actually, as you come up to the lines, you have met them, trundling their katushas, their M-34 tanks, their Russian "Long Toms" off to another assignment. A week later, a hundred miles away, the Red Army will make another break-through. The attack will be led by the same troops that made the break-through a fortnight ago, but now they will be a hundred miles away, either north or south.

These are the techniques which have enabled the Red Army to weather enormous losses and still keep pushing back a foe which has an army that any technician will tell you is better organized, better equipped than the Red Army.

Most Important Factor of All

There is one more factor which the Red Army has exploited to the fullest. This is the fundamental on which every army has been based since the Stone Age. It is courage.

I met a Russian Partisan once in a hospital in Moscow. He was telling me how his unit operated.

"It's not hard to kill Germans," he said. "You watch them and see when they leave their headquarters and where they go. Then you find a spot where you can wait for them, and when they come out, you aim your rifle and shoot. Sometimes you miss, but with a little practice, it's not too hard. I got eleven."

"When do you expect to go back to your outfit?" I asked.

"Well," the Partisan said, "it will be a month or two. They say it takes that long to get used to these artificial legs. Of course, it may not be so long for me. They say the younger you are, the quicker it heals. I'm only fourteen, and that gives me a big advantage over the others."

THE END

Death of a Dutch Town

Continued from page 21

it means to these people to watch their city and their safety being destroyed. In the most literal sense the people of Nijmegen have no choice but to take freedom or death. They have been freed, and that freedom has not been cheap.

The civilian side of this war is in many ways the most pitiful, though everyone becomes hardened to suffering, and finally to be combat troops is really harder than anything else; to be young and long away from home and always uncomfortable and with no immediate future except dealing with death and trying to avoid it.

The Dutch folk of Nijmegen, to whom this now routine life of war came as a grim surprise, do not complain. They are ignorant of all the techniques that soldiers learn; it takes a while to gauge shellbursts and to know what is dangerous and what is not. The old people and the children have been pretty stationary in cellars for the last month. And that is no fun, whether it is the small cellar of your own beaten-up house or the communal cellars under the hospitals or the town hall. For no one likes to live in fear, and, if anything, it is more bewilderment than cowardice which seems so to numb the people now.

But the members of the underground organizations, the police, the Red Cross, the doctors, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and the civilian volunteers have no time for cellars and no mind for safety. Among other activities, the police and the underground have been busy rounding up the collaborators and tracking down German agents in the town. They put the collaborators in a big schoolhouse, which is pock-marked with shell holes, and they feed them as they feed themselves, and they await the return of the Dutch government so that proper trials may be held. The schoolhouse jail has the awful, familiar smell of dirty bodies, and the rooms full of arrested people look like the sad rooms I once saw in Prague where the refugees from the Sudeten had gathered to lie and wait for nothing.

The Dutch are not brutal to these people, and the prisoners are lightly guarded. One is always surprised to see what kind of people are arrested; one is most surprised by their apparent poverty. There are rooms with dreary-looking young women, ill, lying in bed with very small babies. These are the women who lived with German soldiers and are now the mothers of Germans. There are rooms of old people, who either trafficked with Germans, or worked for the Dutch Nazi government, or denounced, or in some way harmed the true Dutch and the country. There is a nun in one room, looking very frozen and unforgiving. And alongside her are two stupid, homely girls who worked in the Germans' kitchens, and were soldiers' delights as a side line.

But at this stage of the war and the liberation, it is to be noted that the little people—or should one say the little crooks?—have been caught; the real evil ones, the big enemies, are either safely away with the Germans or well hidden. Arresting collaborators is as much a part of cleaning up a town as is the maintenance of the sewerage system and the street sweeping.

Something should be said here about the

Dutch Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, who have impressed us all. They learn English in school and, unlike most school-learned languages, they can really talk the tongue. They have been invaluable as guides and aides. The girls work in the communal kitchens and keep the government buildings clean. The boys do a variety of errands and spend their spare time trying to find ways to volunteer in any Allied army. They are a marvelous bunch of kids and a credit to a great international organization.

Due to the fact that some of Holland is still German-occupied, it is impossible to write now about the Dutch underground. But it is possible to say that the Dutch people, individually and in their underground organizations, tried to help the Jews who, in Holland as elsewhere, were doomed. The penalty, as usual, for sheltering Jews, was death, and, nevertheless, the Jews who lived through all this are reappearing in the light of day.

One day we gave a lift to a thin, dark, worried-looking woman who worked in the Dutch Red Cross. She did not seem a particularly inspiring woman and she seemed unusually nervous—which, in perilous places, is always very unpleasant because the proper manners under such circumstances is a real or assumed calm. She was going to the civilian hospital to see her little girl. Her child, aged twelve, was badly wounded by shell fragments; her husband had been shot; her possessions had long since been confiscated by the Germans and now her house had been destroyed by shellfire; she worked twelve hours a day in the Red Cross and during lunchtime—unless she got a chance lift—she walked four miles to the hospital to visit her child. She was a Jewess. She had been back in the daylight for a month.

There were twelve hundred Jews kept in a concentration camp near Nijmegen. The Germans took them in freight cars to Poland. There was an SS guard, and one of these SS men, returning to Nijmegen, spoke to a Dutchman about it, and he said that he could not sleep for nights afterward and he thought he would have nightmares all his life. The Dutchman hoped he would.

Anyhow, these twelve hundred Jews, old and young, men, women and children, were taken to a rather nice-looking building and told they could all have showers. As they had lived in misery and filth for months, they were very happy. They were told to undress and leave their clothes outside; notably they were to leave their shoes. From vents which looked like air vents, the Germans pumped what they call "blue gas" into the clean white-tiled bathrooms. It appears that this gas works faster on slightly humid naked bodies. In some few minutes, twelve hundred people were dead, but not before the SS man had heard them scream and had watched them die in what agony we cannot know. Then the shoes were all carefully sorted and sent back to Germany, and before the mass cremations, all gold fillings and gold teeth were removed from the corpses.

For the Jews, the Germans meant death. For the rest of the Dutch—apart from the underground, which risked the usual hazard of imprisonment, torture and death—the Germans meant slow hunger and the destruction of their families. The Germans deported half a million Dutchmen between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five to work as forced labor in Germany, and for a year now none of these men have been seen or heard from.

There was one splendid comic touch: The Germans are fiends for paper—you had to have a pass for every move, a paper for rations, identity cards, paper and paper to burst a wallet—and they like to check their papers frequently. The Dutch forged these papers themselves, in quantity, and everyone who was doing underground work or simply escaping deportation had wads of false documents. Finally the Germans began to drown in their own paper; they could trust nothing. They admitted defeat, refused to recognize any documents, even their own, and solved the problem by simply arresting everyone for any reason whatsoever.

The Germans were also very shrewd in Holland in the taking of hostages and used this filthy weapon as a way to destroy the intellectual life and the leadership of the country. But that, too, they have done before; there has been little variety in the German technique of terror. A story with a moral should be short. Even the moral should be short. What best points the moral of this story is short.

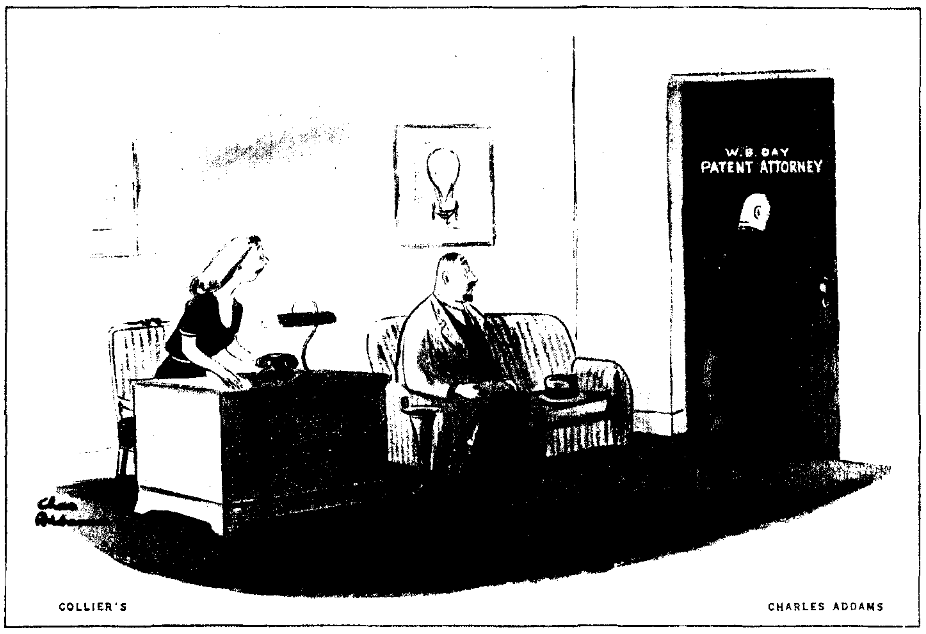
A Cargo of Tiny Bodies

In the basement of the civilian hospital—for Nijmegen has many hospitals but now they are full of wounded soldiers—there are corridors where the heating and water pipes run. These corridors are now wards because they are safe from shellfire. In one long corridor there are the wounded children, small white iron beds carrying a cargo of tiny bodies. The children are often too young to speak but in all cases they are amazingly silent. There is not much for the children to eat, no special little things to please them and make their pain easier.

There was one thin little girl of four, whom I remember beyond all the other small, tormented bodies. Both her arms were broken by shell fragments, and a shell fragment had been cut out of her side and another from her head. All you could see was a tiny soft face, with enormous dark eyes, utterly silent eyes looking at you, and the arms, like flower stalks, were strapped to boards, and the bandage around her head was almost as big as she was; and there she lay and would never be able to understand what had happened or what sort of world it was that could so hurt a little girl of four who had been playing in the garden of her home, as surely little girls ought to be able to play in all the gardens on earth.

The moral of this story is: It would be a fine thing if the Germans were never allowed to make war again. And then, you see, you would never have heard of Nijmegen and there would be no little girl with dark eyes, lying on a bed in silent pain.

THE END



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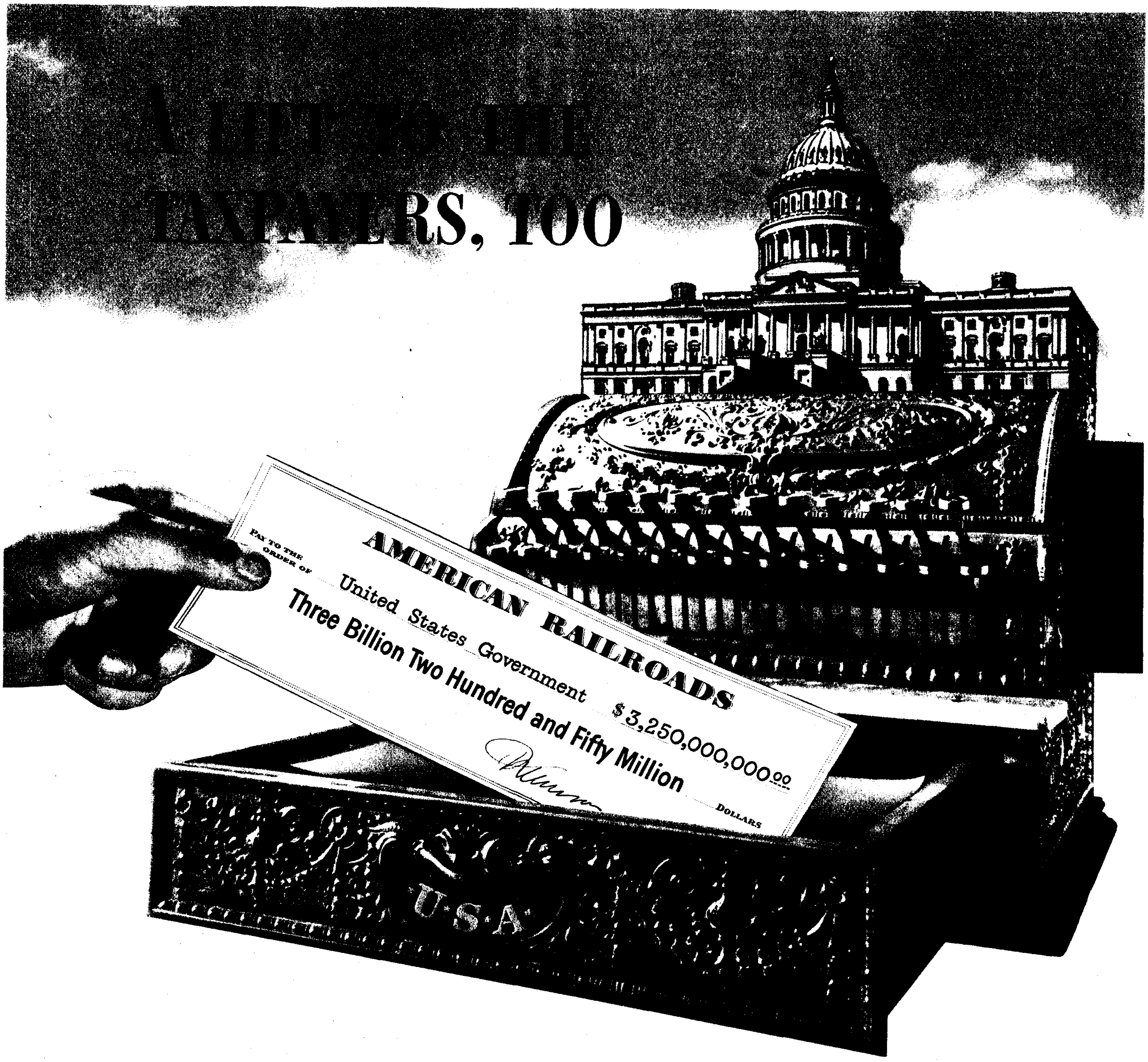

IN THIS WAR the railroads have done twice as big a transportation job as in the first World War.

But they are doing another job which may not be so well known, as is shown by these contrasting facts:

> *In the last war, the operation of the railroads took money out of the United States Treasury.*
>
> *In this one, the railroads are putting money into the Treasury.*

In the last war, when the Government took over the railroads, even though freight rates and passenger fares were raised, Congress had to appropriate over $1,600,000,000 to meet deficits.

In this war, the railroads have been managed by their owners. A far bigger and better transportation job has been done. And, since Pearl Harbor, the railroads have turned into the United States Treasury the tremendous sum of $3,250,000,000 in taxes — and today are paying federal taxes at the rate of nearly $4,250,000 every 24 hours.

And, on top of all this, the railroads in the same months since Pearl Harbor have paid for the support of state, county and city governments another $750,000,000 and are today paying state and local taxes at the rate of $800,000 per day.

That's five million dollars a day paid in taxes — ten times as much as the owners receive in dividends.

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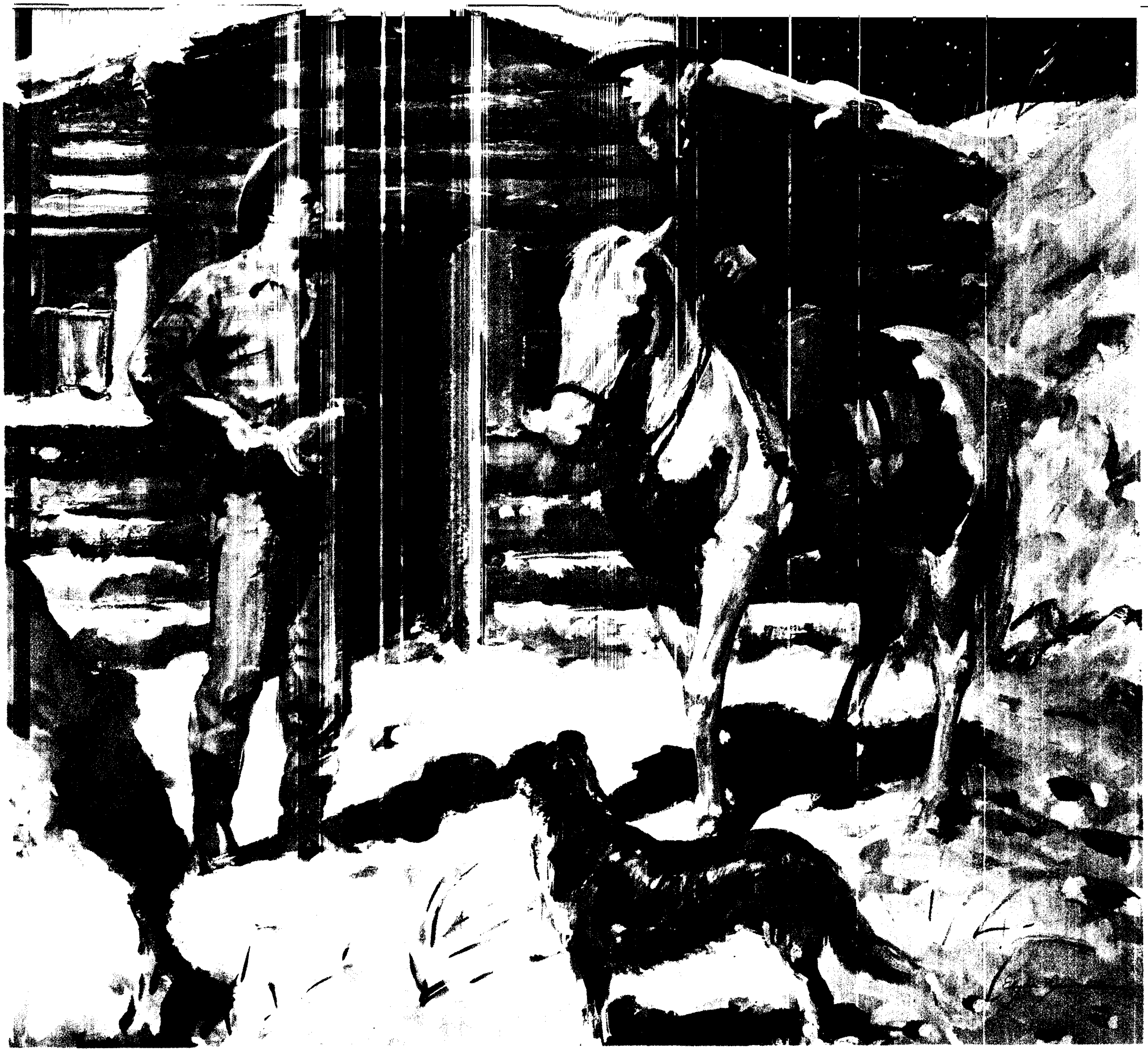


I heard Kate Hardesty call my name and I dived into my clothes and ran out. "Indians!" Kate said. "They shot father"

WHO FOLLOWS THE HUNTER

BY SIGMAN BYRD

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The great buffalo herds are gone now, and the buffalo hunters too. But Sebe Mowry's story will remind us what manner of men they were

IN THE fall before the winter of the last big kill I had me a dugout at the head of Kicking Squaw Creek, by a spring of good water with cottonwoods and willows growing around it. My one stripper was a Tonkawa Indian, who had skinned for me the winter before, when I killed the albino bull. Teho had never got over my refusing to sell the white hide to the Dodge City tanner who dressed it into a robe for me; the tanner had offered twelve hundred dollars for the hide, but there it lay, wrapped in oil silk, in my Saratoga trunk in the dugout. We sold two thousand hides in Dodge that year, but by the time we came south to the buffalo range of the Llano Estacado most of the money was in the tills of the bartenders, the pockets of the faro bankers, and the silk stockings of the gay ladies of Dodge and Sweetwater. If I had sold the robe, we could have bought wagons and hired skinners and made the biggest hunt since we'd crossed the Cimarron. Teho was always reminding me of this by asking, "Sebe, what you do with white robe?"

I can't say for sure why I wouldn't part with it, except that it was rich and silky and warm and the most beautiful thing I'd ever owned. But I'd always answer, "I'm keeping it for the woman I aim to marry, you damned cannibal," and let it go at that, although if there was a woman on the plains fit to touch the white robe, I had never yet seen her face.

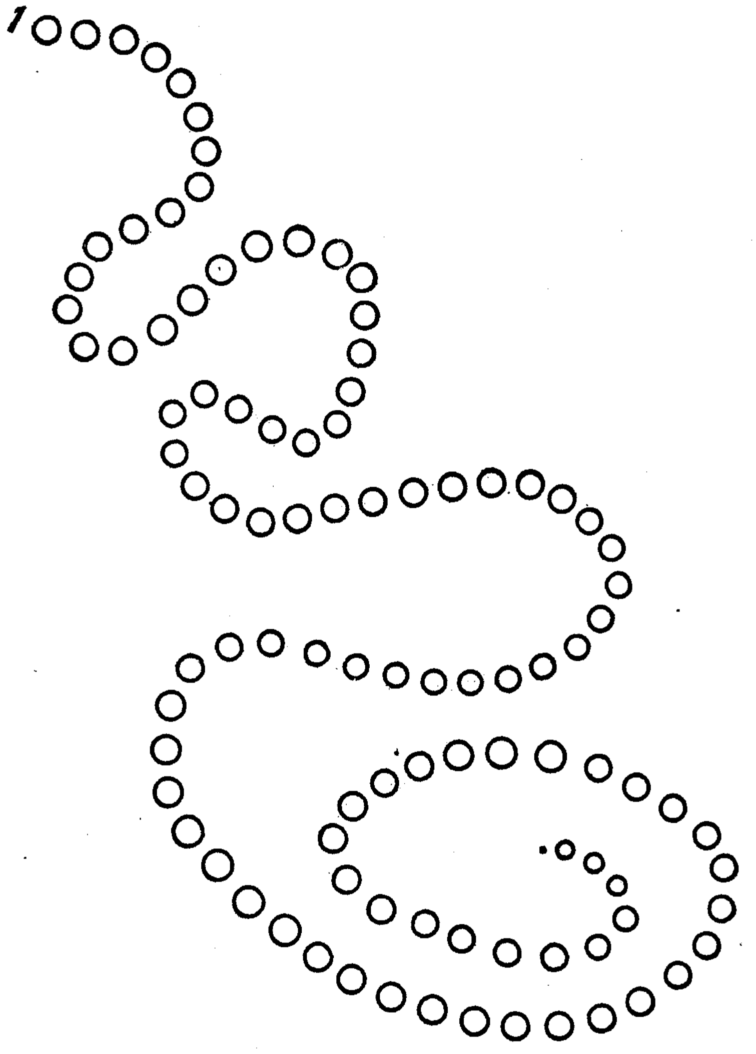
But I was not studying women now, for the big herds had not yet come south, and there was no money for the city. We had less than a hundred hides cured, crimped and poisoned, and only about fifty green hides pegged out. So the morning I got the big stand I felt plenty skookum, as Teho would say.

I was riding Sam, my condemned claybank cow pony. The sun edged over the rim of the llano, and our shadows grew shorter on the curly grass. Just before I got to the breaks of Cold Spring Fork, I saw a grazing herd of more than a hundred buffalo.

Sam widened his nostrils. I got down and picked up a handful of dry grass and sifted it through my fingers. The wind was a little west of south. I took my Sharps from the saddle scabbard that I had made from the legs of a pair of old boots and walked southeast, keeping my feet close together so the herd wouldn't see light between my legs. When I was near enough to tell they were mostly cows I crept on my hands and knees through the grass. Two hundred yards away a cow raised her head. I sprawled and crotched my rifle in my stocks.

I took my time, so as not to overheat my rifle, and in a minute I had a stand. The air was blue with smoke when I saw a horse and rider come up out of the breaks from the west. It was not Teho, for, although we had mules and oxen, Sam was our only horse, and he was behind me. I kept on shooting at the big tawny sides of the milling herd, thinking that if the rider came any closer I would let him have one through his hat.

From the corner of my eye I saw the stranger put his horse into a run, heading straight for the herd. I raised my rifle and fired at him, missing because I had not changed my sights. He came on, taking off his hat and



This is a googol

In case you don't recognize it, a googol is 1 followed by a hundred zeros. That's no small number, as you will realize if you consider that the raindrops falling on Chicago in a century amount to less than a googol. (So we're told by Kasner and Newman in "Mathematics and the Imagination.")

When one is dealing with *such* figures, accuracy is not to be expected. What are a few million raindrops more or less?

But the case is different when figures are used by Business and Industry.

These must be accurate: Figures on profit and loss, sales and markets, production and inventory, payrolls and cost accounting. For Management's decisions and policies cannot be sound unless they are based upon the objective interpretation of accurate, up-to-the-minute *facts* and *figures.*

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ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES AND METHODS

waving it, yelling in a high, clear voice. The herd went hogging off toward the east, with the crazy rider behind them.

But I didn't shoot again, for I had seen the rider's long hair streaming in the wind. A heap of hunters wore their hair long—my own was like the mop on a stub-horn bull, only darker—but this hair had a pale golden color, and it shimmered in the sunlight. When the horse wheeled in the dust and started toward me I pulled off my own hat, for I knew the fool stranger was a woman.

She reined up six yards from me, her pinto pony nervous from the smell of powder and buffalo. She wore gray jeans stuffed into high-heeled boots and a fringed buckskin jacket open at the neck. "Sorry I had to stop the slaughter," she said.

BUT for what she had done, it would have been a pleasure to watch her winding her bright hair into a knot and pushing it into the high crown of her hat. Her eyes were bluer than summer sky, and her skin was soft, with a kind of glow. She was trying to make her mouth look firm, and having a time of it, for the lips were full and gentle.

But I had killed maybe twenty buffalo out of the entire stand. "If you're sorry," I said, "why did you do it?"

"You were shooting toward my cattle, yonder on the creek."

"Cattle!" I said. "You're a long ways off the trail if you're driving to Kansas. That creek is the Cold Spring Fork of the Red River."

She smiled the sort of smile you give a child or a lackwit. "We're not driving to Kansas. And my father has renamed Cold Spring Fork. We call it Verity Creek."

Now, I had drunk many a pot of coffee made from Fork water and shot many a buffalo along its breaks. "Is your father from the government," I asked, "that he brings his daughter in pantaloons to the buffalo range and changes the names of rivers?" I pointed to the nearest carcass. "Maybe he calls that something besides buffalo?"

It came again, a smile a man would ride far to see, but a smile for a fool. "Those poor brutes you've been killing," she said, "are bison."

I could have scalped her and worn that golden hair on my bridle, but I tried a smile that said she was the simpleton.

"That's better," she said, riding closer and holding out her hand. "I'm Kate Hardesty, of the SH Ranch. Our headquarters are in the canyon at the head of Verity Creek."

Her hand was warm and hard, but not rough, and the touch of it tied my tongue.

"You're a buffalo hunter, of course," she prompted me.

I said my name was Sebe Mowry and my camp was on Kicking Squaw unless her father had changed its name.

She laughed. "No, Mr. Mowry, that's your range. See that you don't shoot any SH cattle, and we won't stampede any more of your bison." She raised one hand, wheeled her pinto, and put him into a lope.

When I rode back into camp, Teho was sitting on a tobacco box at the grindstone, putting an edge on his Wilson skinning knives and rippers. "How many kill?" he asked.

He could have read the signs of the herd and the other rider, so I told him about the girl.

Teho grunted. "Loco."

"I reckon so," I said. "The father, too. It's a pity about the girl, though."

"Maybe she like white robe," Teho said.

"She rigs herself up like a man," I said. "The woman I'm keeping the robe for must be all woman."

I NEVER hunted on the girl's range. From Cold Spring Canyon I allowed her three miles in each direction, the distance honest hunters allowed one another. The leaves fell from the cottonwoods, and the big herds moved down from the High Plains. I hunted mornings and skinned until dark, and Teho skinned all day. I tried not to think of the girl, but her shining hair and blue eyes kept coming to mind. The canyon was five miles south, and I could have called, for we were neighbors. But I didn't go.

One morning I jumped a herd of fifteen buffalo bulls, and there was a big longhorn steer grazing with them. It disgusted me some, how the sight of that rangy steer brought a warmth to my throat. But I let the bulls wind me, and when they started hogging I rode in and cut the steer out of the bunch. He was branded SH.

I tailed that steer to Cold Spring Canyon, and found the place so changed I hardly knew the spot. There was a four-room cabin of cedar logs under the north rim, and a sod shed behind it and ten horses in a pole corral. Down by the water was a fall garden, with pumpkins lying ripe among stacks of cane, and turnips, peas and cabbage growing as pretty as anything in Ohio. For a mile toward the east, where the canyon opened, the plain was dotted with cattle of all colors. I found a trail and pushed the steer down it.

When I reached the house, a Mexican in buzzard-wing chaps came around the corner, and I asked where his boss was. Before he could answer, a man with a light brown beard and grizzled hair came to the door and shaded his eyes. "Howdy," he said. "Why don't you light and stretch, friend?"

I got down, handing the reins to the Mexican. "I brought one of your steers home that had took up with the buffaloes," I said. "Mowry's my name."

We shook hands, and he said his name was Suf Hardesty. "We're fixing to eat. Come on in and line your stomach."

I said I would, for the sun was near noon, and I was hungry enough to eat hoofs. Suf and I went into the kitchen, and there was Kate Hardesty, in a pink and blue checked calico dress and a white apron, her hair braided and looped like new rope. The way I stared would have put many a woman out of countenance.

She gave me that smile of hers, and I remembered the blood and grease on my clothes. "Well," she said, "if it isn't the buffalo hunter."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, and her father told her about the steer.

"Father and I and four vaqueros drove eight hundred head up here from South Texas," she said. "But you did very well for a buffalo hunter." Then she went to the door and called out, "Stevancio!"

THE Mexican came in, and we men sat at the deal table. Kate went to the fireplace and dished up plates of peas and cabbage and set them before us, and then she brought a platter of venison steak. I hadn't tasted such food since I left Dodge City and said so.

Suf said I must come often. He told how he had lost most of his cattle in a flood down in the lower Colorado bottoms and how he had rounded up the rest and lit a shuck for the Panhandle. The canyon looked like a good shelter for cattle during blizzards, and so they moved in and named the stream for his wife, who had died when Kate was a three-yearling.

"Back on the Colorado," he said, "Katie had a job teaching school, but the flood carried away the schoolhouse."

I understood, now, how Kate Hardesty came by her tony ways, and I felt sorry for what I had said about changing the name of the Fork. "But how come you to decide on the Staked Plains, Mr. Hardesty?" I asked. "This is"—I came within a breath of saying Indian country—"this is buffalo country."

"That's what my other hands claimed, that went back to the Colorado," he said. "But cattle eat the same kind of grass as buffalo. There'll be more calves than Stevancio and I can brand, come spring. You ain't looking for a job, now, Mr. Mowry?"

I laughed. "How much does a green cow hand make?"

"About thirty dollars and keep."

I said, "I sold over two thousand dollars' worth of hides last year, but I'll think it over."

"At Fort Griffin," Kate said, "we saw a train of hide wagons a mile long going east. The plains were covered with bones, and it sickened me until we got here into the canyon. Before you hunters know it, there won't be any buffalo left to kill, and I'll be glad."

I said, "The hunters aren't killing the herds out, but only the increase. An old Cheyenne Indian told me that for every herd that's killed, the Great Spirit sends a fresh herd from a cave under the Staked Plains. Anyway, I aim to keep hunting buffalo a while."

Every Sunday after that I rode to the canyon on Verity Creek. But I didn't wear my hunting clothes again. I wore some buckskins that I had bought from an Arapaho Indian up in Kansas. After dinner I would sit in the kitchen, listening to Suf Hardesty tell about fighting in the war between the states, and all the while I would be watching Kate clean the plates and pots. It seemed to me she got prettier each week, and I ached for her father to finish his yarn and leave us alone. I wanted to tell her about myself and maybe convince her that buffalo hunters weren't as no-account as she rated them. But on each visit her father talked on and on until it was time for me to go.

In mid-December I sent Teho to Fort Griffin with a load of hides. I would not go, I had no more stomach for Frankel's and Meyer's butthead whisky or the girls at Bessie McDade's Palace of Sin.

To the list of supplies I wanted from Conrad's store, I added: *1 suit of clothes, size 44.* We loaded the hides on the Conestoga wagon and next day Teho yoked up the oxen and rolled south, to stop at Hardestys' for their supply list.

I KEPT on hunting and skinning while he was away, and by the time he got back, just before Christmas, I knew I was going to give Kate Hardesty the white buffalo robe. She could sleep under it or wipe her boots on it, but no other woman would ever own it.

The water was low in the creek on Christmas Day, but I managed to clean up some, for the weather was warm and clear. I trimmed my hair, shaved, greased my boots, and put on the new dark blue suit Teho had brought back from Fort Griffin. Then, with a sack of fresh tongues, hump steaks and a cut of prime ham on one side of the saddle, and the big oilskin bundle on the other, I rode off, and left Teho standing silently with a look that would have been a grin on the face of a white man.

There was stuffed wild turkey, pumpkin pie, and wild plum pudding for dinner at the house in the canyon, and afterward Kate's father opened a bottle of brandy he had saved. When we were through, I went out and brought in the robe, which I had left at the door, and unrolled it on the floor at her feet. Kate's eyes shone at the sight of it, and when she knelt to stroke the soft hair, my mouth got as dry as a buffalo chip. "But—" she said, "but it's too perfectly beautiful!"

"Not for you," I managed to say.

Suf had become confused over the brandy and began telling Stevancio a long, rambling story about the war. So we left the robe there and went out of doors together as if it were the natural thing to do.

We walked by the creek among the hackberry scrub and plum bushes and sat on a rock at the water's edge. I began telling her about the barn dances I remembered in Ohio.

"I know," she said. "It will be like that here when the buffalo are gone and settlers begin coming in."

"That may be a long while," I said. "Don't you ever get lonely, waiting?"

"Yes," she said. "Do you?"

"Men needn't get lonely, even in this country," I said. "I never did until you came."

She tried to change the subject to dances again, but I had to tell her about the robe. "It's not just a gift," I said. "I've been saving it for—well, for somebody special."

She looked down at the water. "I know," she said. "Teho told me."

I felt my face redden. She had known, the moment I gave it to her, what it meant.

"Kate—" I said, and stopped. She was looking at me with something I mistook for pity on her face. "You love somebody else?"

"Yes."

I could have killed the man. "Some cowboy, I reckon?"

"A cowboy, yes."

In Kansas I had seen trail drivers come in with a herd, and they would be so dusty that you couldn't tell what race they belonged to. But they would not drink with buffalo hunters. "I never knew any cowboys," I said. "But the finest lot of men I ever struck were buffalo hunters. Did you ever hear of Adobe Walls?"

She said she had. "Were you there?"

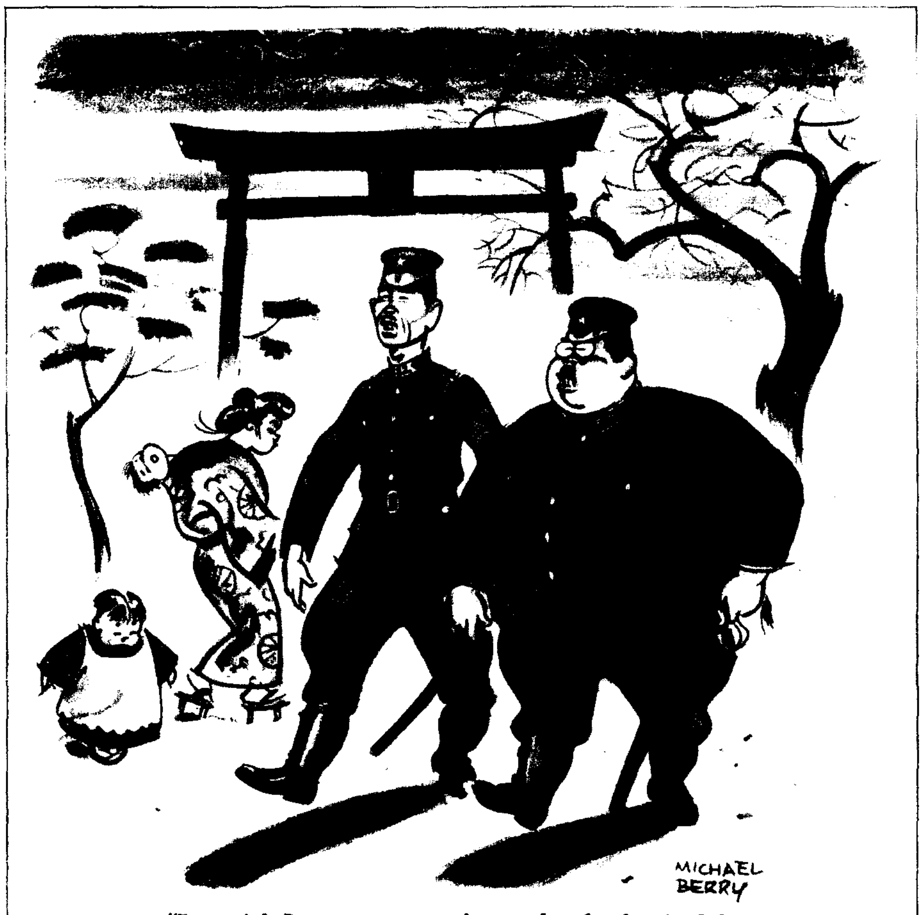
"I was there," I said. "I saw the Indians scalp the Shaddler boys. They would have scalped us all, but hunters know how to shoot."

She laid her fingers on my arm. "Sebe, I didn't mean to hurt you. You and those other men were brave, and what you've done is good. But the Indians are gone. It takes more than bravery, even more than strength, to build homes and towns on these plains."

"What does it take?" I asked. "Men like your cowboy?"

"Yes," she said. "Men like him."

I didn't tell her about the band of Kwa-



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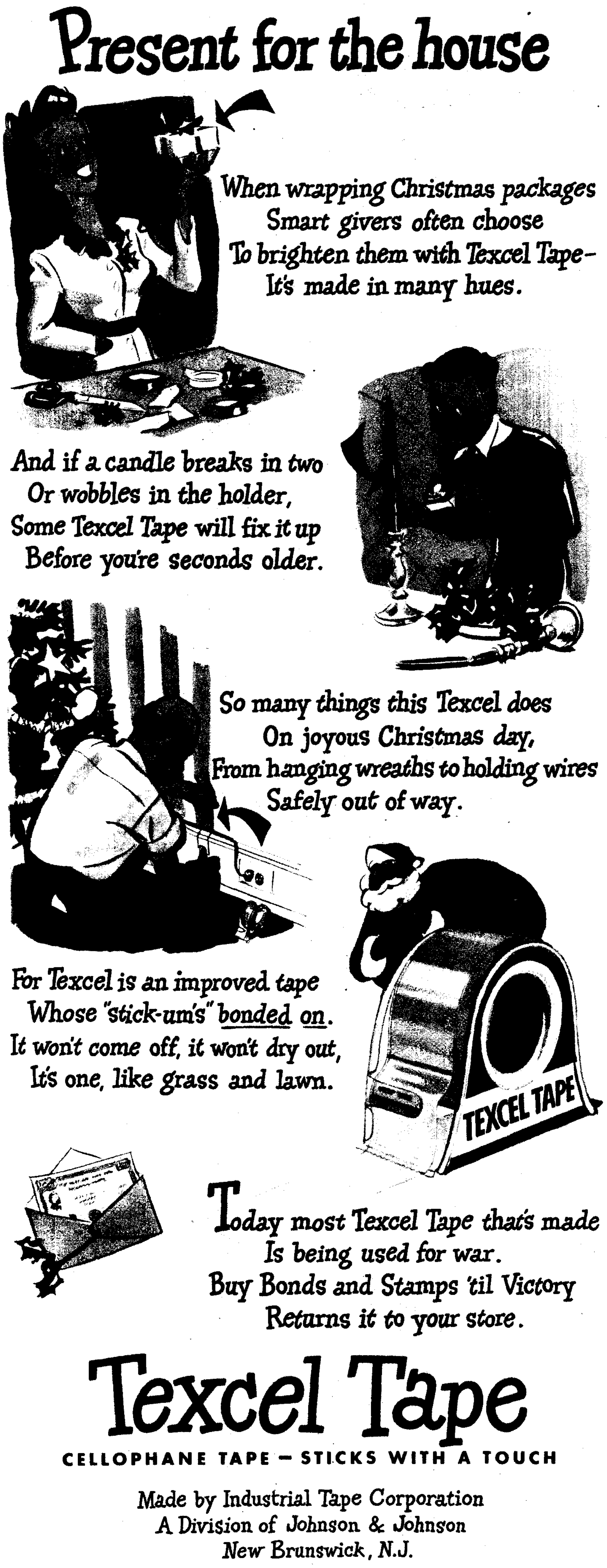

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hadis that had come into the plains from the reservation four months ago. Nor could I speak another word of the things I had ached to tell her. . . .

I did not ride to the canyon on Sunday. I hunted instead. It was cold, and most of the big herds had moved south. Teho wanted to follow them, but I would not go. Twice in the long nights I dreamed I was shooting into a herd of buffalo, and suddenly they were not buffalo but cattle. And after I had killed them all I saw that they were branded with my initials, SM.

A LIGHT snow was falling Thursday night when Teho and I turned in. I lay sleepless under my robes until I had decided to go to the canyon on Sunday. Then I slept.

I woke hearing Kate Hardesty call my name. "Sebe!" she cried, her voice muffled by the walls of the dugout. "Sebe Mowry!"

I dived into trousers and boots, pulled on a flannel shirt, and ran out. It was cold, and the ground was white under a high full moon. Kate had her man's rig on under a fleece-lined coat, and she was riding her pinto.

"Indians!" she said. "They shot father."

I went back inside and lit the wick in the tin cup of buffalo tallow. Then I roused Teho and told him to hitch the mules to the wagon and follow me. I put on a mackinaw, got my rifle, a belt of cartridges and a ripping knife, and went out and saddled Sam.

Kate told me about the raid while I was cinching up. Her father had heard a noise from the corral and had gone without his gun to investigate. There were two Indians, each leading a horse by a rawhide bridle. Only one had a gun, but his bullet had passed through the flesh of her father's leg just above the knee. She had fired twice, aiming high on account of the horses, but they had got away. Down the canyon two other Indians waited with their own horses and half a dozen cows.

As we rode off, I asked her what the Indians had looked like.

"I don't know," she said. "Short and fat and like—like devils. I could smell them!"

"Kwahadis," I said and slapped Sam with the reins.

A norther was blowing when we reached the canyon. Suf Hardesty's wound was not dangerous, but he could not ride. Neither could Stevancio, who was sitting by the fireplace, shivering with fright.

"The damned varmints!" Suf said. "They got some of my best she stock."

Kate looked as if she expected me to do something. I reckon I had that look coming for the way I had bragged about buffalo hunters. I said, "They can't have got far with cattle," and put on my hat.

"Hey!" Suf called after me. "You ain't going after 'em?"

"I am," I said and went out and got on Sam and rode down the canyon. Cattle were bedded thick under the north wall. Out on the plain the wind was bitter, and the trail led northeast across the snow.

I had hardly put Sam into a saddle walk when I heard hoofbeats behind me. Figuring it was Teho, I slowed down. Then I saw it was Kate, on a fresh horse.

"Go back," I called to her.

"I'm going with you," she answered. "Your tame Indian's with Father." As she rode ahead I saw a rifle in her saddle scabbard.

I pushed Sam after her, feeling the wind bite through my mackinaw. "If you want your precious cows," I shouted, "go back and let Teho have your horse and gun."

She paid no attention, and I thought: Let her come. Her and her bison, her that's too good to love a buffalo hunter, saving her red lips for some thirty-dollar-a-month cow hand in the Colorado bottoms.

The night grew colder and darker as I rode beside her, keeping one eye on the trail and watching for a campfire with the other.

But the Kwahadis had a good lead, for when we came to a dry draw we found the carcass of a cow beside a fire that was almost cold. Black clouds hid the moon as we climbed out of the draw, and a mile farther on I felt fresh snow on my face.

You can't follow a trail in complete darkness, and I told Kate so.

"They've traveled straight as a crow," she said. "We can't miss them."

"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

So we rode on. The wind rose, the snow turned to sleet, and the night grew black as a boot. In fifteen minutes we were in the middle of a howling blizzard.

I rode beside her and grasped the bridle of her horse. "Where's your trail?" I asked.

She reined up, and we sat listening to the wind and feeling our animals breathing hard. "Are you ready to go back now?" I asked.

She shivered. "Yes," she said, gasping as the sleet struck her mouth.

I took her reins and knotted the ends through mine. Then I pulled both horses around and dropped the reins. "All right, Sam," I said.

Sam was old and tired and cold. His range was anywhere on the Staked Plains. If he couldn't find camp, I figured that Kate's horse could find the canyon. But when the driving sleet shifted toward the west, both horses began drifting with the wind.

I pulled them to the right and gave them their heads, but in ten minutes they were drifting again. The sleet seemed to come from all directions, and when my eyebrows began to freeze I got down.

Leading the horses, I walked until my feet found a mound of ice. I stopped and pried with my knife until I had the buffalo chip free, and then I found another. With clumsy fingers I opened a cartridge and, with the shell, punched the powder deep into the underside of a chip. It flared at the touch of a sputtering matchhead, and the chips began to burn. But when I went for more, the wind sent the two I had lighted rolling across the ice like Catherine wheels.

I LED the horses until my legs were dead to the knees. Then I stopped and took my rifle from the saddle and fired it three times. Kate made no sound, and when I called her name she did not answer. I walked back and found her slumped forward in the saddle, her face cold as wood. I lifted her down and slapped her until she whimpered like a child. Then I made her walk beside me.

As we walked, a sound came to me above the sound of the wind and my pulses. It was a full minute before I took in that it was the grunt of a buffalo calf.

I gave Kate the reins and took her hand, pulling her toward the sound. Then I almost stumbled over something that moved upward and away from me with a low bellow and a crackle of hoofs on ice. Now we circled the unseen herd. Bedded down, facing the storm, they could neither hear nor wind us. When the horses sat back I knew I was behind the herd. I unsaddled both animals, snubbed them close to the horns and left Kate alone.

I found two more buffalo chips, hollowed them with my knife, and emptied a dozen shells into them. Fitting them together, I pinned them to the ground with my knife. Then I got Kate's rifle and thrust the muzzle between the chips. Her hands shook as I placed them on the stock. "Count a hundred," I said close to her ear, "then pull the trigger."

I had reached eighty, walking hard into the wind, when my feet struck an animal's hindquarters. I sidestepped and fired into the body, reloading with wooden fingers. Behind me a faint light flared, showing me the bedded herd, and I knew Kate had fired her rifle into the chips. I stood and emptied lead into the buffalo. They were sluggish; my rifle was warm before they fled bellowing into the storm.

The chips were gone when I returned to Kate. But the hot knife warmed my groping hands until they found what I wanted—a full grown bull fallen on his side.

Back where the fire had been, I lifted Kate from her knees. She was limp as a green hide when I held her against me. "Kate, my darling!" I said and pressed my frozen mouth against hers. "I'm going to put you where you'll be warm."

I laid her in the great cavity of the bull I had emptied and stuffed my mackinaw into the opening. Then I took the bridles off both horses, turning them loose.

I stumbled over four buffaloes before I found a stub-horn bull, not yet dead. I finished him with my knife, emptied him and crawled into the carcass.

What I thought about, lying wet and warm, I can't say. First I prayed for an early dawn, before our shelters froze. I must have thought of Kate, but not of love. Most likely I thought of life, my own and hers, knowing that life was sweet and good, that I must not sleep and she must not die. Yet I slept and dreamed I was a boy again on my father's farm in Ohio.

When I woke I saw reddish light coming through thin ice. I was stiff and no longer warm, but I was not cold. With my knife I pried my way out. The air was sharp and still. The horses were gone, and the saddles lay against deep drifts like calves among the eight dead buffaloes. I pulled my mackinaw from the belly of Kate's bull and lifted her free. She fell weeping into my arms.

The sun rose red as we walked, throwing our shadows onto the white plain ahead. We struck the draw east of last night's Kwahadi camp, and its bed was full of ice and small dead animals—coyotes, rabbits, musk hogs, turkeys, a spike antelope and a buffalo calf. We had just crossed through the drifts when I heard a shot from a big fifty.

I fired my own rifle in answer, and the fifty roared back. Soon we saw a horse and rider coming on the run.

It was Catfish Baker, a hunter I had known at Dodge City. "Lord almighty!" he said as he rode up to us. "We thought the Kwahadis got you! Your Tonk skinner sent every hunter that's left in the country out looking for your bodies."

There were coffee, whisky and a fire at Baker's camp, and, after the sun shone, there was running water in the draw below his dugout. When we had eaten and washed, Baker saddled another horse, and Kate and I rode toward Verity Creek. . . .

On Saturday I sent Teho with the wagon and mules to pick up the saddles and Kate's rifle. I went out afoot, for Sam had not shown up. Late in the morning I killed three bulls four miles down Kicking Squaw. I can't say why it came to mind, but I thought what a strange thing it would be if the cottonwoods were to leaf out and the grass rise, and yet the buffalo were never to come north again. It was a forlorn thought, and I resolved to break camp and head for the Salt Fork of the Brazos.

Just before I got in sight of the dugout I saw a pinto pony under the cottonwoods. Then I saw Kate Hardesty, kneeling on a cured hide in front of my door. She had on her woman's rig and a worn red coat, and her bare head shone brighter than Teho's fire. Teho was burning hackberry limbs under the pole frame where he smoked buffalo tenderloins, and there was a skilletful of shot-tower lead cooking over the flames.

I leaned my rifle against the wall of the dugout and looked down at Kate. She had a row of clean primed shells lined up on a wagonboard beside her, and she was pouring Laflin and Rand powder through my loading tube as neat as hemstitching. "How many did you kill?" she asked.

"Three," I said. "The herds have gone south."

SHE went on filling shells, and when she had them all level she began putting in patches and seating the bullets she had molded. I picked up the first cartridge she crimped. It was all right. So was the second one, and the third.

"You'd make a buffalo hunter a fine wife," I said. "It's a pity about the cowboy."

She looked up at me. "The cowboy's name," she said, "is Sebe Mowry."

I felt as if I'd been pitched off a horse. "But I'm a buffalo hunter."

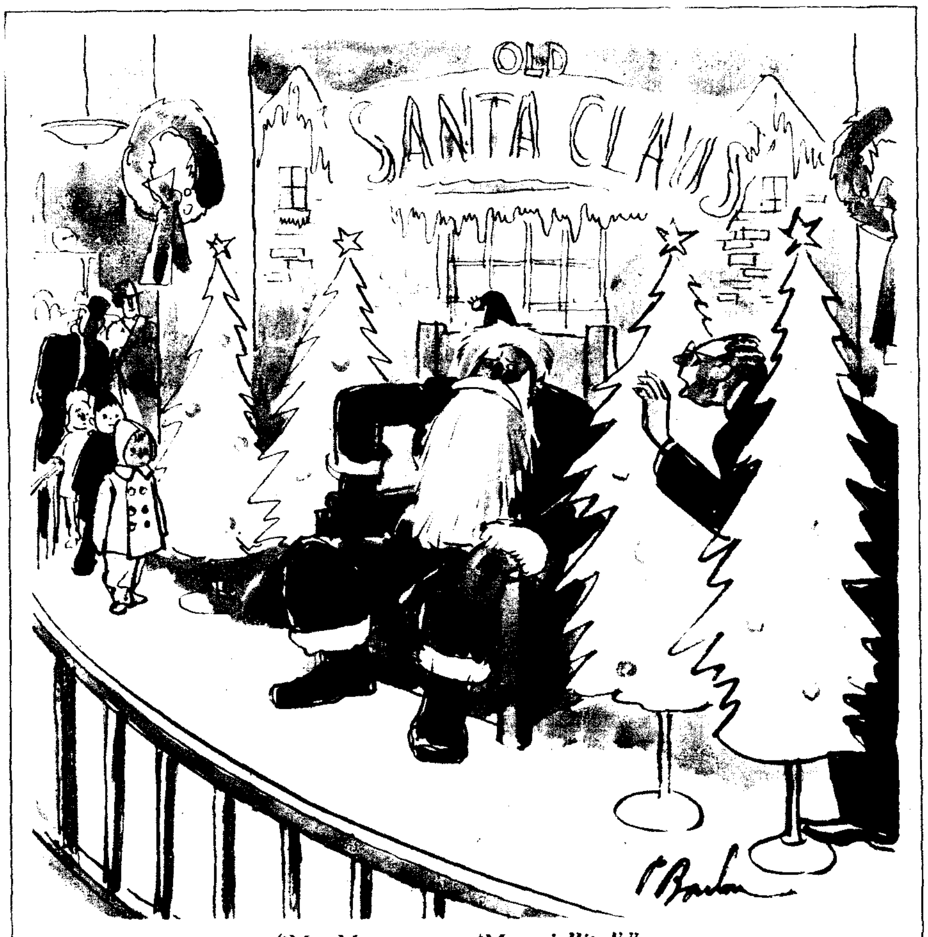
"And I'm a foolish woman," she said, "for asking more than bravery, strength and love. As long as there's buffalo, Sebe, I'll be a buffalo hunter's wife."

I put my hands under her arms and lifted her to her feet, spilling the shells. "Katie," I said, "you love me!"

She smiled, and it was not a smile for a fool, but one a man would turn cattle herder to see every day. "Teho," I said, "we're going to pay a visit to the commandant at Fort Griffin. How many hides have we got? You'd better count them."

He moved off toward the wagon without answering, and when he was gone I kissed her. Our lips were warm, then, and I was glad we had lived.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Mr. Marcus says 'More jollity!'" PERRY BARLOW

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Continued from page 20

start the engine—" Johnny obediently trod on the floor board. The girl pressed the starter pedal and the car rumbled, then leaped into roaring life. The noise filled the world and left no chinks for conversation.

Johnny was glad he wasn't expected to talk. He wanted a chance to look at the girl and try to get his bearings. "I'm Susan," she had said. He studied her hands, small in woolen mittens, yet firm on the wheel, and the way her neck rose from the red petals of her coat collar to the sweet chin. Her profile was lighted by the glow from the dashboard so that her eyes and her mouth were deepened by shadows. *It's just a trick of the light,* he thought. *She can't be that lovely.*

He scanned his wisps of information about his Aunt Margaret's household. They were woefully meager. There was a daughter, he felt sure. More than one? He dimly recalled a yellowed snapshot of a little girl squinting into the sun. Had her name been Susan? Johnny twisted his long legs so that they wouldn't interfere with the gear lever. He had to concede that it had been quixotic to make a family rite out of a five-day furlough. There were things he would be expected to know, even about second cousins once removed. Things like how many children there were and who was married to whom.

Funny, he hadn't cared much before he went into the Army that his whole family consisted of an uncle who had a bachelor apartment in New York and some distant cousins he hadn't seen since childhood. He had liked living in a hotel room, uncluttered with possessions. And not tied down to people and places.

But often, in the barracks, he had been haunted with recollections of the time when his parents had still been living—little, everyday things out of his boyhood that he hadn't thought about for years. The smell of a mince pie fresh from the oven, for instance. The sound of icicles falling from the roof and the crunch of snow crust under sled runners. Out of the little things had grown a desire to spend Christmas with some of his own folks—people that belonged to him.

When his pass had come through he had telegraphed "Aunt Margaret"—she had been his father's cousin and kept up the old Carter house in Windsor where he had visited as a boy—and the answering wire had urged him to come. Now this Susan girl had taken him in tow and he realized that he had been out of touch for too long. The people he had come to see were strangers—worse, strangers with whom he was supposed to be familiar.

HE CURSED the sentimentality that had lured him there, yet, when the lumbering old car left the wheel ruts of the highway and started up the curving, inclined road toward the big house where lights shone, he found his heart beating fast. Susan pulled the car to a stop in the driveway and shut off the thunder of the engine.

"Here we are," she said and scrambled out of the car to help him open the stubborn door on his side. He retrieved his kit bag and they started up the walk with her arm on his because there was ice under the new snow. They climbed the porch steps and paused for a moment in front of the door with the holly wreath on it.

"I didn't kiss you at the station," said Susan. "I felt sort of strange meeting you and all—I'm afraid I didn't give you much of a welcome. But I'd like to now, John." She walked into his arms and her cheeks were cold with the snow but her lips were warm. Johnny kissed her hard and when he let her go her brown eyes were dismayed.

"Well," she said. "You don't kiss much like a cousin by marriage."

"How is it supposed to be?"

"A quick salute with pursed lips."

"I'll try to remember," said Johnny and she opened the door. They crossed a hall and beyond was a huge living room, cluttered and friendly. Johnny's first impression was that the room was full of people. Then he gradually sorted out two boys popping corn in the fireplace and a small girl with pigtails stringing cranberries. A radio going full blast, the popping corn made rat-a-tat noises, the boys were shouting at each other, and the little girl was shrieking with laughter. When she caught sight of Johnny in the doorway, she sprang to her feet, scattering cranberries, and skidded across the room to fling herself into his arms.

"It's you," she said, "and you look just the way I thought you would only you're bigger, and it's going to be the nicest Christmas with a big s'prise, and the tree is out by the garage lying on its side and we can't put it up till tomorrow because we need you to help; you'd better come and make cranberry chains."

She stopped for breath and Susan said, "Don't mind The Guppy. She gets sort of carried away by her own voice." Johnny shed his coat and studied Susan as she hung their wraps in the hall closet. There was no trick of lighting now to lend her face mystery but she seemed lovelier than ever, vivid and exciting. The boys were clustering around, and Johnny saw that there was a head's difference in their heights.

"This is Kit," said Susan, "and this is Eric. He'll be fourteen in February and wants to sign up for preflight. It's his personal tragedy that he has to wait three more years." *Yes, but who are they?* thought Johnny. *Not her sons—she can't be much more than twenty herself. Still, The Guppy might be young enough to be her child.*

THE boys held out hands to be shaken and the eyes that lifted to his Air Forces insignia were worshipful. For a moment the youngsters endured the maturity of introductions. Then they absorbed Johnny like sponges. He was drawn down to sit on the hearth rug and they brought him their toys and their work projects and their eager questions.

Johnny's eyes kept straying to Susan's fingers. There was an heirloom-looking ring on her right hand but her left was bare of wedding rings, and Johnny felt a surge of elation, then caught himself up. *What's it to you?* he asked himself sternly.

He was tinkering with the broken mechanism of Kit's toy tank when the door from the kitchen opened and a woman came in on a gust of aroma. There was flour on the hands she was wiping on her apron and the wonderful smell from the kitchen had raisins and cinnamon and nutmeg in it. Johnny thought she was the most heart-warming woman he had ever seen.

It couldn't have been her eyes, for they were, after all, quite ordinary hazel eyes, with plenty of radiating lines around them. It couldn't have been her mouth, which was large and generous but not particularly symmetrical, nor her hair which was neatly waved but streaked with honest gray. Yet somewhere in her face there lay a beauty as compelling as that of a fresh young girl. Some women's looks never quite jell, but this woman was complete, all of one piece, and the years had left their gentlest mark on her, the kiss of serenity.

Johnny scrambled to his feet and the children began talking at once: "He's here, Mother, and he's been up in a Flying Fortress". . . "He's going to help us rig up an intercom so Kit can be the navigator". . .

"Wait a minute, children, not so fast and one at a time," said the woman and her voice was low and sweet.

"Sandy, it's John," said Susan. "John, this is my mother and no one calls her anything but Sandy."

"I'm happy that you're here," said Sandy and she took both Johnny's hands in hers.

"Ever since we got your message, we've been eager to know you," she said. "I hope you'll feel that this is your home." Johnny tried to conjure up in his mind the Aunt Margaret of his childhood visit. *A severe, strait-laced woman,* he had thought, *smelling of closed-off parlors, sanctity and good works. Could time and a full life have molded so much grace into his angular Aunt Margaret?*

"You're cold from the long train ride and I expect you've had nothing to eat but sandwiches," said Sandy. "Sit over here in the comfortable chair and, Susan, you get the mulled cider, dear."

Johnny let himself be pampered and fed on hot, spiced cider and molasses cookies and the logs crackled in the fireplace and the children sat on the floor looking up at him, their hair ruddy in the firelight. He was seeing them with a new awareness now, a fantastic suspicion forming in his mind. These weren't—they couldn't be—his cousins. He remembered the old Carter house in Windsor. It was austere and lackluster and—wait! It was coming back to him now. The staircase ran up from the living room to a sort of gallery. Not the center-hall arrangement, as it was here.

Bedtime came for The Guppy and she was banished upstairs. But she reappeared a few minutes later in her nightgown and robe for a lingering round of "good nights." Johnny made her a paratrooper, airborne on his shoulders, up the stairs and into her room with a swooping descent onto her bed while she squealed with joy. He tucked her in and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Do you like candy?" he asked. He felt like an international spy.

"M'mmm," said The Guppy.

"What kind do you like?"

"Chocolate marshmallow fudge and chewy caramel nougat and molasses brittle and, oh, I guess every kind of candy there is—"

"All right," said Johnny. "I'm going to send you some. What's your name—for the delivery man, you know."

"You mean, my honest-to-goodness name? The one I have to write on the blackboard?"

"That's the one."

"Rosalind Norton Beckwith," said The Guppy.

"Good. And the address?"

"The big white house."

"Hasn't it got a number?"

"Fifteen Prospect Avenue, East Windsor," said The Guppy.

"Thanks," said Johnny, quietly, trying to figure the thing. He had guessed what was coming, yet he felt as if he had hit an air pocket and dropped a hundred feet.

Of all the brilliant blunders! he thought. *To rush off the train at East Windsor and take Susan for granted! Still, she called me John. So they're expecting someone named John. Someone who hasn't arrived. It all adds up to the fact that I don't belong here at all.*

He said "Good night" to The Guppy and switched off the bed lamp and went down the stairs slowly, rehearsing what he must say to Susan and her mother. It was a dismal business. He would have to say, "Sorry, but there's been a slight error," and they would manage to smile politely and Susan would drive him over to the Carter house in Windsor and wish him a Merry Christmas and express the remote hope that they might meet again sometime— This other guy, the John they were expecting, would turn up and move in on Susan and get her welcoming kiss. And he, Johnny, wouldn't even be around to take a poke at him.

At the foot of the stairs there was Susan. She was standing in front of the big mirror in the hall, pinning a cluster of tinsel balls into her hair. She turned to him for approval.

"Do you think I look Christmasy?" she asked. She looked marvelous, and he wanted to take her in his arms and tell her so. And in that moment he knew he wasn't going to let on who he was. For a little longer he could go on being the lucky man who belonged here. When the other man turned up, Johnny would have to go away but not yet.

He became wary and alert, quick to forestall their finding him out. He talked airplanes with Kit and Eric, safely impersonal, and he asked questions about Diane, the high-school-age daughter who had gone to a holiday dance with two young cavaliers.

He was putting another log on the fire when Sandy asked him, "How's Evelyn?" He was glad his back was turned and she couldn't see his face. Evelyn could be his sister or a dog. It could be a pet name for a machine gun or a bass fiddle. *How's Evelyn?*

"Just about as usual," he said. Sandy's eyes flickered but she smiled at him, so he couldn't be too far off. Johnny marveled at himself—he hadn't known he had such a talent for deception. It emboldened him to ask Sandy if she knew the Carters in Windsor and, when she said no, to ask if he might telephone them as a favor to a man in his squadron.

The telephone was in the hall under the stairs and he was left alone with it and his conscience. He called the Carter number and the woman's voice that answered fitted his recollection of his stern-faced Aunt Margaret.

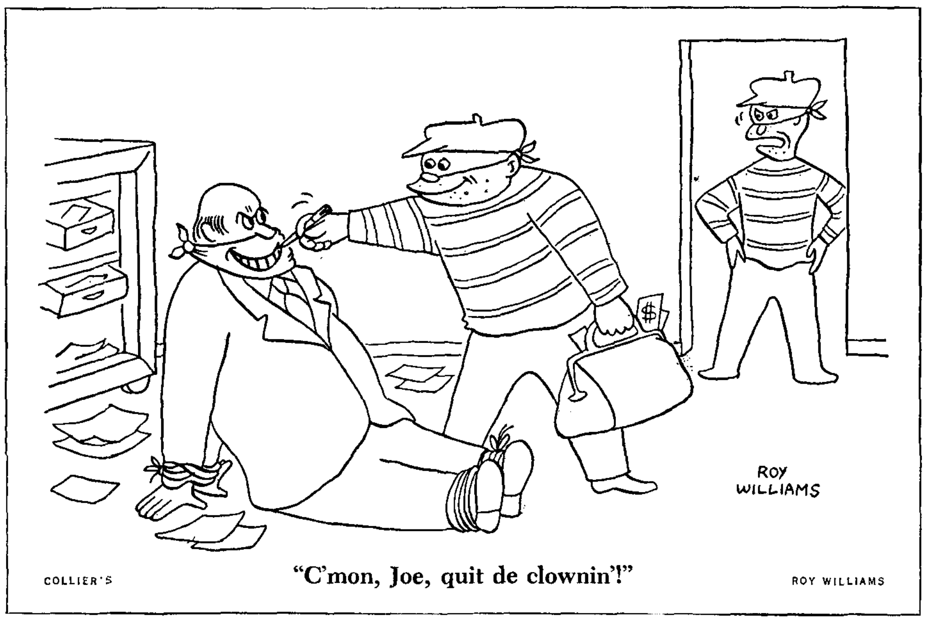
"I'm calling for Johnny Carter," he said. That was true enough. "He's afraid he can't make it for Christmas. I mean he's been delayed. He can't get away." He stammered the lame excuses while the voice at the other end grew frosty. It wasn't until after he had hung up that it dawned on Johnny why his aunt's voice had ice cubes in it. She must have concluded that he was covering up for a Johnny Carter who was wallowing in the gutter, the worse for drink.

Afterward he was drowsy with the food and the warmth and the firelight. Sandy said he must be tired and he couldn't deny it and he went to bed in the neat guest room with dormer windows and a ceiling angle that made him stoop. He sank into the intoxicating comfort of soft, clean sheets and a mattress that was soft and yielding. He intended to stay awake listening for the fatal ring of the telephone bell or for doom arriving at the front door, but he could not ward off sleep.

HE TRIED to pry his eyes open and, when he did, it was morning and the sun was streaming in across the random board floor. He stretched happily, surfeited with well-being, and thought, *This is the day before Christmas.*

Johnny lingered over his shave and shower, glorying in the luxury of hot water and big Turkish towels. He dreaded the moment when he must face the family again, afraid that the truth was out and they knew him for an interloper.

When he strode into the dining room, he looked quickly for another man in uniform. There was no one there except Sandy, saying good morning over a pot of steaming coffee, and Susan, in a yellow woolly sweater, sleeves



COLLIER'S "C'mon, Joe, quit de clownin'!" ROY WILLIAMS

There Will Always be a Christmas...

Because Christmas lives forever in the hearts of small children. And because today's "grown-ups" are only yesterday's children who once stood waiting before a fireplace on Christmas Eve in the past. All that Christmas stands for... freedom... peace... and the dignity of man... has become an ideal in their "grown-up" lives. Christmas, 1944... one more Christmas nearer to final peace... lives on. It lives because "grown-up" men and women have sacrificed their lives and their fortunes that it may continue to live in the hearts of small children... forever.

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

shoved up to the elbow, smiling at him with her eyes. The sunshine was yellow on the wheatcakes and the sirup dripped richly from its mug and the enchantment was still in full force.

The boys were making a snow fort and The Guppy scampered around in a snow suit with a peaked cap and mittens dangling on a string. Johnny went tobogganing with Susan and Diane, who was sixteen and blond and cuddlesome and had two young men paying her slavish court. Their names were Pete and Warner but they looked a good bit alike and Johnny was never sure which was Warner and which was Pete. He was aware only of laughter and good fellowship and the swoop and speed when the toboggan hit the hard-packed, powdery snow over the crest of the hill. And of Susan in a scarlet ski suit with a parka hood, dark hair flying, cheeks red with excitement and cold air. And the easy talk between them, as of old friends, when they trudged back up the slope.

"Is this pretty tame for you?" she asked.

"You mean, have I gone downhill faster? Yes, I've been down the bobsled run at Placid. But this isn't tame."

"Tell me," she demanded. So he told her about Mt. Van Hoevenberg and Shady Corner and Zig-Zag and the rest of that hair-breadth passage and he made it as dramatic as he could and her eyes shone.

"I'll take you there sometime," he said, "after—" and in the rush of remembering he knew he had almost forgotten the war. And the fact that he was supposed to be a cousin from whom she expected chaste kisses on the forehead.

HALFWAY up the hill, Susan slipped and Johnny tried to catch her and they both went down, landing in a snowbank, laughing and sputtering snow. Johnny was up first and he helped Susan to her feet and then pulled her close to him, wanting to prolong the moment. Her shoulders felt slim and pliable under his hands. Then she drew back and he could see that look of dismay in her eyes again. *What's she afraid of?* he wondered.

Back at the house, Johnny carried in the tall spruce, smelling deliciously of deep forests, and hoisted it into its standard before the French windows in the living room. Then the boxes of ornaments came down from the attic and they delved into them for tinsel balls and birds and silver icicles and strings of colored lights. The Guppy twined her cranberry chains lovingly around the lower branches. She squealed when Sandy held up the crystal star for the very top of the tree.

That meant getting out the tall stepladder and Johnny reaching precariously for the topmost branch to fasten the star.

"Oh, be careful," breathed Susan. Johnny grinned down at her.

"This isn't anything," he said. "The visibility is fine and the ceiling unlimited."

"It's not you I'm worried about," she said quickly. "That star comes down from Great-Great-Aunt Adelaide on the Norton side of the family." The telephone rang, an insistent peal, and Sandy put down a shiny blue bauble and went to answer it. Johnny teetered on the stepladder, tense with apprehension.

Susan was reaching up to him, holding out the tie tapes, and Johnny steadied himself under her anxious eyes. He tied Great-Great-Aunt Adelaide's crystal star firmly to the branch while his ears strained to hear Sandy's voice, but when she came back her face was inscrutable.

"I'm afraid the telegraph office has garbled your message," she told Johnny from the bottom of the ladder. "It's a day late and they've got the dates mixed up. It says you're going to arrive tomorrow morning." Johnny clung to the ladder with weak knuckles but Sandy went calmly ahead, hanging ornaments on the tree, unruffled and unaccusing.

Presently every bough was decked with garlands and candy canes and bright baubles and they stepped back to admire the trimmings in a hush of pleasure. The breathless moment arrived when Johnny plugged in the lights and they came on as if the tree had been touched with magic. Then they made a ritual of sitting on the floor while Sandy read in her haunting, husky voice:

"'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house—"

Then The Guppy took Johnny to her room and, swearing him to secrecy, showed him the gifts she had made for Sandy and Susan and the others: A necklace of acorns. A braided bookmark. A painted tray. A collection of colored stones. The simple presents that were her six-year-old heart's fulfillment. Johnny was glad he had trinkets in his kit-bag to put under the tree so that he could be one with this spirit of giving.

"This is for Sandy," said The Guppy, fingering the acorn beads. "Do you 'magine she'll like it?"

"I'm certain she will. Your mother is a woman of great charm and discernment," said Johnny.

"What does that mean? Dis—diarm-ment?"

"It means she knows what's real and what isn't."

"Oh," said The Guppy, "is that all? Now, remember," she admonished, hiding the gifts, "it's a s'prise and you mustn't tell anybody. Only the nicest s'prise of all is the one for you and I'm not supposed to even so much as hint at it."

"Of course not," said Johnny. "Is it candy?"

"No, it's not candy," said The Guppy, giggling. "It's got something to do with an airplane! Oh, now I've told you and you'll guess the rest and I shouldn't have said anything." She looked tearful.

"I haven't the least idea," said Johnny, "so it's all right." What sort of surprise had they devised for him that involved an airplane?

HE WONDERED about it during the candlelight service at the church. There was a pageant of the Nativity and The Guppy played one of the Wise Men with a beard that kept coming unstuck. Susan was in the choir loft and she sang an old-time anthem about the miracle of a Christmas rose—"a rose of love and light."

Walking home with her in the dusk Johnny tried to find the courage to tell her who he was. *Right now, before this thing goes any further,* he thought. But the words eluded him. *I've got till tomorrow morning,* he stalled. *I'll think of something to say between now and tomorrow morning.*

Susan served sandwiches and cocoa in front of the fire in the living room and afterward Johnny helped clear away the cups. The kitchen was full of preparations for Christmas dinner. A turkey of heroic size lay stuffed and trussed on the kitchen table, and Johnny felt an anguished regret that he would not be there the next day when it came into its glory. He took a tray away from Susan and drew her into the circle of his arm.

"I want you to know," he said, "that this has been the happiest day of my life." He could feel her stiffen against his shoulder.

"You say a lot of extravagant things," she said. "I wish you wouldn't."

"Hasn't it meant anything to you, too?" he asked. His blood tingled with awareness of her. He could see the little pulse that beat at the base of her throat. He could bend down and brush it with his lips. As if she guessed his desire, she pulled away sharply.

"It's been fine having you here," she said. "You must have been lonesome in the Army. I hope we can make it up to you, after a fashion." She smiled at him, but it was a formal smile, impersonal, reserved.

SOON they were all gathered around the piano and Susan was singing carols and they joined in on Good King Wenceslas Look'd Out and It Came Upon the Midnight Clear and that loveliest song of all, Silent Night. But twice he saw Sandy glance at the clock and once Susan looked down at her wrist watch and Johnny had a sense of uneasy suspension, as if time were running out. They were on the Noels of The First Noel when they heard the wheezy engine of the taxi.

"It's your s'prise," shouted The Guppy and the youngsters raced for the hall. Sandy followed them and closed the door.

"You're supposed to stay here and be surprised," said Susan, but she urged him over to the window. The taxi was tall and outmoded and the engine kept wheezing. Sandy was hurrying down the walk to meet the young woman who was getting out of the taxi. Johnny could see that she was attractive-looking and that the woolly bundle she handed to Sandy was unmistakably a baby.

"Evelyn got a place on the noon plane," said Susan, brightly, so brightly. "Someone canceled and they gave it to her so you could have a chance to make the acquaintance of your son." Johnny stared at her. How could she act so calm and pleased, saying this appalling thing! Then he took her arm and swung her away from the window. He had to talk now all right, and talk fast.

"That's not my son," he said. "I haven't any wife and baby. I got off at the wrong station." Susan's eyes were big and frightened.

"My name's Johnny Carter. I thought you were my folks in Windsor until I'd been here for a while. Then I knew if I said anything I'd have to leave. So I didn't say anything."

"You aren't married to my cousin Evelyn?" asked Susan, carefully.

"You said yourself I didn't kiss you like a cousin," said Johnny. Susan flushed and her eyes began to have angry sparks in them.

"If this is your idea of a joke—" she began.

"Not at all, although it is rather funny if you look at it that way."

"I'm choking on my girlish laughter," said Susan. There was high color in her cheeks and a blaze back of her eyes. "You let my mother welcome you into our family circle and make a fuss over you—I suppose you found it irresistibly amusing."

Johnny thought *how pretty she looks mad and what can I say to make her understand?*

"Is that the way you really think it was?" he asked.

"It may have been," said Susan. The front door slammed and happy voices sounded from the hall and then the high, thin cry of a baby. Johnny quailed.

"Let's get out of here," he said. Back of the Christmas tree the French doors led onto the terrace. He propelled Susan out into the dark and the cold. The stars hung close, barely out of reach, and when he breathed he drank champagne and exhaled the bubbles.

He said, "If I've imposed on your mother's hospitality, I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize," said Susan. "I just can't see why you did it. You had only to speak up—"

"Will you be quiet and let me explain?"

"By all means. And do try to make it humorous. I like a good laugh as much as the next one." She was lovely and provoking.

"You don't know it," he said, "but I'm sunk. I was sunk from the first moment when you met me at the station. I tried to tell myself it was the house and your mother and the youngsters and the Christmas stuff, but all the time I knew that wasn't it. It was you." She looked at him then and her smoldering eyes widened. He went on, talking fast: "All the time you were treating me like an absent-minded uncle, I was loving you and wanting you and wondering how soon I could decently ask you to marry me. That ought to give you laughs enough for a week." His arms reached for her and her cheeks were cold, the way he remembered them, and her lips were warm. It started out to be just a kiss but when he finally let her go he was shaken and weak.

The Guppy, in her gnome suit, was beside them, tugging at his jacket.

"Mother says to tell you please to come in before you catch your death of cold. We're going to toast marshmallows in the fireplace and solve the mystery."

"What mystery?" asked Johnny.

"About who you really are. Mother says she's been dying to ask you ever since you got here but she didn't want to be rude to a lonely soldier."

"That ties it," said Johnny bitterly. "Your mother has known all the time that I didn't belong here."

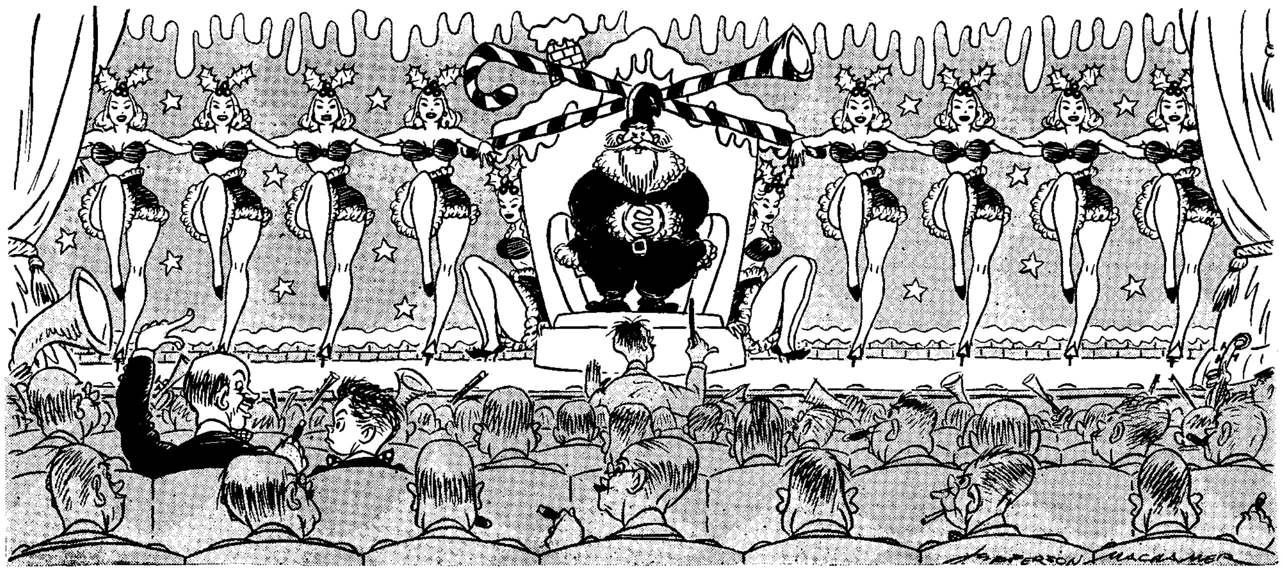
"Uh-huh," said The Guppy, giggling. She turned to go in. "My mother," she said, over her shoulder, "is a woman of great charm and disarm-ment." She closed the door behind her and Johnny looked at Susan. Her face was turned away from him and she was frowning. His breath made a gray blot on the frosty air and the stars weren't close after all. They were a million light-years away.

"GO ON," he said, in his misery. "Why don't you say something?"

"I was wondering," said Susan, "if I had a dress I could wear to be married in." She nestled into the curve of his arm and her eyes were shining. "I know a judge who can fix it about the license, but it's practically impossible to buy clothes on Christmas Day." He held her tight, knowing that so long as she belonged to him he would never again feel homeless.

Somewhere in the snowy distance, there were chimes playing.

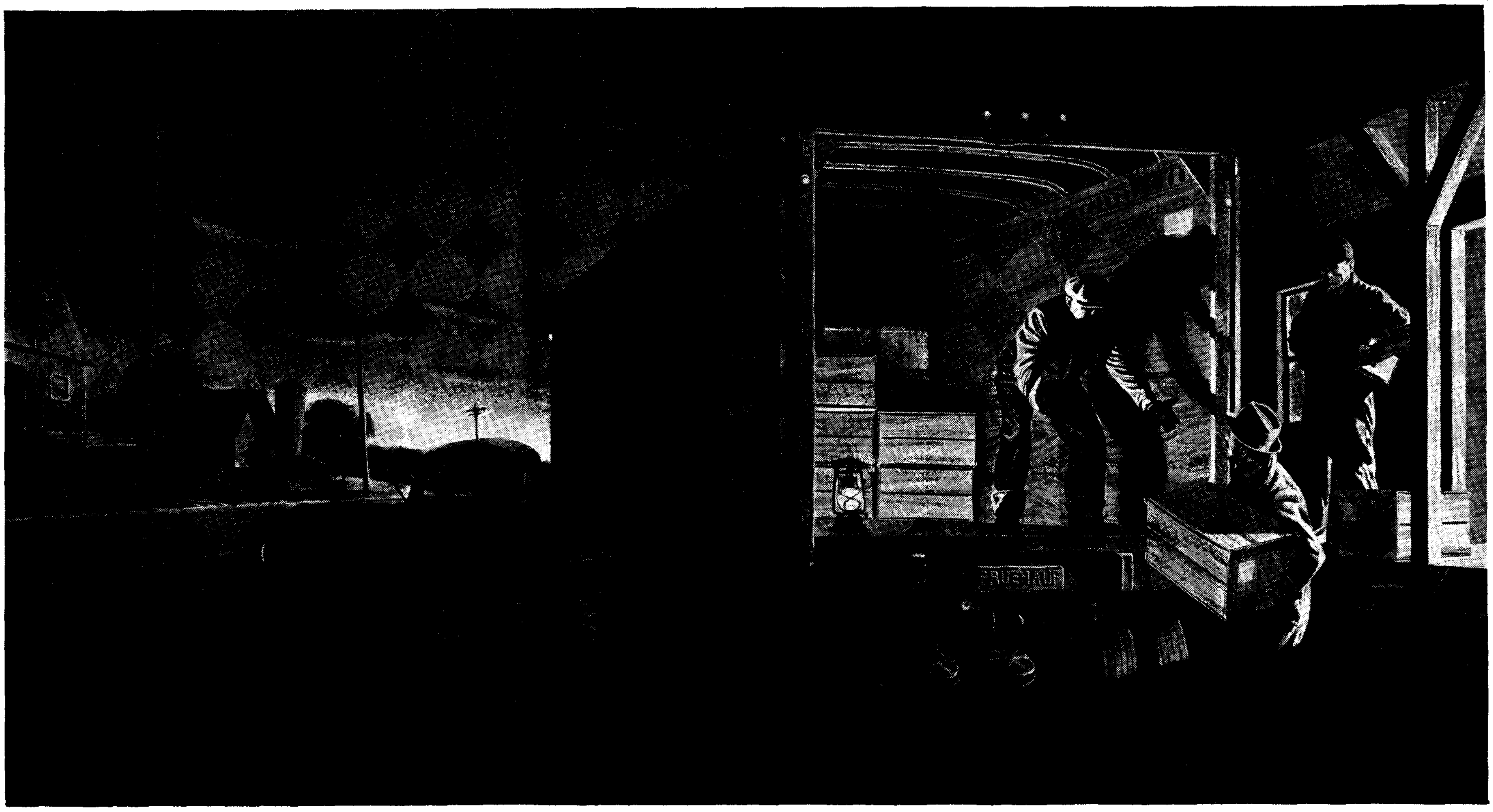
THE END



COLLIER'S "There he is, son! Didn't I tell you I'd take you to see Santa Claus?" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

How 35 TRUCK-TRAILERS Give 180,000 Farm Families

A Two-Way Ride To Better Living!



A hundred and eighty thousand progressive farm families in New York, New Jersey and northern Pennsylvania are prospering more these days, and living better, too, because of a fleet of 35 Fruehauf Truck-Trailers.

The farmers are members of Cooperative G.L.F. Exchange, Inc., one of the most successful farm cooperatives in the country . . . and the fleet of Fruehauf Trailers belongs to G.L.F.

It's a two-way help that these Trailers give, because they carry farm products to market . . and bring back farming supplies for G.L.F. members. Exchange officials will tell you that without the flexibility, dependability and economy of Trailer hauling, G.L.F. couldn't give its present service to its members or to the millions of consumers who use products from G.L.F. farms. No other transport method is practical for the jobs they handle.

Here's just one example. One-third of all eggs New York City receives from New York State come from G.L.F. farms. And they travel direct from collecting stations to market, in a fleet of ten Fruehauf Trailers . . 500 cases, or 15,000 dozen eggs, in each load. Eggs arrive fresher . . supplies and prices are stabilized . . farmers get their money quickly . . everybody benefits.

Then, on the return trip, these same Trailers carry the myriad items . . from 25-cent stovepipe elbows to $500 milk coolers . . that members purchase through G.L.F. Community Service agencies. It's all very economical hauling, too, for Trailer loads up to 12 tons are pulled by 2½-ton trucks, and one driver handles this big cargo. The saving in manpower, gasoline, tires and trucks is an important factor in G.L.F.'s successful record.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT

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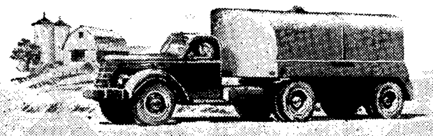
Today

A TRUCK IS LIKE A HORSE
IT CAN *PULL* MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

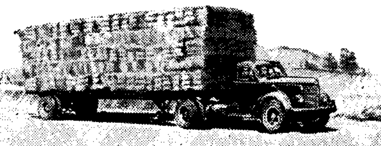
FRUEHAUF
Trailers
"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Hauling eggs isn't G.L.F.'s only use of Fruehauf Trailers. And small wonder, when you know that its facilities include 3 feed mills, 5 seed plants, 10 fertilizer factories, a lumber mill, 44 bulk petroleum plants, 7 grain supply warehouses, 2 wholesale food warehouses, 2 canning factories, 4 flour and cereal plants, etc.

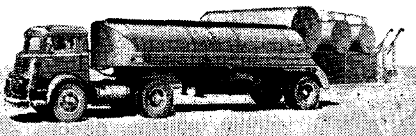
Here are a few of the other jobs Trailers do for G.L.F. . .



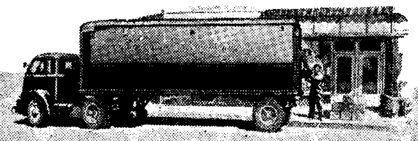
A Tank-Trailer carries molasses used in feeds. G.L.F. members buy more than a million tons of feed and grain a year.



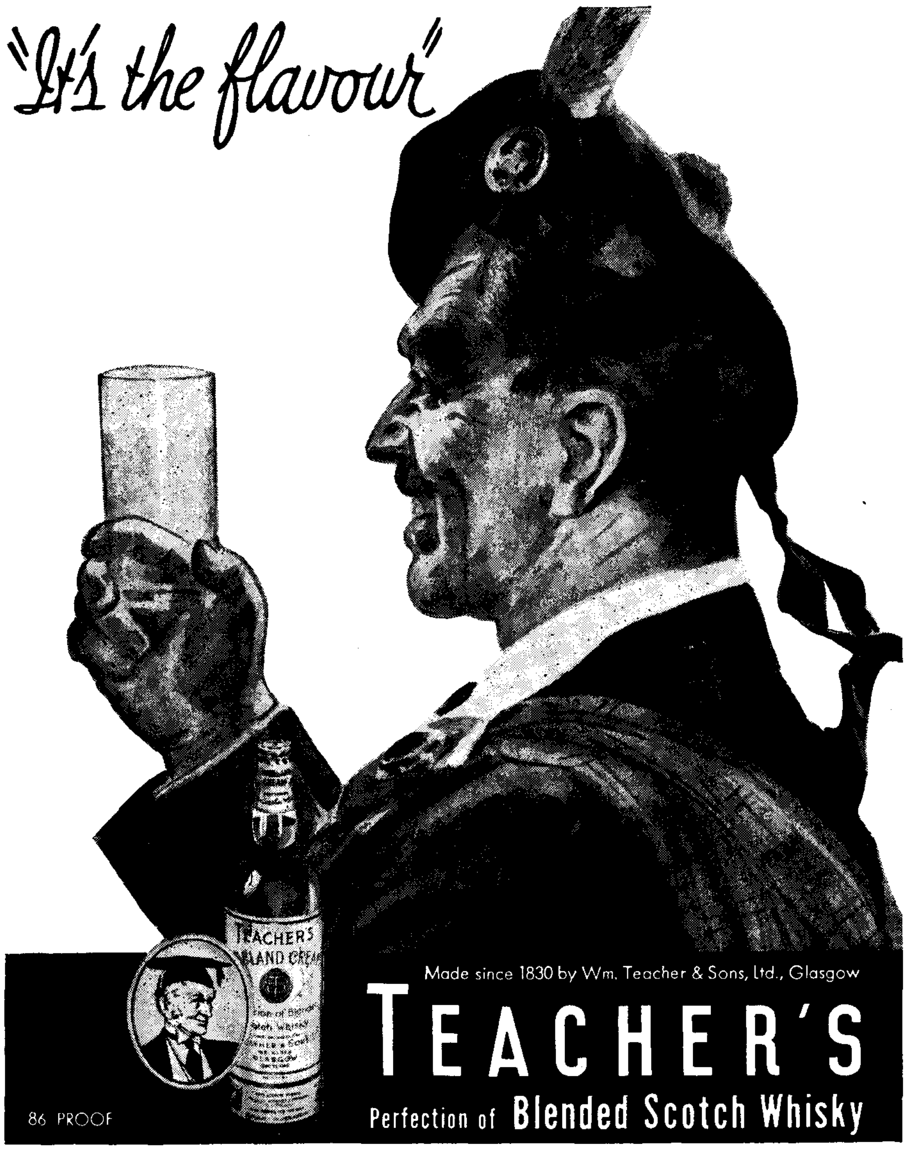
In 1937, G.L.F. purchased its first Trailer, to carry hay . . . and quickly learned the economy of Trailer service.



Gasoline, motor oil and kerosene are delivered direct to the farms . . . a great convenience and saving to the members.



G.L.F. packs 800,000 cases of fruits and vegetables yearly. 75,000 stores in the East and Mid-west sell them.



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Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

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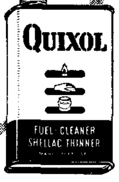
"Being Santa Claus ain't no picnic!"

Santa has found one of the 99 uses for Quixol. In addition to fuel for alcohol stoves, Quixol* is used to defrost windshields; thaw frozen drains; clean mirrors, windows, floors, hydraulic brake systems; dissolve stains and dyes, shellac, and spirit varnishes. Get it at hardware, drug, house furnishing stores, and gasoline service stations.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CSC

QUIXOL

THE HANDY SOLVENT

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have poor digestion?	☐	☐
Do you feel headachy after eating?	☐	☐
Do you get sour or upset easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel tired—listless?	☐	☐

Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 10¢ and 25¢.

FOR A TOUGH BEARD THIS KIT IS IT!
Famous DURHAM SHAVE KIT $2.50

Sturdy Kit includes:
(1) Durham DuBarry Razor* (2) 10 famous Durham heavy duty, hollow-ground blades (3) Bladeholder and leather strop — for long blade life and finer shaving (4) Shave stick and comb

Mail $2.50 direct if dealer can't supply
* Also available with barber-type razor

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

Santa Claus Comes to America

Continued from page 16

following summer when a relative came visiting from upstate. The manuscript was pulled from its dusty pigeonhole and read to the delighted guest, who made a copy of it. She gave the piece to the Troy Sentinel, and on December 23, 1823, Santa Claus—previously unknown and uncelebrated in this country—made his public debut. The poem appeared unsigned; the editor furnished the title, A Visit From Saint Nicholas.

Immediately it captured the imagination of children and parents alike and there came an avalanche of requests for permission to reprint it and for news of the author.

Clement Clarke Moore's simple poem has been a rolling snowball ever since. A ceremony has been built up around it and is passed on as tradition from generation to generation. From countless firesides on Christmas Eve there rises the cadence of enchanted words as fathers and mothers read aloud the beloved fantasy to excited children.

Moore's family was a distinguished one. His father, Benjamin Moore, was rector of Trinity Church on lower Broadway and the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York. Clement, who was born during the Revolutionary War, also studied for the ministry, graduating from Columbia College in 1798, where his father had been president. But he never took his orders; instead, he devoted himself to classical languages.

Probably the keenest disappointment of his life was that fame touched his shoulder because of a few lines of what he termed "nonsensical" poetry scribbled down in an hour, rather than for his Hebrew lexicon.

However, there is a belief among some realistic folk that Doctor Moore is quite resigned to that fact, and that his spirit no longer haunts the familiar scenes of old Chelsea: the seminary; the big apartment buildings occupying the site of the old Moore homestead; Saint Peter's where he worshiped and played the great organ; or even uptown where the children pay homage at his grave.

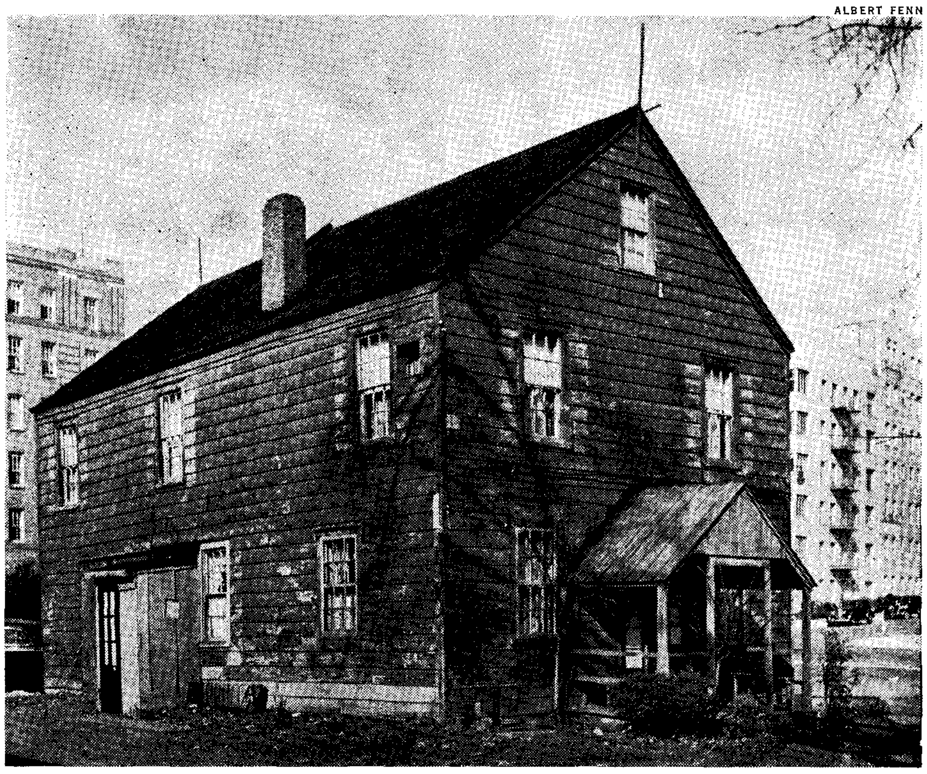
They say the now-content spirit of the good doctor spends most of its time at that mysterious outpost of the world where everybody who knows anything at all knows that Santa Claus operates his main assembly line far removed from the madness of a world at war. They say, moreover, that Clem Moore is a big executive there, in charge of seeing that no bottleneck occurs to stem the flow of Christmas joy to children everywhere.

Be that as it may, the people around that part of New York City where old Jan Duyckinck once spun Christmas stories will tell you that, when Saint Nick drives across the sky, he flourishes his whip over the backs of his antlered coursers and dips his runners in salute to Clement Clarke Moore, the greatest press agent the jolly, white-whiskered old saint ever had.

THE END

Now in disrepair, this is the ancestral home of Clement C. Moore, in Elmhurst, L. I., the house that figured in the poem. Despite a marker in front, neighborhood children knew nothing of the history of the house

ALBERT FENN



Any Week

Continued from page 4

they be generously bribed. Otherwise, they say, they will return to Congress the recently popularly retired Hamilton Fish. And Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, reports that Mr. Sunup MacIntosh of thereabouts is still reserving his opinion of the elections. The colonel and Mr. MacIntosh got to talking about Arkansas' new Senator J. William Fulbright. "Maybe yes and maybe no," said Mr. MacIntosh. "Electin' young fellers with book larnin' is something of an experiment."

WHEN our agent in the OWI is not keeping us informed, he translates pieces from the Chinese newspapers. He has just informed us that he has picked up a paragraph from a Chungking sheet as follows: "We admire the United States but we admire more the American people of both sexes." Naturally this interested him no little and he continued to read. He was rewarded by this: "In the United States, Lady First is the ethical conception of the West and the inviolable law of some Americans indeed."

AS FOR the international situation, we are advised by Mr. M. H. Spatterly of Norristown, Pennsylvania, to "pay it no mind." He says that it would straighten itself out in due time if "the hired thinkers let it alone." He says, too: "I gave up thinking thirteen years ago next February and ain't had a trouble in the world ever since. I had a bad case of liver and decided it was from too much thinking. Today you wouldn't know I had a liver. Put this in your paper."

AND our Chicago agents are keeping an eye on the Winiecki situation. A few weeks ago Mrs. Winiecki was legally separated from her husband Harry after telling the court that he put out his cigarettes by pushing them into her face. It is not that we're interfering in the Winiecki family affairs. We're just wondering where he gets cigarettes. . . . W. D.

The Triumph of Monsieur Lemarchand

Continued from page 13

is asleep he gets up and creeps away. Whither? Out with it, now! Who is the woman? Oh, that I should have come to this shame!"

"Hush!" cried Monsieur Lemarchand, very alarmed. "It is a lie. I have never in my life looked at another woman." Indeed that was true; and he very much wished he had never looked at this one.

"It is certain," shrilled his wife, "that no other woman would look at you. Then what have you been up to? Drinking in an attic with some of your cronies? Though there's not a man in Cidreville would waste a drink on you!"

"No, no," stammered Monsieur Lemarchand, "it is no such thing. I have been searching for lugworms."

His wife stretched her hands to heaven.

"Mon Dieu!" she said. "He has been searching for worms!"

"I have," he repeated. "I swear it."

"Did I ever deny it? Might I not have known it? Have I not in twenty-five years of slavery and wretchedness learned the truth about the moron to whom I have the misfortune to be married? I, who work my fingers to the bone; who chop the wood, carry the coal, clean the grates, light the fires, dust the furniture, sweep the rooms, lay the tables, cook the joints, bake the cakes, serve the dishes, wash up, stand in queues, bargain with tradesmen, eke out the rations, keep the books! And my brave husband? What does he do? He searches for worms."

"For heaven's sake, stop!" shouted Monsieur Lemarchand, for she was in one of her worst moods, and at such times she would go on forever. So to stop her scolding, he told her the strange tale of the footprints on the beach.

But, of course, it did not stop her; it merely made her worse. For she now told him that he was worse than good-for-nothing, he was mad. He saw things that were not there. She supposed it would be mermaids next. Mermaids no doubt would suit him very well. They might find some use for him which she, Madame Lemarchand, had been unable to find. . . .

SHE became very vulgar, indeed. Poor little Monsieur Lemarchand crept away and hid in the attic and disentangled his fishing lines.

And he thought. All that day, and for many days afterward, he thought hard and profoundly; and at last he came to a conclusion about the phenomenon which would have done credit, he believed, to those great detectives of the *Sûreté* whose ingenious deductions he had read about.

A man came out of the sea, reasoned Monsieur Lemarchand, and walked up the beach and went back into the sea again.

He was not a ghost, for he wore rope-soled shoes. Therefore, he must have arrived in a boat, waded ashore and, when he had finished his task, he waded back to his boat again.

For what purpose did he come ashore? Why did he choose that particular part of the cliff? Good heavens, it was obvious! For at that point, and at that point only, the cliff was scalable. There was a route, a scrambling, knee-scraping way, from the beach to the cliff top. Monsieur Lemarchand knew it from his boyhood; he had sometimes used it, in peacetime, to get down to the beach when he was in a hurry to collect lugworms for the English visitors who paid him fifty francs a day to take them fishing.

But wait. The strange visitor from the sea did not scale the cliff. No, he remained at the bottom. Why should he do that?

He wanted to see if the way to the cliff top was still clear.

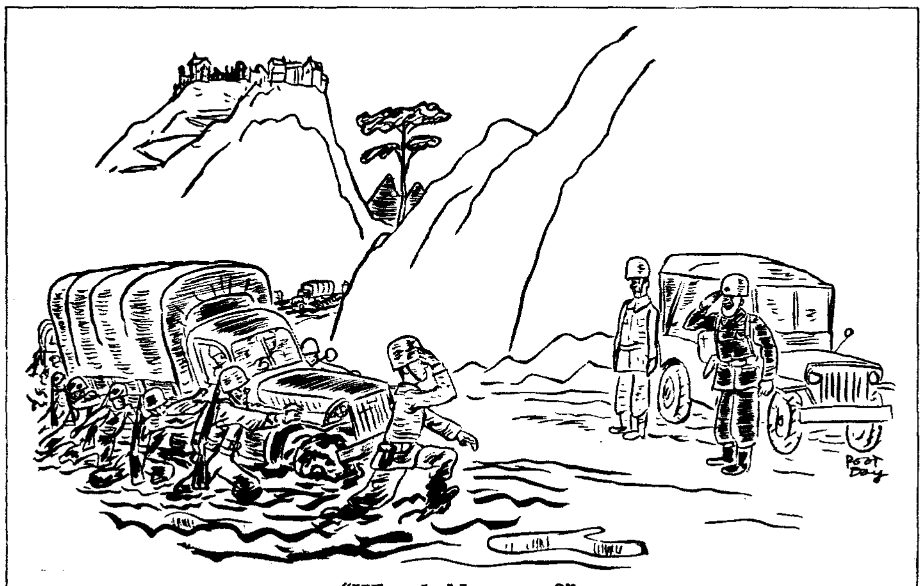
THEN, by the saints, the whole puzzle fell into place! The man from the sea made a reconnaissance for the soldiers that would come later. He went straight to the right place; therefore he must have known it before. Therefore, he was either a native of Cidreville or, more likely, one of those English visitors who came here to bathe and fish, and whose women shocked the curé by wearing such immodest clothes. Perhaps indeed it was the man whom they called George. He was a daring one, he would be the one for such an adventure! For it was George who in early summer scaled the steepest cliffs for birds' eggs; who climbed the steeple of the village church to catch a young jackdaw; who sailed a borrowed lobster boat in a gale, upset it and swam two miles to shore.

Monsieur Lemarchand's heart beat faster at the thought that perhaps he shared this great secret with George. For he had worshiped the tall young man who came to Cidreville for his summer holidays, and who always, as soon as he arrived, paid a visit to the Café de la Paix to discuss his plans for fishing and sailing.

"Here we are again," he would say, "and I've come all the way from London to eat two dozen of your good fat oysters from Ouistreham. And Monsieur Lemarchand will eat two dozen with me while we make our plans. Now tomorrow, my old friend, we will sail right around Cherbourg, and we will catch mackerel off the island of Alderney. We will have a picnic, you and I, and we will take with us some new bread, half a pound of your good yellow butter, two Camembert cheeses and a bottle of Calvados. . . ."

All through the year, Monsieur Lemarchand would look forward to the return of George—the only person in the world who treated him as an equal, who took any notice of him at all.

And now, the more he thought about it, Monsieur Lemarchand became convinced that George had been the midnight visitor. He was the very man to lead back the brave



COLLIER'S "What held you up?" ROBERT DAY

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G-E "Dial the Fabric" Iron

This Model $8.55

- **In many little ways** this G-E Automatic Iron will save you minutes here . . . minutes there . . . adding up to a total saving of as much as *one third of your ordinary ironing time!*
- Watch how it saves you time by heating up so *very* quickly. Thank the General Electric exclusive Calrod heating unit plus the 1000-Watt heating capacity for that! (BUT—your *hand* stays comfortably cool—practically all the heat is directed *downward* into the fabric.)
- **Saves actual ironing time, too.** Naturally, the larger the ironing surface, the quicker you can iron . . . and even though this G-E Iron weighs only 4½ pounds, it has *27 square inches of ironing surface!*
- Some irons overheat or cool off. That means wasted time, plug-yanking, waiting. But a G-E Automatic Iron *stays* at the right temperature for the particular kind of fabric you're ironing. ALL YOU DO IS SET THE DIAL.
- These irons are no "war babies." They have these G-E features that make ironing EASIER—double "button nooks" for ironing UNDER buttons . . . heel stand to *save lifting* . . . built-in thumb rest to cut arm strain . . . moulded handle to fit your grip comfortably.
- **We've manufactured** a limited number of these G-E Irons without curtailing our war work. Remember, if your dealer can't supply you with a G-E Iron today, be patient, try him again in the near future. Ironing is EASIER and QUICKER with a G-E Iron.

Tune in: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m., E.W.T., NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday, 6:45 p.m., E.W.T., CBS.

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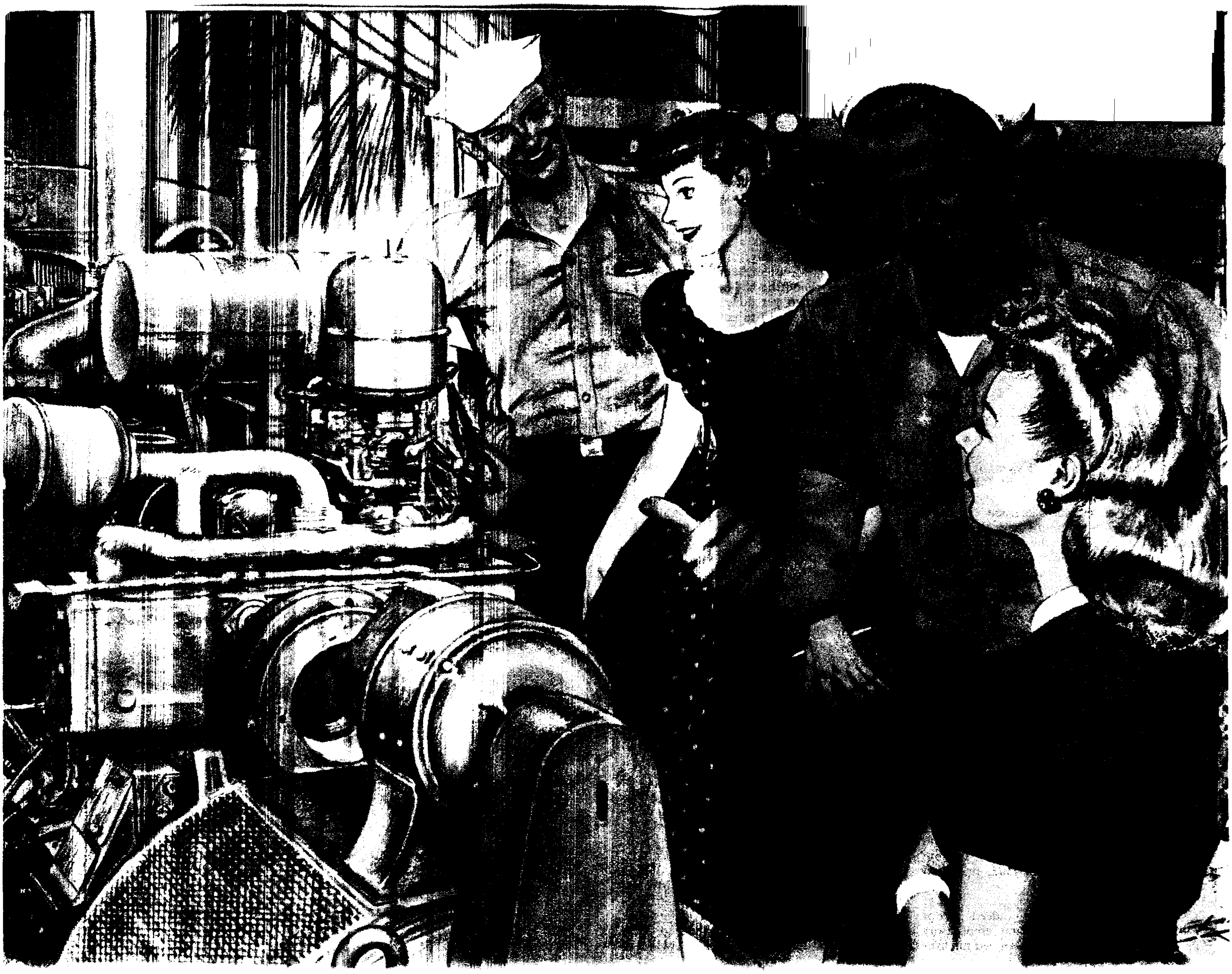

"IT EVEN GAVE YOU YOUR FOOTLIGHTS"

SHE was a trouper with a USO camp show, doing one-night stands in the South Pacific. The big, bronzed Seabee who took her on a sightseeing tour pointed with pride to the "power house." Inside a canvas-roofed structure of palm logs, a "Caterpillar" Diesel Electric Set was purring contentedly.

"Yes, Ma'am," he told her, "that's our electric light an' power company. Generates the current for everything we've got on the island—camp, shops, airdrome, refrigeration, radio—even the footlights for your show tonight."

That "Caterpillar" Diesel power-plant is one of hundreds of similar installations dotted over the globe from Kiska to Kenya—Newfoundland to New Caledonia. Rugged, simple and dependable, they're built to do their job anywhere and in any climate—turning out steady power for our fighting men.

When final victory is won, "Caterpillar" Diesel Engines and Electric Sets, Tractors and Earthmoving Equipment—time-proved and battle-tested—will be ready to tackle the tough jobs of peace. And there will be more such jobs than ever before—and more of these machines to handle them. Reconstruction, new roads, new airfields are waiting. Forest products, waterpower and mines must be developed. There are new frontiers to be opened. The share of "Caterpillar" Diesels in the vast work program of the future will be a lasting contribution to employment and prosperity.

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ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

British soldiers to liberate the France he loved and understood; moreover, he knew the coast, every foot of its seashore, every path through its orchards, every shoal in the sea.

As he sipped his Calvados—what little was left of it, for Madame had not thought him worthy of more than a mouthful—Monsieur Lemarchand hugged to himself his tremendous secret and listened only with half an ear to the conversation which was going on around him. His wife and Sergeant Heinrich were agreeing about the deplorable habits of foreign Todt workers, whom they both disapproved of.

"They are dirty and licentious," said the sergeant solemnly.

"Moreover, they are infested with lice," said Madame Lemarchand, giggling.

Monsieur Lemarchand perceived that they were both, in their different ways, a little drunk. The precious bottle was half empty already. Drink made the sergeant very portentous.

"But what can you expect," he asked, "in the case of such primitive peoples? Do you know," he went on, "they actually believe in werewolves!"

Madame Lemarchand giggled; drink took her like that. Then she happened to glance in the direction of her husband.

"That's nothing," she said, "this little man of mine, would you believe it, he sees ghosts!"

At first Monsieur Lemarchand did not realize what she was referring to; he only knew that she was going to make fun of him, and he grinned foolishly. But when she spoke again, his heart almost stopped beating.

"If not ghosts," she said, "at any rate the footprints of a ghost. You would scarcely credit, Herr Heinrich, that a man of fifty summers could allow himself to imagine such nonsense."

PLEASE, God, make her stop, prayed Monsieur Lemarchand in agony; and then, just in case God didn't hear him, he dropped his glass to the floor in a desperate attempt to cause a diversion. The glass smashed, the drop of Calvados trickled over the floor, a wicked waste and all for nothing. Monsieur Lemarchand knew too well that no power on earth could stop his wife once she was embarked upon a piece of gossip; and true to form she merely said, "My husband is always breaking things," and went on with the story. It was too late now. There was nothing more to be done.

Monsieur Lemarchand bent down and picked up the fragments of glass; and as he did so, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the sergeant stiffen.

"Have you ever heard such a thing?" finished Madame Lemarchand.

"Madame," said the sergeant, "I think you do your husband an injustice. You must explain to me," said the sergeant to Monsieur Lemarchand, "exactly where the footprints emerged from the sea and where they led to. It is a matter of the gravest importance. I shall report it to my superior officer tonight."

Then the sergeant brought out a sheet of paper and a pencil, and began to draw a plan of the beach. Monsieur Lemarchand tried to hedge, to quibble, to lie, but it was no good; bit by bit the sergeant dragged the truth out of him. Then he carefully folded up the paper and took his leave.

"A landing on this coast would be quite impossible," he said, as he reached the door. "Nevertheless one cannot be too careful. One never knows what these military idiots will try to do."

When he had gone, Monsieur Lemarchand felt as if all his spirit, all his courage, all his honor, had been sucked out of him by some satanic vacuum cleaner. He slumped down in a chair. Madame Lemarchand, who had been seeing off the neighbors, passed through the room on her way to bed and did him a last injustice (though he could be no further wounded) as she went by:

"And now," she said, "I suppose you're beginning to feel quite an important person."

She stumped upstairs. . . .

It was only by chance that Monsieur Lemarchand was able to lay hands on the bottle. His wife had put it away in the cupboard, but with unusual carelessness she had left the key in the lock. The bottle was half full, and in his wretchedness and shame Monsieur Lemarchand went to it as a sinner to the confessional. He poured out a glassful and drank it in one great swallow, so that it ran down his throat like a ball of fire. This was not the way to drink Calvados, but never mind. Perhaps it would put heart into him again. He poured out another glass and gulped it down. By Saint Swithin, who christened the good apples which made it, the stuff was hot and good! It was like an incendiary bomb burning in your chest.

Let us have another, thought Monsieur Lemarchand; it is so powerful, perhaps it can cast out devils. For indeed, he thought, I am possessed of devils. I am a black traitor. I have betrayed my country and my friend. Tomorrow the Germans will find the secret way up the cliff. They will lay one of their wicked mines at the bottom of it. They will fix trip wires on the way up. They will place barbed wire at the top, and in the barbed wire they will hang grenades, like apples on a tree.

And then George will come; or if not George, some other tall young Englishman spendthrift of his life. And he will be turned into scarlet pulp as the idiot son of Monsieur Vitry the *épicier* was turned into pulp when he stepped off the road to pick a flower and trod on a mine last September. And I, thought Monsieur Lemarchand, I shall be his murderer, and the murderer of all the soldiers who come with him.

So Monsieur Lemarchand accused himself. He plumbed the uttermost depths of misery; he even contemplated doing away with himself. But the blackest hour is just before the dawn, and suddenly the Calvados began to work upon him. The incendiary bomb in his belly radiated a cheerful heat which gradually spread to his limbs and to his brain. Indeed the stuff could cast out devils. For Monsieur Lemarchand held his head up once again and asked himself what sort of a man he was, to assume that all was lost while there was yet time, perhaps, to save all. Let us examine the situation, thought Monsieur Lemarchand; let us apply to it the logic of the detectives of the *Sûreté:*

THE Sergeant Heinrich is this moment on his way to the Herr Commandant who lives in the Villa Bon Repos at the top of the cliff. Can he in any way be prevented?

Monsieur Lemarchand poured himself out another glass of Calvados and drank half of it.

"By heaven, he can," said Monsieur Lemarchand. (He drank the remaining half of the Calvados.) "*You* must prevent him," he said; "you, Pierre Lemarchand. But how?"

"He is on foot; you have a bicycle."

"It will not march. It has a flat tire."

"That must be accepted. You must nevertheless pursue him upon the bicycle."

"And what then?"

With trembling hands Monsieur Lemarchand poured out some more Calvados, the last that remained in the bottle, the very last; and he swigged the lot. And the detectives of the *Sûreté* spoke out of the mouth of Monsieur Lemarchand, and he declared aloud, "You must hit him on the back of the head with a blunt instrument."

ONE might say, of course, that Monsieur Lemarchand was drunk. It would not be altogether an injustice, for he fell down in the coal shed when he went to fetch his bicycle; he was unable at the first and second attempts to mount it and, having mounted it, he fell off three times in the first hundred yards. Yes, perhaps one might say he was drunk; but it would be unjust and untrue to say that the Calvados was entirely responsible for the gallant and foolish project born in his foolish brain. Not drink alone, not even Calvados, can lift a man from a good-for-nothing to a hero; it is merely the reagent which sets his immortal spirit bubbling and fizzling. And so Monsieur Lemarchand as he rode unsteadily along, carrying a large poker in his right hand, was the crucible in which the immortal spirit (aided, of course, by the applejack) foamed and bubbled and fizzled; and indeed that was exactly how he felt.

THE FIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Pardon me, chum, while I poke out your eye.
With my trusty umbrella I'm happy to try.
'Tis the week before Christmas and all through the town
I'm raging and romping to track presents down.
I'm rugged and fierce, like all last-minute shoppers.
In nimbleness too, I'm the queen of grasshoppers.
I leave and I tack my unprincipled way
In front of the Milquetoasts who've waited all day.

Though timorous, shop-early birds think me silly,
I'm grimly determined to take Little Willie
And also Miasma, my two-year-old daughter,
To add to the scene of confusion and slaughter.
And when, in the teeth of a snowstorm, to boot,
I struggle home juggling my tots and my loot,
You'll hear me exclaim as my arteries burst,
"Of all merry Christmases, this is the worst!"

—Margaret Fishback

The night matched Monsieur Lemarchand's mood; it was a night for brave deeds. A warm west wind was blowing up the coast from Cherbourg. The moon was nearly full; but its light was fitful, for great clouds, like breakers, rolled across it. However, it was at a moment when the light was good that Monsieur Lemarchand, rattling downhill on two flat tires, overtook Sergeant Heinrich on the cliff-top road and pedaled up behind him. The sergeant apparently did not hear him coming; perhaps the Calvados had affected him, too. He plodded along slowly and purposefully, toward the commandant's house five hundred yards away.

Monsieur Lemarchand, of course, had never played polo. Nevertheless it was a polo player's shot, with the long heavy poker for a stick and Heinrich's hard head for a ball. Monsieur Lemarchand did not even dismount from his bicycle; a cavalryman of the *haute école* would have been proud of such a shot; and the crack as it hit the sergeant's skull was horrible to hear.

Now little Monsieur Lemarchand had only once before struck a blow in anger; and that was when he was aged seven. His victim then was a small boy called Antoine, aged nine, whose head he had smitten with a wooden spade. He had long forgotten everything about the episode except the curious fact that he had never regretted it; and now, as Sergeant Heinrich flopped down in the lane with no more sound than a faint grunt, Monsieur Lemarchand experienced every emotion except regret. He was amazed, terrified, triumphant, awe-stricken, appalled—but he wasn't the least bit repentant.

So he jumped off his bicycle and sat heavily on Sergeant Heinrich's stomach until he was quite sure that Sergeant Heinrich was in no state to undertake any reprisals. Next he rolled the sergeant into the ditch at the side of the road and sat on his head while he searched through his own pockets for the fishing line which was usually to be found there. By this time the sergeant was beginning to stir uneasily; Monsieur Lemarchand found the fishing line at last and tied him up, arms and legs, in such a complicated fashion that it would have taken a Houdini half an hour to set the poor man free. The task finished, Monsieur Lemarchand sat back and took things easy; and then at last the full realization of what he had done came over him.

Mon Dieu, he thought, I am a murderer or very nearly a murderer. What must I do now? They will hunt me all over France. They will guillotine me for murder and shoot me for a sharpshooter and hang me for a spy. . . .

Monsieur Lemarchand was never a very brave little man; and now both his courage and his brief sense of triumph began to ebb away as fast as the tide at Mont-Saint-Michel. I am doomed, he thought; I may as well give myself up and have done with it. I shall be tortured by the Gestapo. Oh, why didn't I bring with me that last bottle of Calvados to put heart into me once more!

And then suddenly a strange thing happened. There was a faint murmur in the sky, at first not more than a whisper, which swiftly grew to a vast and thunderous roar. Brilliant lights broke out suddenly over Monsieur Lemarchand's head; it was as bright as day. And then there occurred a kind of earthquake. With a great roar like ten thousand Niagaras, the landscape around Monsieur Lemarchand began to dissolve. In the cold white frozen light of the strange lamps which hung motionless in the sky overhead, beach and sea belched up toward the cliff top; orchards and cornfields spouted black spouts to heaven. A mighty rushing wind picked up Monsieur Lemarchand and deposited him once more in the ditch on top of Sergeant Heinrich.

HE DID not know how long he lay there; it must have been a matter of hours, for when he came to his senses again, it was morning. Sergeant Heinrich was muttering and moaning; Monsieur Lemarchand had a terrible ache in his head. Nevertheless he raised it timidly and looked out of the ditch. The familiar countryside around Cidreville-sur-Mer looked rather like a landscape in the moon. There were no trees in the orchard, the corn was flat in the cornfield, the commandant's house on the cliff top was a heap of rubble. Many airplanes flew overhead.

And then Monsieur Lemarchand looked out to sea and saw a sight such as no man in the whole of history had seen till that day. He looked down on the swell-furrowed Channel which was peopled with ships as a meadow with grazing sheep. To the east, to the west, to the north, as far as the eye could see, there were ships. An endless procession of small ones crawled ceaselessly toward the shore; beyond them lay the big ones and, beyond them, bigger ones still, and far beyond all, the great gray ones, from which each minute winked a bright flash and rose simultaneously a puff of brown smoke.

And there was a great deal of noise, but Monsieur Lemarchand scarcely noticed it. For as he knelt upon the chest of the wretched Heinrich, he could see, on the beach below, the British soldiers coming ashore. Already they were beginning to move toward the foot of the cliff.

Monsieur Lemarchand knew which way they would come up it; he knew the exact spot at which they would reach the top; and, Heinrich forgotten, he jumped out of the ditch and ran toward the place, singing and shouting and waving his faded bowler hat in the air.

THE END

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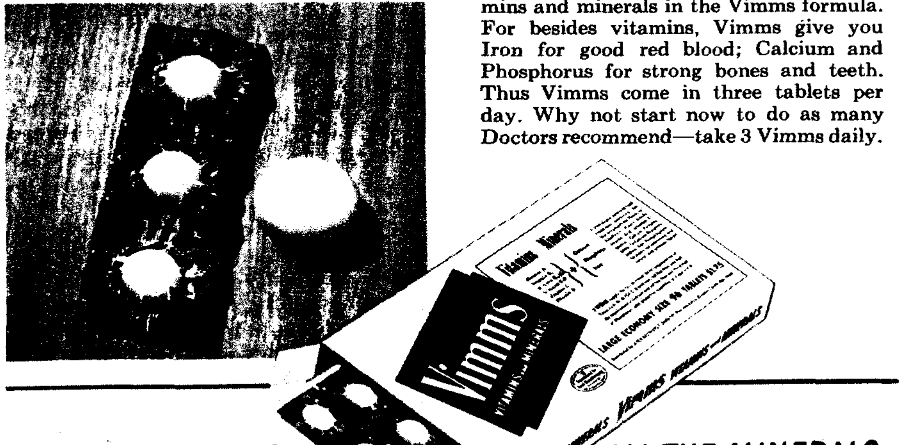


ALL THE VITAMINS known to be needed in the diet

ALL THE MINERALS most commonly lacking, including IRON

Liberation, Glory Be!

Continued from page 51

way up and it is most exciting. One woman just told me that she had two spare rooms and although it was Assumption and a holiday, she was immediately starting to fix them up for the first American soldiers. And the whole population wants to learn English.

Some forced workers in Germany have made their way back, you never do know how the French do it but they always keep wandering back and apparently without very much difficulty. They decide that they want to come home and they come.

Their descriptions of Germany are funny. They say the civilian population still stupidly believe in victory, but that the army is completely discouraged and, besides, they are comforting themselves by shooting their officers. It would seem that Hitler has ordered that any soldier should shoot any officer or soldier whom he hears talking against the government. And, say the French, naturally any soldier who has a grievance has nothing to do but shoot up the man against whom he has it and say it was because he spoke against the government and then, instead of being punished, he is congratulated.

The German army is beginning to mutiny, so these French boys say, but as long as the civilians still believe in victory Germany will not give in. The thing that fills all the French in Germany with horror is the way the Germans treat the Russians, women as well as men. The Germans fear them so that they go quite crazy with brutality, that is the French explanation of the situation.

All this reminds me that one day in Paris we had a lot of people for dinner. It was about 1935 and they were talking Nazi and Hitler and I said it was Hitler's intention to destroy Germany, and that was because he was an Austrian and an Austrian in his heart had a hatred of Germany so great, even if unconscious, that if he could, he would destroy Germany. And Hitler can and will.

They all thought that I was only trying to be bright. But not at all. It is true. If Hitler had been a German he could not destroy Germans the way he does. It is like Napoleon, who was an Italian and naturally was indifferent as to how many Frenchmen were killed. It is the judgment of Solomon over again; there is the call of the blood. But funnily enough, the foreign monster has a glamor for the nation he is destroying that a home-grown monster could not have.

THE little groups of Germans all over are still all over. Ours just left yesterday. They were as inoffensive as Germans can be, but then, they were really not soldiers, they were mostly railroad workers.

Really, you can understand how the Germans could never have had colonies, when you see these isolated pieces of the German army get to be like hunted rabbits as soon as they are not winning. They are always frightened, even when they are winning the most; and you really had to be in a country occupied by them to realize it; and if you are always about to be frightened, you naturally cannot impose yourself upon primitive races. Unless there were a lot of Germans about, they never moved without a gun on their back and that was before there were Maquis. And this being undoubtedly true, how could they ever be a dominant race, just how could they?

Today we were, for the first time, in company with a real live Maqui. We were in a taxi and he came along to go to Culoz, and we were delighted, he had the tricolor on his shoulder and looked bronzed and capable. We are Americans, we said. Yes, we know, he said, and we solemnly shook hands and congratulated each other. He was a captain in the Maquis, and he had been a prisoner in Germany, had escaped two years ago and went back to his job in the waterways and bridges and joined the Maquis and has been working with them ever since. We were all pleased, but everybody is pleased these days; one can hardly realize how strange it seems to everybody, and everybody is smiling.

PARI-MUTUEL
STRAIGHT
PLACE
SHOW

"Buy an *extra* $100 War Bond!"

The Maquis were pretty wonderful. Of course, now they are armed and more or less superior in numbers to the Germans they attack and, besides, they are sure of victory; but when they first began to block the German transport system they were practically unarmed, they were inferior in numbers, they were often betrayed by their compatriots and still they managed to cut railroad lines, block tunnels, blow up bridges and, besides all their other troubles, they had to receive the material sent them by airplane and get away with it and hide, and manufacture it and use it, all in the face of a heavily occupied country with enemy guards all along. And the poor Maquis, many of them hungry and cold and not too favorably regarded by many of their countrymen! It was a kind of Valley Forge with no General Washington, and each little band had to supply itself with its own food, its own plans and its own morale. We who lived in the midst of you, salute you!

WHILE I was walking yesterday evening, as I passed through a village, little voices came out of the dark, saying, "Are you not afraid of the curfew, Madame?" On the other hand the little boys who have been playing at being Maquis in odd corners and in secret now play it in the open streets. with red, white and blue on their shoulders. their fathers' war helmets on their heads and their wooden mitrailletes (submachine guns) in their hands. Someone asked them what would you do if the Germans came back? Ho, no Germans can come back!

Everybody is waiting. They say it goes so fast it makes them feel as if they were at a cinema. They have completely forgotten that they used to moan and say, "If they would only hurry." And besides, they are so very much better fed; not in the big cities, alas, but here in the small towns. The Maquis have announced formally that the Vichy government does not any longer function and that they are the government and with the assistance of the mayor they are going to feed and police the population.

Already, we have had some supplementary butter, cheese and wine, and now they are—that is, the people are—talking wildly of supplementary white bread and sardines. The Maquis puts its notices up on the *mairie*, it sends the town crier around with his trumpet to announce what we are all to do. And everybody is pleased because it is French and easy, and conversational and all who want can gather together and talk it over.

I was coming up the street. I heard a man saying, "It was before the war of '14." Well, yes, they can go back to talk about before the war of '14. It has come now, the middle of August, to be as peaceable as that.

It is nice to be free. My gracious, yes! And now we have had our little battle and it was this way. The Germans had left Culoz and they had all gathered together across the river at Vions. There were then between two hundred and three hundred of them. About a week ago, the Maquis decided to take the bridge away from them and get them on the move. Yesterday, in broad daylight, they got a gun up on the hill and attacked the bridge, they first had to warn away the little boys who were gathering in the pools of the Rhone; and two women who came along after were wounded a little bit; and then the Maquis rushed the bridge and it was most exciting. Six Maquis attacked eight Germans, killed two, and the others ran away.

Then came the night. The Maquis gathered from all sides, attacked the fleeing Germans and killed anywhere from fifty to eighty of them in the marshes. The nephew of our baker killed five and the butcher boy killed four. The Germans were trying to escape toward Aix-les-Bains, but the Maquis pushed them back and it became a regular rabbit drive. Some tried to surrender but the Maquis killed them all, every one. And then they came back, and everybody was happy. We all rushed around, trying to get flags, and our general store unearthed a quantity of French, English and American flags. We got one nice one and in the meantime the Maquis had given the mayor a nice big American flag and it and the French flag were hung up in front of the *mairie* and we were very moved and Mrs. Mayor was teaching all the children to salute the flag, to say, *"Vive la France et honneur aux Maquis."* It is rather wonderful when you think that a quantity of little children had never seen a flag, never!

The Germans never had flags and, of course, there were no French ones allowed; and the little children go up and touch it timidly, they never have seen a flag. What a town! Everybody is out on the streets all the time, and in-between times they sing the Marseillaise. Everybody feels so easy. It is impossible to make anybody realize what occupation by Germans is who has not had it.

Here in Culoz, it was as easy as it was possible for it to be, as most of the population are railroad employees and the Germans did not want to irritate them, but it was like a suffocating cloud under which you could not breathe right. We had lots of food, and no interference on the part of the Germans but there it was—a weight that was always there. And now everybody feels natural. They feel good and they feel bad but they feel natural.

They say that six of the wounded and killed Germans escaped into the mountains and they look for them from time to time but as they have not found them, they take it for granted that they are dead and gone. It is wonderful to pass the railroad station and see the blockhouse that the Germans had built to defend themselves already gone, the barbed wire already gone, and the children playing around where the Boches had so solemnly been standing with their guns ready to shoot anyone. The employees of the railroad are very busy, they are getting everything ready so that the railroad track can be all mended and that trains will be able to go as soon as France is free. Well, it is free, but not completely free. In Lyon and Chambéry, the two chief towns, the Maquis are still fighting the Germans, but soon— Yes, soon, now we can say soon!

Everybody is so pleased with the Maquis taking Vichy, it is a good joke. No, it was not an Allied army but the Maquis who took Vichy. Everybody is so pleased with the joke that they have pretty well forgotten their rancor against the government. The French cannot remember their hatreds very long. It is at once their weakness and their strength, but it is nice. A good joke, like the Maquis taking Vichy and all the government running away, makes everybody gay. It is hot and dry, most awfully hot and dry but, as everybody knows, it is good for the fighting armies to have dry weather. They put up with it contentedly, even if the vegetables are drying up, what of it, if we are free? And now there is more distribution of wine and butter and cheese, so why worry?

AND now at half past twelve today on the radio, a voice said attention, attention, attention, and the Frenchman's voice cracked with excitement and he said Paris is free. Glory hallelujah, Paris is free! Imagine it, less than three months since the landing, and Paris is free. I can't tell you how excited we all are and now if I can only see the Americans come to Culoz, I think all this about war will be finished. Yes, I do.

Tonight, it was just like Fourth of July in my youth in the San Joaquin Valley. It was just as hot and we all went today that Paris was freed to put flowers on the soldiers' monument. It had already been draped with flags and the Maquis marched down the main street of Culoz, and then everybody stood at attention and sang the Marseillaise. It was interesting to see who, out of the population of Culoz, were members of the fighting Maquis; and then there was another lot of affiliated but not fighting Maquis.

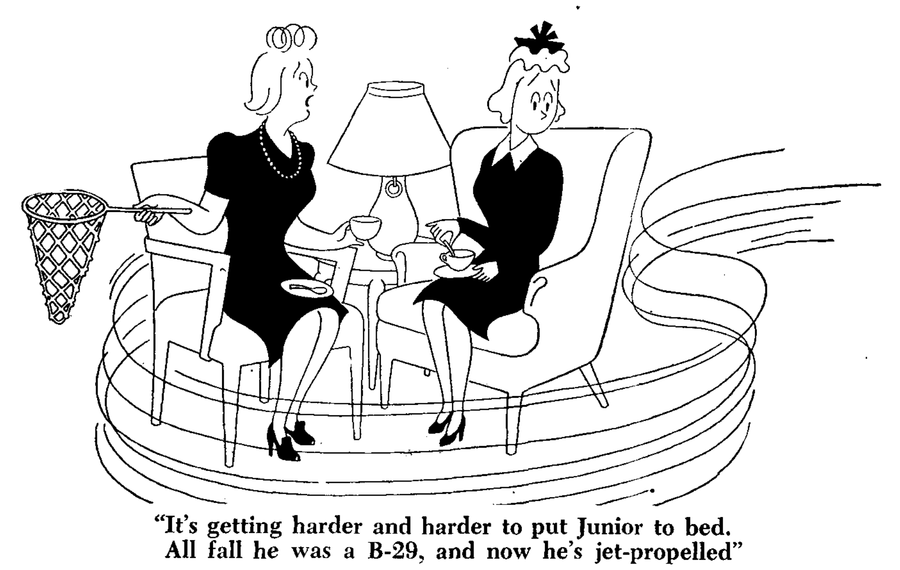
I like to call them Maquis; that was what they were, when every moment was a danger. They had to receive arms, they had to transport them and they had to hide them and they had to do sabotage and all the time a very considerable part of their countrymen did not at all believe in them. And there they were—workmen, stationmasters, civil servants, tailors, barbers, anything. Nobody knew but they, naturally. And some of them looked pretty tired. But my, everybody was happy, everybody had the flag on their shoulders and some of the girls, heaven knows how, had achieved a whole dress made of tricolor ribbons sewn together. Paris was taken at noon and by eight o'clock all France was putting wreaths on their soldiers' monuments.

WE ARE all exhausted today, the next day. We were so excited. We are so happy. We are all exhausted, we just go around, shaking hands and being exhausted.

It is wonderful to go down to the village square on Sunday evening and to see it full of Maquis in their nice shorts and khaki shirts with the tricolor on their shoulders, talking to the girls, everybody smiling and, only ten days ago everybody was staying in the house and the Germans were in the square. Only ten days ago! What a week, and nobody is really used to it, and yet it is hard to believe that it was not always so.

Yesterday I was on the road and there was a tremendous thunderstorm and I went into a roadside café. There were two men sitting at a table with FFI on their breasts and I said, "How do you do," and Basket and I were very wet, and they said, how do you do, but not quite like Frenchmen. We talked a little more and then I knew from their

(*Continued on page 76*)



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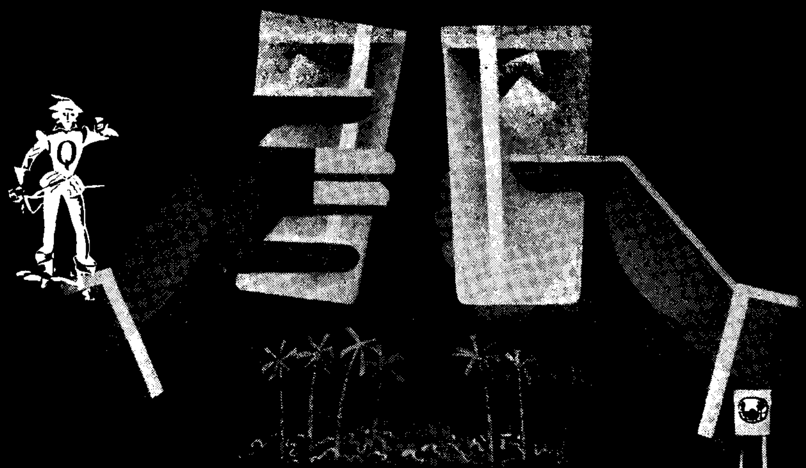

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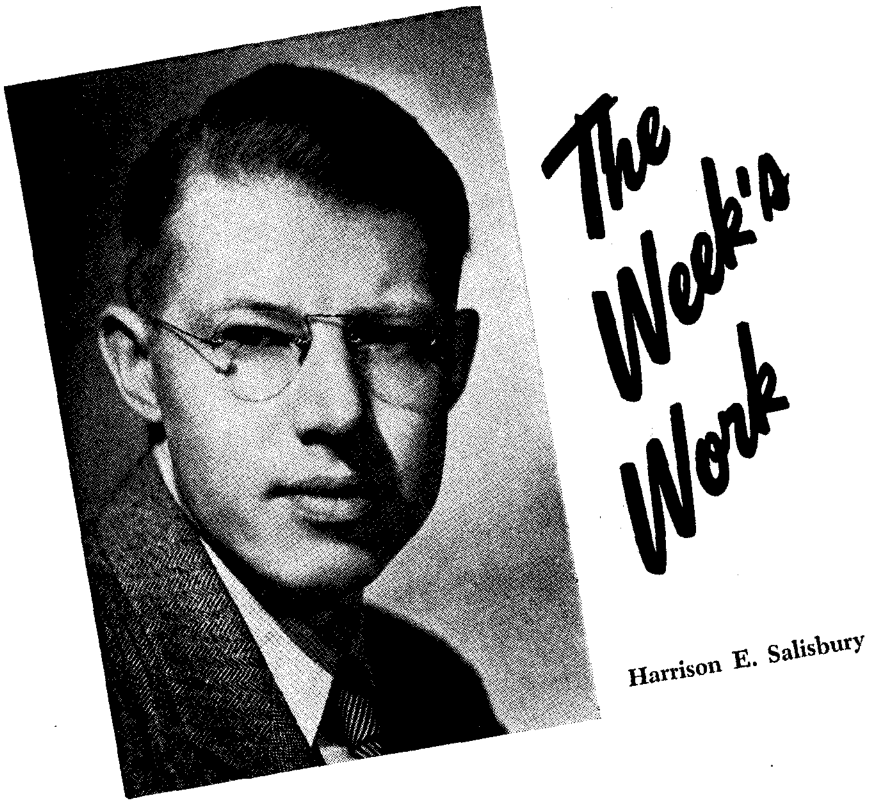

Harrison E. Salisbury

HARRISON E. SALISBURY'S article about the Red Army, p. 14, is based on recent, firsthand observations at the Russian front. As United Press foreign news editor, he made a 20-month, 50,000-mile tour of all war theaters, spending almost eight months in Russia. He returned to the United States in October.

Fortunately, while he was in Moscow, the government eased restrictions on visiting the front, and he was able to spend a good deal of time living close behind the lines as a guest of the army.

The only delicacies he enjoyed in Moscow were one can of spiced ham and one of fish each month, and, occasionally, a tough and gamey Siberian partridge. Last spring a few commercial restaurants opened and offered nonrationed meals of about the quality you get here for one dollar, at $40 to $50 a plate.

"We didn't feel justified in loading the expense account with fifty-dollar meals unless we were entertaining visiting firemen," Salisbury says; "this happy excuse didn't come our way more than about once a month."

Salisbury brought back with him only one souvenir—a fine Nazi flag which had been frozen in the ice at Leningrad. His young son is proud of it.

IF ANYBODY can make you want to leave your nice warm fireside and embark on a life of chilly adventure in the frozen north, that man is Captain Dick Neuberger, author of Go North, Young Man!—p. 11.

Capt. Neuberger is so enamored of the north that he sings the praises of the record-breaking low temperatures he enjoyed during his twenty months of Army service in Alaska. But then his whole career has had a north-by-northwest trend.

He was born in the great open spaces of Oregon and never learned to like big cities. "I've always preferred tall trees to tall buildings," he says, "and I think there's more satisfaction to be gained traveling through the Snake River Canyon than dodging busses, taxis or shopping brigades in the gorges of Manhattan Island."

Captain Neuberger worked successively at law, forestry, politics and journalism. When he went into the Army in 1942, he was a member of the Oregon State Legislature—"a congenital but lonely Democrat in a Republican assembly."

Apparently the Army took one look and said, "Here is a northern man." Six weeks after induction he was sent to Alaska.

The first winter on the Yukon was what the Alaskans speak of as slightly cold. "The temperature got down to sixty-nine below zero," Neuberger says; "but there were plenty of people around to belittle it. A Royal Mounted constable told me he had seen it seventy-eight below along the Mackenzie, and my friend, Alex, a Russian pilot, said ninety-four below was nothing in Siberia. But we didn't let them spoil our fun."

At first he didn't try tapping the cold typewriter keys with his cold fingers. Then one night he slept on the floor of the cabin where Robert Service wrote The Shooting of Dan McGrew, and then he met an old sourdough who had cooked for Jack London in 1898, and he decided that what man has done man can do, and got on with his writing.

MICHAEL BERRY'S chuckling cartoons about the strange workings of the Japanese mind (see p. 63) grew out of his experiences during the year he spent as artist for the Nichi Nichi Shimbun, a Tokyo newspaper.

His relations with the editors were quite formal. Always, he says, the editors called on him at his hotel to discuss his next assignment, and they never came singly, always in twos or threes.

"The procedure was, first, elaborate greetings," says Berry, "and next, American cocktails served by me, and finally, business. I never came out too well on the business end."

Berry had Field Marshal Terauchi as one of his models. "I met Count Hisaichi Terauchi in 1932 in Osaka, and did a caricature of him," Berry relates. "He didn't like it and drew his own picture. Both drawings appeared side by side in the paper. We got to be quite friendly, and he gave me lessons in flower arranging. I'd like to do another sketch of Terauchi now. His face must be considerably longer."

Japan was just one stop in a lot of global wandering for Berry. During several prewar years he toured the world writing illustrated travel articles for French, German and English magazines and newspapers. He got so he could order meals, if not converse, in six or seven languages.

Berry is in the Army now, hoping for a return call on Tokyo. . . . A. P.

Michael Berry

Liberation, Glory Be!

Continued from page 75

accent they were Spaniards. I said I was American and we solemnly shook hands and we began to talk. One of them was the typical Barcelona intellectual. He reminded me of Picasso's friend, Sabatez. He and his comrades, with two hundred and fifty other Spanish refugees, have been with the Maquis for two years now. "Since," said they, "we cannot fight for freedom in our own country, we fight for freedom wherever we can."

Today the village is excited, terribly excited, because they are shaving the heads of the girls who kept company with the Germans during the occupation. It is called the coiffure of 1944, and naturally it is terrible because the shaving is done publicly, it is being done today. It is, as I have often said, like life in the Middle Ages. It certainly is most interesting and logical, it certainly is.

Speaking of all this, there is this about a Jewish woman, a Parisian, well known in the Paris world. She and her family took refuge in Chambéry when the persecution against the Jews began in Paris. And then, later, when there was no southern zone, all the Jews were supposed to have the fact put on their *carte d'identité* and their food cards. She went to the Prefecture to do so and the official whom she saw looked at her severely. "Madame," he said, "have you any proof with you that you are a Jewess?"

"Why, no," she said.

"Well," he said, "if you have no actual proof that you are a Jewess, why do you come and bother me?"

"Why," she said, "I beg your pardon."

"No," he said, "I am not interested. Unless you can prove you are a Jewess, good day," he said, and she left.

It was she who told the story. Most of the French officials were like that. Really like that.

WHAT a day! What a day of days! I always did say that I would end this book with the first American that came to Culoz, and today, oh, happy day, yesterday and today, the first of September, 1944, there have been six of them in the house. Two of them stayed the night and then three were there besides the first three—not here at Culoz but at Belley. Oh, happy day! That is all that I can say. Oh, happy day!

This is the way it happened: We go to Belley about once a month to go shopping, and the bank, and things like that, and yesterday, Thursday, was the day; so we went over in a taxi, and when we got to Belley, as I got out of the taxi, several people said to me, "Americans are here." I had heard that so often I had pretty well given up hope and I said, "Oh, nonsense." But, yes, they said.

And then the son of the watchmaker, who had been the most steadfast and violent pro-Ally, even in the darkest days, came up to me and said, "The Americans are here."

"Really," I said.

"Yes!" he said.

"Well," I said, "lead me to them."

"All right," he said, "they are at the hotel."

So we went on just as fast as we could and when we got to the hotel, they tried to stop me but we said no and went in. I saw the proprietor of the hotel and I said, "Is it true there are Americans?"

"Yes," he said, "come on," and I followed and there we were, Alice Toklas panting behind and Basket, very excited; and we went into a room filled with Maquis and the mayor of Belley and I said in a loud voice, "Are there any Americans here?" And three men stood up and they were Americans, God bless them, and were we pleased!

We held one another's hands and we patted one another and we sat down together and I told them who we were and they knew. I always take it for granted that people will know who I am and at the time, at the last moment, I kind of doubt; but they knew; of course they knew. They were Lieutenant Walter E. Oleson, 120th Engineers, Private Edward Landry and Private Walter Hartze, and they belonged to the Thunderbirds; how we talked and how we patted one another in the good American way, and I had to know where they came from and where they were going and where they were born.

In the last war, we had come across our first American soldiers and it had been nice but nothing like this. After almost two years of not a word with America, there they were. All three of them. Then we went to look at their car, the Gip, and I had expected it to be much smaller but it was quite big and they said did I want a ride and I said, you bet I wanted a ride, and we all climbed in and there I was, riding in an American Army car, driven by an American soldier. Everybody was so excited.

Then we all said goodby, and we did hope to see them again. And then, we went on with our shopping. Then suddenly, everybody got excited. Army trucks filled with soldiers were coming along but not Americans. This was the French army in American cars and they were happy and we were happy and tired, and then we saw two who looked like Americans in a car, standing alone, and I went over and said, "Are you Americans?" and they said, "Sure." And by that time I was confident and I said I was Gertrude Stein and did they want to come back with us and spend the night. They said well, yes, they thought that the war could get along without them for a few hours so they came.

Alice Toklas got into the car with the driver and the colonel came with me. Oh, a joyous moment. And we all drove home and the village was wild with excitement and they all wanted to shake the colonel's hand and at last we got into the house. And were we excited! Here were the first Americans actually in the house with us. Impossible to believe that, only three weeks before, the Germans had been in the village, feeling themselves masters. It was wonderful. Lieutenant Colonel William C. Perry, Hq. 47th Infantry Division, and Private John Schmaltz. Wonderful, that is all I can say about it! Wonderful! And I said, "You are going to sleep in beds where German officers slept six weeks ago."

How we talked that night! They just brought all America to us, every bit of it. They came from Colorado, lovely Colorado. I do not know Colorado but that is the way I felt about it. Lovely Colorado. And then everybody was tired out and they gave us nice American specialties, and my, were we happy! We were completely and truly happy, and completely and entirely worn out with emotion.

The next morning while they breakfasted we talked some more and we patted one another and then we kissed one another and then they went away. Just as we were sitting down to lunch, in came four more Americans, this time war correspondents. Our emotions were not yet exhausted in our capacity to talk, how we talked and talked; and where they were born was music to the ears—Baltimore and Washington, D. C., and Detroit and Chicago. It is all music to the ears; so long, long, long away from the names of the places where they were born.

Well, they have asked me to go with them to Voiron to broadcast with them to Americans next Sunday, and I am going and the war is over for us and this, certainly, this is the last war to remember.

THE END

THESE "OSES!" (Answers)

(Page 48)

1. **Sleep**
2. **Forecast**
3. **Pork**
4. **Change**
5. **Malignant growth**
6. **Judgment**
7. **Delusion**
8. **Clots of blood**
9. **Death**
10. **Blood corpuscles**
11. **Jitters**
12. **Absence of pigment**
13. **Breath**
14. **Deficiencies**
15. **Swelling**
16. **Close union**
17. **State of mind**
18. **Bone formation**
19. **Old age**
20. **Fungus disease**

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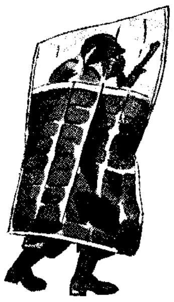

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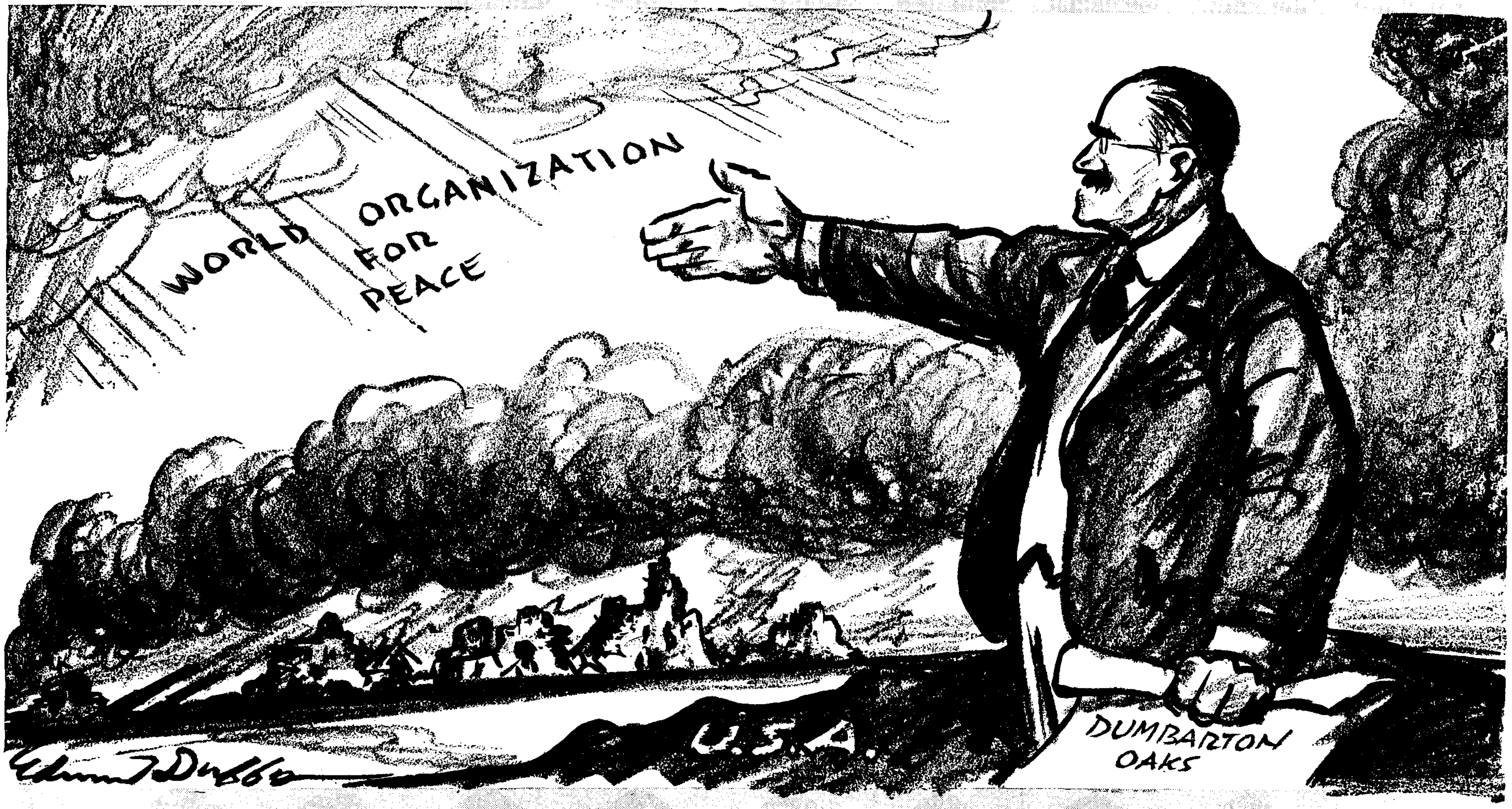

FAIR TRIAL FOR THE WORLD STATE

AFTER the first World War, President Woodrow Wilson planted in American minds an idea which for a long time was thought to have been winter-killed through the efforts of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge the Elder and his isolationist cohorts.

Wilson's idea, peeled to its essentials, was that modern communications—cables, wireless (as they called radio then), telegraphs, airplanes, fast ships, etc.—were rapidly shrinking the world to neighborhood size, and that therefore the nations of the world must somehow get together politically to keep the peace. Otherwise, Wilson believed, there would be more wars, and worse ones, than the war through which he had just piloted the United States.

Nobody can prove that if we had joined the League of Nations there would have been no World War II. But it is at least true that we did not join the League, and that there is now a World War II. And, as Wilson predicted, this war makes the other one look like a mere dress rehearsal.

A further truth is that the American people, by all available signs, are now in a mood to try some sort of improved League of Nations after this war. Wendell Willkie fought for it from the end of his "One World" trip around the globe until his death. Thomas E. Dewey endorsed it as Republican Presidential candidate. President Roosevelt has long been a convinced internationalist. In the November, 1944, elections, numerous pro-Roosevelt, internationalist senators and congressmen were elected or re-elected, while a lot of veteran isolationists bit the dust after lengthy Congressional careers—most notably Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota and Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York.

Whether U.S. isolationism is permanently dead is a question which will be answered, we'd say, only after perhaps 10,000,000 servicemen return to their own country not too favorably impressed with what they saw, heard, tasted and smelled in other countries. But certain it is that U.S. isolationism is a minority credo today.

That being the case, we think we had better brace ourselves to go into a World State of the kind tentatively outlined at the Dumbarton Oaks conference.

If to do so we have to part with some of our sovereignty, that is evidently agreeable to most Americans at this time. It seems inevitable, too, that Congress will have to part with some portion of its now exclusive power to make war, if the proposed World Council is to be able to send fighting men anywhere at any time to put down aggressors before they can do any serious aggressing.

Well, then, let's make up our minds to give the World State a fair trial. Let's not hysterically and blindly commit ourselves to more than our fair share of the burden. We can bet that Britain, China, France and Russia will not overcommit themselves. But on the other hand, let us not go in with so many reservations and whereases as to cripple the organization from the start.

This plan offers at least a hope that our children or their children will not feel called on some day to touch off a world-suicidal shambles powered by perfected robot bombs, bigger and better V-2s, and other killer mechanisms thus far existent only in the imaginations of some of our comic-strip artists. And this plan may work. We think we can all agree—internationalists, isolationists and mugwumps alike—that we fervently hope it may.

It won't work by magic, though. The World State machine, once set up, won't run itself. It will take a world of long-continued and persistent co-operation, of good will and forbearance and tough-minded common sense, to keep it operating. To get down to dollars and cents for a moment, it will also take considerable taxes to pay the upkeep of our contingent on the international police force.

If we go into the World State with these facts firmly in mind, and with the realization that it's only a hopeful and promising setup and no sure thing or foolproof gadget, then we and the other major powers may be able to make it work. Our sensible state of mind in those years would be, we think, about the same as that of the American Constitution's framers after they had sold this much-advertised new invention to the people and were working away at the much harder task of making the invention deliver the promised results. That constitutional invention, at any rate, did deliver.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS, ETC.

YOUR correspondent has been privileged recently to observe at fairly close range a little Manx tomcat, who is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable cats ever to have dawned on this world. The little fellow, about five months old at this writing, obviously came to the conviction very early in life that everybody loved him.

It is not conceit. Simply, the cat is imbued with a glad confidence that every living thing he meets anywhere is going to find him charming, affable, affectionate, and helpful according to his lights. Up to now, he has been 100 per cent correct.

People who like cats find him especially delightful. Ladies who habitually shiver or moan when cats approach them find themselves, to their pleased surprise as a rule, stroking this little rascal's back after he has leaped companionably aboard their shoulders or laps. Dogs admire him, and are glad to let him rub, purring, against their legs. Other cats think he is positively out of this world.

So it has gone with the bobtailed little character to date. The odds seem 100 to 1 that so it will go with him as long as he keeps his present state of mind; and that all those he meets will agree enthusiastically with him that they do love him.

It's one way to get along in the world, whether you're a cat or a person. Maybe it's the best way.

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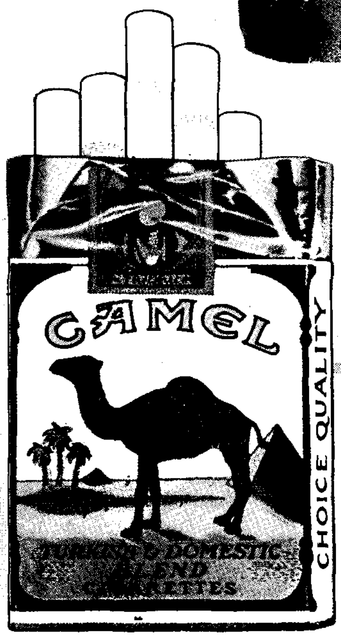

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